

Nov. 16–22, 2015

The Man With the Dead Man's Face

By Steve
Fishman,
p.30

Frank Rich: 'Carol' and America's Lost Lesbian Past ^{p.22} / First Sentences Reviewed

R. Kelly, Unrepentant

By David
Marchese,
p.36

/ Milk: An Investigation

^{p.74}

/ The Angriest Republican

By Christian
Lorentzen,
p.30

By Gabriel
Sherman,
p.9

One Block in Brooklyn, 1880–Present



A door-to-door history of change in Bed-Stuy—
and in the city that surrounds it.



NYMAG.COM \$6.99 USA/CANADA



the magic of
macy's
.com

STOP BY
**MACY'S
HERALD
SQUARE**

FOR THE NEWEST
MODERN HOME
ESSENTIALS AND SHOP
THE NEWLY RENOVATED
SPACE ON 8



FIND THE MOST DESIRED NAMES, NEW BRANDS, THE LATEST TRENDS AND SO MUCH MORE

KITCHENAID, KATE SPADE NEW YORK, LE CREUSET, ALL-CLAD, VITAMIX, J.A. HENCKELS, SCHMIDT BROTHERS, NESPRESSO, BREVILLE, BLENDTEC, NINJA, NUTRIBULLET, CUISINART, KEURIG, DE'LONGHI, CALPHALON, MARTHA STEWART COLLECTION™, BODUM, MORE
5100043.

ONLY 10 WEEKS LEFT • FINAL PERFORMANCE JAN. 24



4*

NEW YORK

“ONE OF THE GREAT MUSICALS OF THE
LAST DECADE IS BORN ANEW.”

The New York Times

SPRING awakening

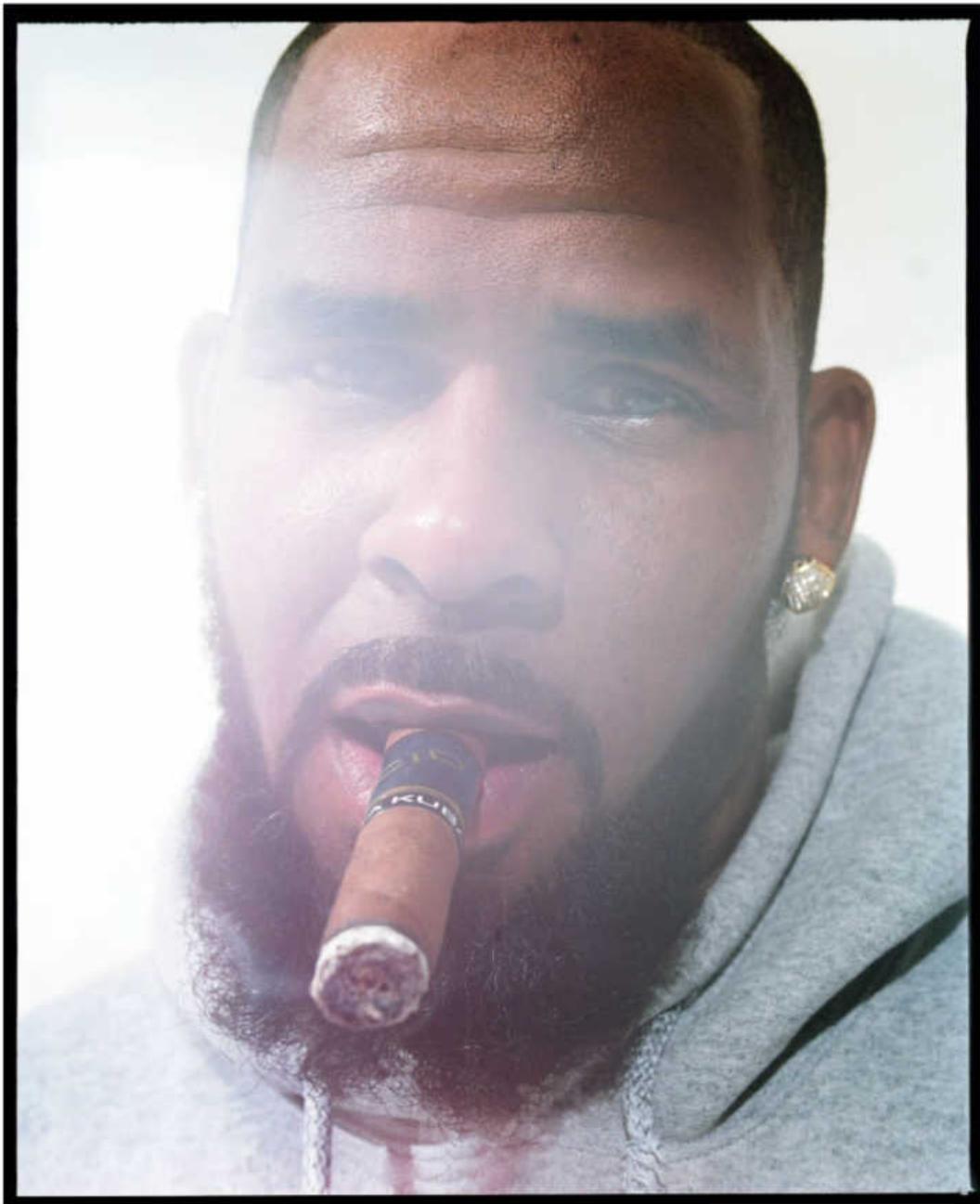


Photo by Joan Marcus

TICKETMASTER.COM • 877-250-2929  BROOKS ATKINSON THEATRE, 256 W. 47TH ST.

SpringAwakeningTheMusical.com 





FEATURES

Loving Carol

Todd Haynes's adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's novel reminds us how much of lesbian culture remains uncelebrated and unseen.

By Frank Rich
22

Biography of a Face

How one man's face became another man's face. A story about cutting-edge medicine and the mysteries of identity.

By Steve Fishman
Photograph by
Norman Jean Roy

30

The R. Kelly Problem

Can you still listen to his songs when you know what he's been accused of?

By David Marchese
36

1 Block, 135 Years

A historical journey through life on one stretch of Bed-Stuy's MacDonough Street, a block that, like Brooklyn itself, has seen massive change.

40

INTELLIGENCER

9

Power

In this year's GOP primary, John Kasich's reasonableness reads as radical

By Gabriel Sherman

12

What Lives on the Subway Poles?

Beautiful bacteria

By Jen Kirby

14

134 Minutes With ...

Grown-up "It" girl Tara Subkoff and her husband, Urs Fischer

By Carl Swanson

18

Celebrity

Could Angelina Jolie—calm, capable, swaggering—be an alien?

By Heather Hlavilesky

ON THE COVER:

MacDonough Street, Brooklyn. Photomontage by Peter Funch for New York Magazine. This page, photograph by Bobby Doherty.

THE CUT

55

Literary Heroines

Novelists styled as their favorite characters—Sula, Tom Ripley

6

Comments

109 Marketplace

118 *New York* Crossword, by Cathy Allis

120 The Approval Matrix

STRATEGIST

61

Best Bets

Four festive carving knives; the SoulCycle of meditation

63

Look Book

Ric Ocasek and his penchant for olives

65

Great Room

A 465-square-foot Queens studio with Shanghai-meets-Hollywood flair

70

Food

Pies that break the Thanksgiving mold; Platt on L'Amico and Jams; the broccoli dish inspired by Taco Bell

74

Food Science: Milk

Should you drink it? If so, what kind? A guide to the newly controversial cereal complement.

THE CULTURE PAGES

83

The Metrics for Celebrity Value in 2015

(Or: Why we like Chris Pratt so much); a sculpture that was too much for the Whitney; the new *Bob & David* versus the old *Bob and David*; Twyla Tharp shows how it's done; first sentences of novels, reviewed

94

Critics

MOVIES by

David Edelstein

In *The Danish Girl*, Tom Hooper conventionalizes the exceptional

POP by **Lindsay Zoladz**

Grimes's new album is sugary but menacing

THEATER by **Jesse Green**

A View From the Bridge is an argument for revivals

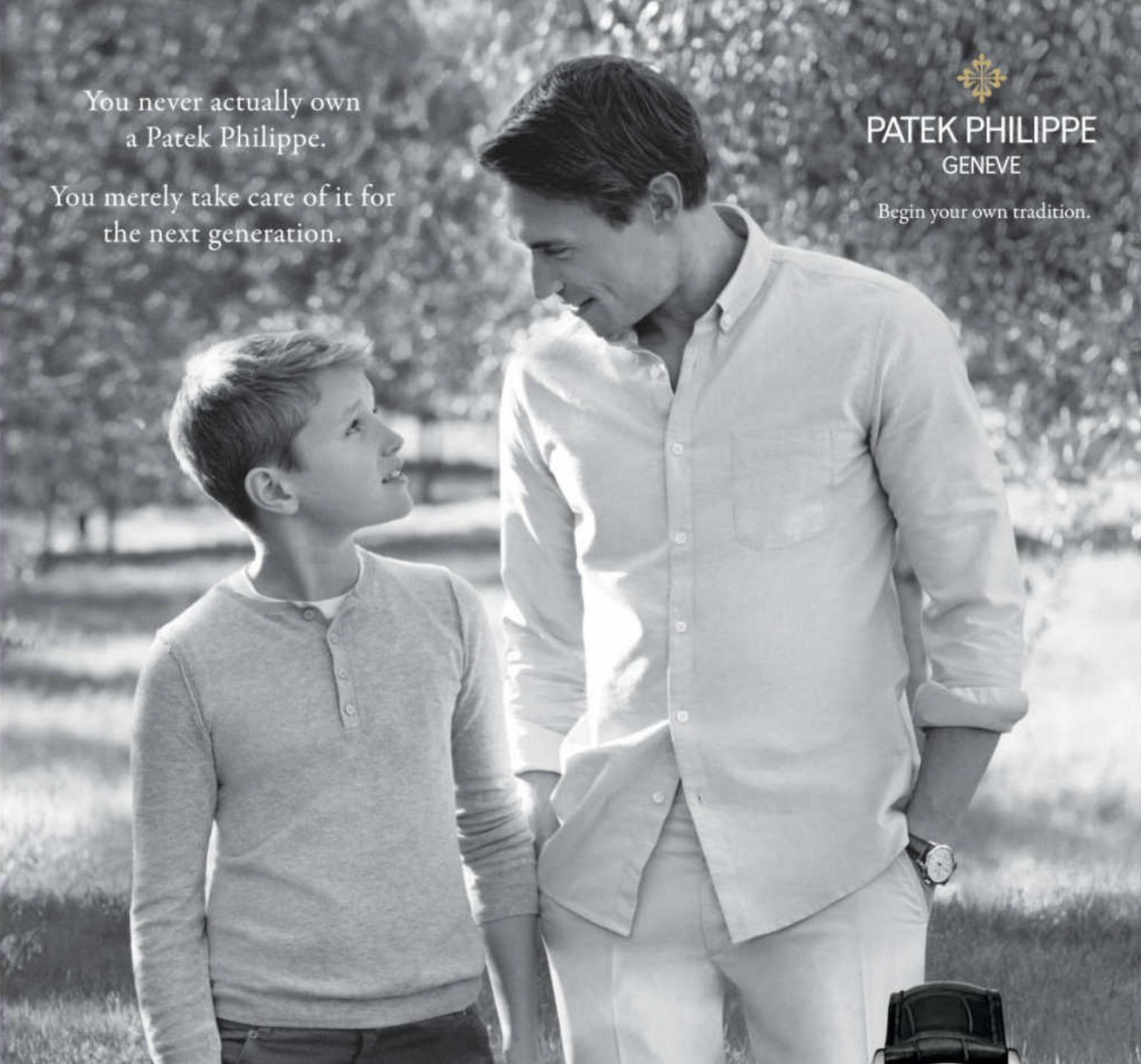
99

Party Lines

100

To Do

Twenty-five picks for the next two weeks



You never actually own
a Patek Philippe.

You merely take care of it for
the next generation.



PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Begin your own tradition.


TOURNEAU

CELEBRATING 115 YEARS OF TIME

TimeMachine · 57th and Madison Ave
212.758.7300 · tourneau.com



Chronograph Ref. 5170G

NOW THRU JANUARY 3

"GRADE: A FUNNY, INSIGHTFUL & REMARKABLE."

The first major theatrical production I've seen that explores this modern reality of gay life."

JESSE OXFORD, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

"A LITERATE COMEDY-DRAMA ABOUT THE NEW FRONTIER OF GAY MARRIAGE & PARENTHOOD."

It delves with intricacy and heart into the thorny lives of gay couples with children today."

CHARLES ISHERWOOD, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"THIS PLAY SPEAKS TO ALL OF US. BRILLIANT!"

ROMA TORRE, NY1

DADA
WOOF
PAPA
HOT



A NEW PLAY BY PETER PARNELL
DIRECTED BY SCOTT ELLIS

LINCOLN CENTER THEATER
150 W. 65th ST. • TELECHARGE.COM • 212.239.6200 • LCT.ORG

Comments



1 Our recent list of female directors (**"100 Women Directors Hollywood Could Be Hiring," November 2-8**) challenged the notion that there aren't enough women working in the film business for studios to hire as directors. "It's a sad, but well-established fact that female directors are hugely underrepresented in Hollywood," noted the *New York Times'* Women in the World blog. "Major studios like 20th Century Fox, Sony, and Paramount have not put out a single female-directed film over the course of the past year, and some producers have claimed that this imbalance stems from the fact that there aren't many women in the field to choose from. To prove them wrong, Vulture published a list of 100 women directors." "It's one thing to scream 'Hire more women,'" wrote *Awards Daily's* Sasha Stone. "It's another to see it laid out as cleanly and plainly as Kyle Buchanan and the team at Vulture has done here ... I'd say it's a fairly damning piece that reveals the bias of male directors." Women (and men) came out to celebrate the acknowledgment. "A reminder that it's not a shortage of female directors that's causing Hollywood's hiring problem," noted *BuzzFeed's* Alison Willmore. "We love a list like this," added *Sundance Institute*, "and we look forward to the day we don't need it." "Honored to be on this," tweeted director Vicky Jenson, "but can't believe we still have to HAVE lists like this!" "Dear Kyle Buchanan," tweeted *Ava DuVernay*: "May your lovely list live long on the desks of everyone who played blind

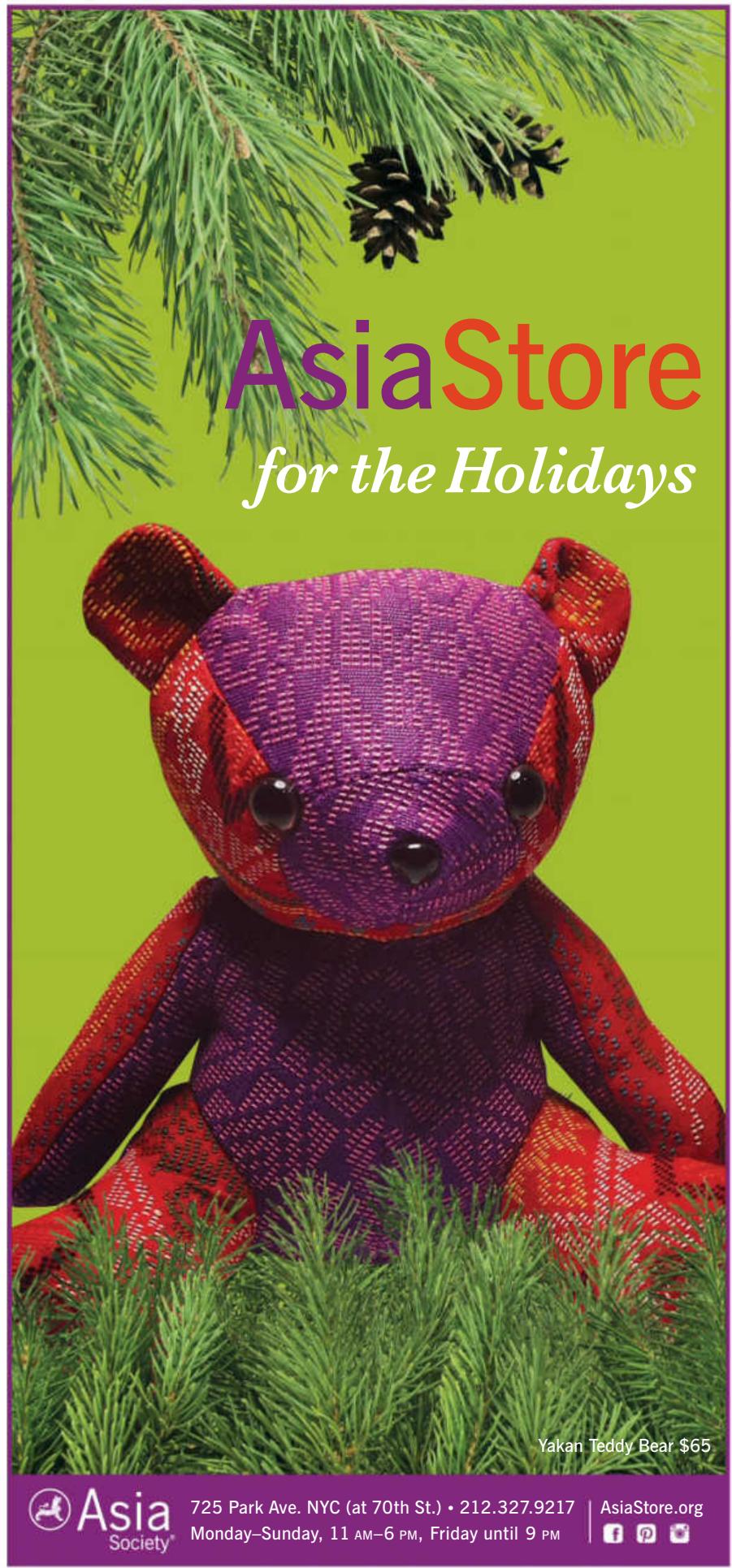
to its existence before now. And may it grow. X." At least one reader—*The Hollywood Reporter's* Daniel Fienberg—felt that one element was missing. "Vulture's list of 100 women directors is great," he tweeted, "but I'd like it more if it didn't still treat TV as a sad ghetto." And many readers wished that the list could have reflected even more ethnic diversity. "Great list," wrote commenter laura.moya. "Fantastic to see women directors of documentaries as well. What's missing however are films directed by Latina filmmakers." But most of the response could be summed up by Jessica Chastain's succinct tweet: "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!"

2 "As he enters the final phase of his life," wrote Wil S. Hylton in his story on Willie Nelson's campaign against corporate pot (**"Willie Nelson's Crusade," November 2-8**), "Nelson is gearing up for a different battle ... Even as the country has softened its stance toward marijuana, a legion of large corporations has gathered to dominate the legal market. Nelson figures he has at least one good fight left. In what may be his last political act, he is declaring war on Big Pot." The *Cannabist's* Ricardo Baca was surprised at how "shockingly little Willie Nelson knows about weed." "The piece's most surprising insight?" he wrote. "After all these hazy decades, Willie Nelson doesn't know much about weed ... [he] doesn't even know the difference between indica and sativa." Many commenters felt that Nelson is taking an admirable stance. "If

you don't see the corporate monopoly threat, then you don't live in the real political/economic USA," wrote commenter nubwaxer. "I've been hoping that smaller artisan growers would be given the rights to grow legal cannabis and keep the revenue generated in the local economy instead of sucked to offshore tax havens." One commenter, mino.lidel, disagreed: "Marijuana is a commodity. It is suitable to be sold the same way as alcohol, hamburgers, or coffee. It is a perfect fit for Starbucks-type franchises, and there's nothing Willie Nelson or anyone can do about it. Also, where do people think all that money, those hundreds of millions of dollars spent on the legalization campaign, come from? They didn't come from small farmers or enthusiasts, they came from Big Business who saw a future market with huge legal earnings. They expect to get their money back." "At the end of the day, who cares?" responded TruthDispenser. "So long as no one is having their lives ruined by being sent to prison for years, costing them their careers, getting criminal records for the rest of their lives, ten-year travel bans per conviction, unable to get hired even at McDonald's when they get out, having their homes and cars seized with forfeiture laws and even their families torn apart with kids having to grow up parentless in Children's Aid and foster homes, who cares who ends up growing and selling in a legal environment? People are losing sight of the big picture."

3 The November 2–8 issue had another pot-centric piece: "**The Bong Next Door**," in which Reeves Wiedeman visited "very high Bible studies, softball games, and dinner parties" in suburban Colorado. "Fun Reeves Wiedeman piece from the baked suburbs of Denver," wrote the New York Times' Andrew Keh. "I'd read 2,000 more words on 'Stoner Jesus Bible Study.'" The piece brought out some anti-pot readers, however. "Pot is just another way of dulling existential angst, of quieting the discomfort stemming from a life unexamined," wrote commenter sobegh. "One could also say that the ability to periodically free oneself from the pressures of everyday life is needed in order to 'let go and just be,'" countered brewmn. Many readers just enjoyed the inside look. "Some of the most interesting stories out of Colorado the last couple years are the adventures of the bourgeois," tweeted El Flaco.

Send correspondence to comments@nymag.com. Or go to nymag.com to respond to individual stories.



AsiaStore
for the Holidays

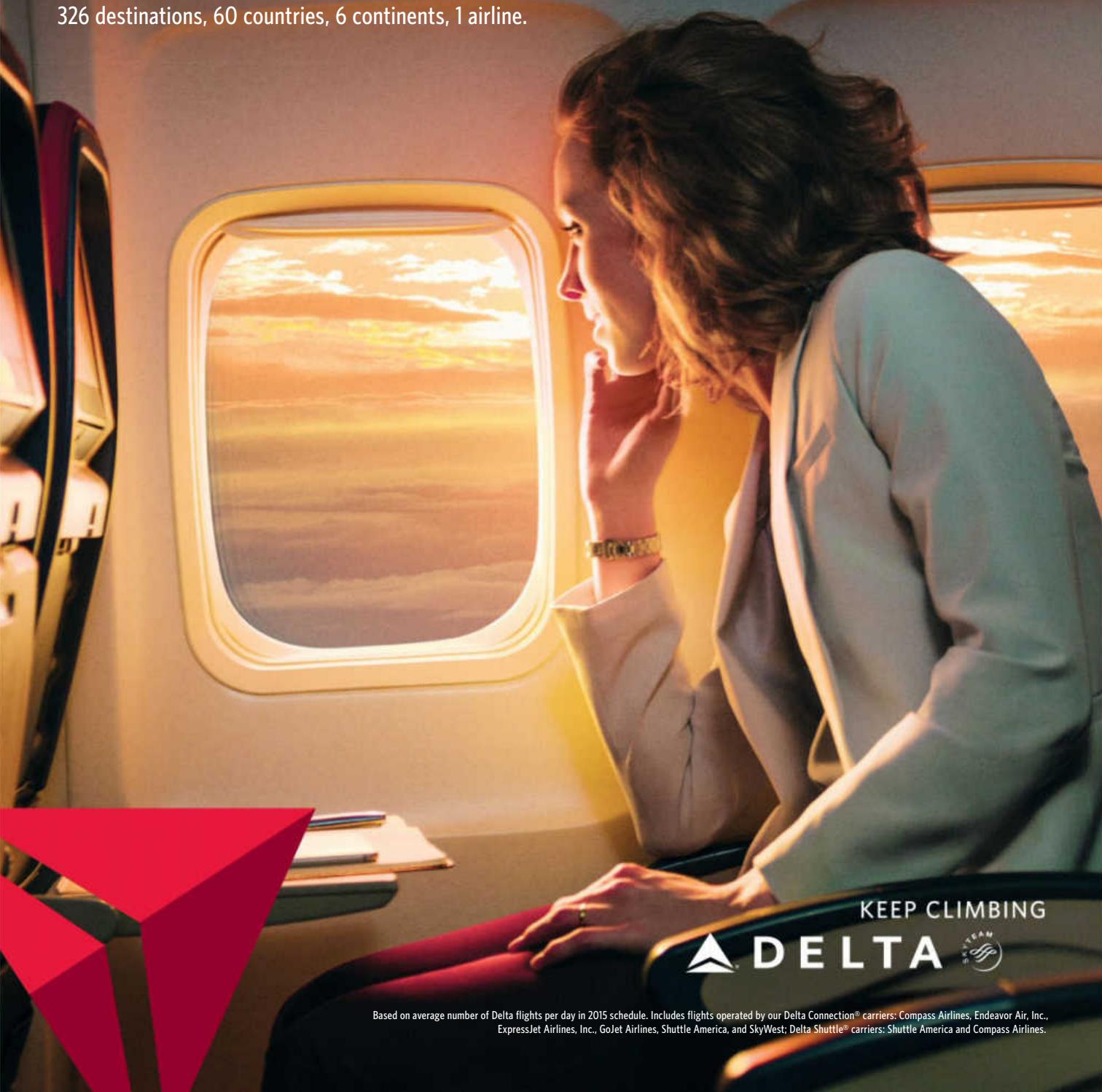
Yakan Teddy Bear \$65

 **Asia**
Society

725 Park Ave. NYC (at 70th St.) • 212.327.9217 | AsiaStore.org
Monday–Sunday, 11 AM–6 PM, Friday until 9 PM |   

IF YOUR WORLD IS GETTING SMALL, SIMPLY MAKE IT BIGGER.

326 destinations, 60 countries, 6 continents, 1 airline.



KEEP CLIMBING

 **DELTA** 

Based on average number of Delta flights per day in 2015 schedule. Includes flights operated by our Delta Connection® carriers: Compass Airlines, Endeavor Air, Inc., ExpressJet Airlines, Inc., GoJet Airlines, Shuttle America, and SkyWest; Delta Shuttle® carriers: Shuttle America and Compass Airlines.

Intelligencer

INSIDE: Beautiful bacteria of the MTA / Urs Fischer and Tara Subkoff, still an alt "It" couple / Angelina Jolie and the power of self-possession



Power: Gabriel Sherman

And John Kasich Is the Angry One? In this year's GOP primary, centrism is the unhinged position.

PHOTOGRAPH: JOHN MINCHILLO/AP PHOTO

"GO INTO THE HOLE!" John Kasich yells as he smacks a golf ball straight and far down the driving range of the Portsmouth Country Club on a New Hampshire afternoon that feels more like high summer than mid-fall. After stumping to a group of Rotarians inside the clubhouse, the Republican governor of Ohio is taking a break from his long-shot presidential campaign by practicing his impressive swing. *Thwack.* "That's just ridiculous!" he says approvingly. *Thwack.* "Unbelievable!" *Thwack.* "It's LeBron-like, it's just that good."

Unfortunately for Kasich, the golf course is one of the few places where he is connecting on the campaign trail. It's partly his fault: At the Fox Business debate in Milwaukee a few days later, he exasperatedly interrupted and scolded his rivals, delivering what would be criticized by many as an off-putting performance. The most widely discussed moment came when audience members jeered him for saying he would protect federally insured bank deposits during a crisis—a mainstream position

that has been the foundation of our financial system for eight decades.

His pевish performance may have been bad politics, but it is understandable. During a normal year, Kasich's résumé would have positioned him as the most qualified and electable conservative in the field: He's a former House Budget Committee chair and Armed Services Committee member; a former Fox News host; and a twice-elected, Jesus-loving, pro-life governor of a must-win swing state. "I've got more conservative credentials than just about anybody," he tells me. "I've cut more taxes, balanced more budgets. I am the conservative."

Instead, he finds himself mocked by his party's base as a liberal turncoat in a way that echoes the reaction to Jon Huntsman's short-lived 2012 campaign. After the Fox debate, Red State founder Erick Erickson labeled Kasich an "ass." Brent Bozell tweeted: "Remember Wile E. Coyote going over the cliff and landing with a pathetic 'poof'? That was the Kasich campaign tonight." Even the *Times*'s reform-minded conservative Ross Douthat was pessimistic: "The fastest way to lose a G.O.P. nomination is by running against movement conservatism writ large."

In a GOP primary held hostage by radicals who want to blow up the system, Kasich's reasonableness—he supports the Obamacare Medicaid expansion, backs immigration reform, and believes climate change is real—makes him the radical in the race. "I've had a handful of Democratic fund-raisers ask me to connect them to the Kasich people because they want to donate a significant sum. If there was a party of the center, John Kasich would be the leading candidate," Republican pollster Frank Luntz told me last month. "It's tough for him to be successful because there's not a lot of centrist Republicans anymore." Even in New Hampshire, apparently. On Fox News after the debate, Luntz said that Kasich's performance scored the lowest rating he'd ever seen with a focus group of New Hampshire voters.

But Kasich is betting that New Hampshire returns to its senses. In state polls, he's been beating fellow Establishmentarians Jeb Bush and Chris Christie. "New Hampshire should rename itself Cape Canaveral, because New Hampshire is the place that launches people into the national consciousness," Kasich says. He's built one of the largest field organizations in the state, with 16 paid staffers; spent the most on advertising; and secured key endorsements from local power brokers, including former senators John Sununu and Gordon Humphrey and former attorney general Tom Rath. Since declaring his candidacy in July, Kasich has held two dozen town-hall meetings in the state, and he may get to a hundred by February.

Kasich is following a strategy that worked for another cranky candidate loathed by the party's base: John McCain. McCain's former Svengali John Weaver is Kasich's chief strategist. Since 2008, Weaver has been looking for a candidate he could at least get to the convention. In 2012, he thought he'd found him in Huntsman. Now he's banking on Kasich. "He can win in a general election, which at the end of day is the whole point of this," Weaver tells me.

The most visible element of the Weaver strategy is the Kasich bus, a red-white-and-blue coach modeled on McCain's fabled *Straight Talk Express*. But in the age of Trump and Twitter, the bus seems like an anachronism from a more hopeful moment in the GOP's history.

Riding along are three of Kasich's longtime friends from his years in the House, when he was a party hero (Kasich balanced the budget, pushed welfare reform, and voted to impeach Bill Clinton). Even the movies are old: Raoul Walsh's 1941 Western *They Died With Their Boots On*, about Custer's last stand, plays silently on the bus's TV.

Back on the bus after golf, Kasich is buoyed by his speech to the Rotarians, even if Trump is leading in New Hampshire by double digits. "People think problems are so bad that they're looking for something dramatically different. It's like having a football team that's 0 and 6 and saying, 'Why don't we just recruit people out of the stands to play the next game?'" Kasich says. "But that never happens, and people settle down."

Kasich's mood turns when an aide comes over to brief him on the next event, a student panel on the economy at the University of New Hampshire. "You'll ask questions, and the audience will ask questions."

"I ask questions of whom?" Kasich snaps.

"Of the panel," the aide explains.

"Why am I doing that?"

"Well, you give your opening statement—"

"Opening statement! I mean, what is this? I'm asking people questions? They're not asking me?"

Perhaps realizing he's starting to flip out in front of a reporter, Kasich turns back to me. "Go ahead," he says.

I ask whether he'd accept a VP slot if he doesn't win the nomination. Kasich's commanding reelection in Ohio—he won with over 60 percent of the vote in 2014—would seem to position him as a formidable vice-presidential candidate. But he says he's not interested. "Look, I'm trying to get the best job in the country. And if I don't get it, I have the second-best job in the country," he says of his governorship.

The sun is setting when we pull into the UNH campus. "Is this the best you can do?" Kasich says in jest, greeting an associate professor and some students.

"I have questions about the economy for you," an eager boy says.

"If they're hard, it won't be a good ending for you!" Kasich chortles.

As the town hall begins, Kasich takes his place in front of a large electronic debt clock's whizzing digits. The questions are friendly, save for a handful of green-energy protesters and a woman who challenges his stance on Planned Parenthood (he wants to defund it). He talks about his plan to bridge the partisan divide, balance the budget, and reform health care. "Leadership is the ability to walk the lonely road," he says. "You're not in politics to be a Republican or a Democrat as the first priority. You're an American before you're a member of a political party."

It's dark when we pile into the bus for the drive to the final town hall of the day, in Londonderry. The TV is now tuned to the Golf Channel. Kasich asks the driver to pull over at Dunkin' Donuts so he can get a coffee and do a power walk around the Home Depot parking lot, a ritual the 62-year-old fitness freak has adopted on the trail.

No one recognizes Kasich as we wait to order. Under the fluorescent glare, he looks exhausted—this is his sixth state in five days. Tomorrow, he has three more events and a flight to New York to appear on *Colbert*. It's a tough—and, yes, lonely—road. But Kasich is sanguine. "I'm not going to change," he says. "It's not worth it to me. Winning wrong is not winning in my mind." ■

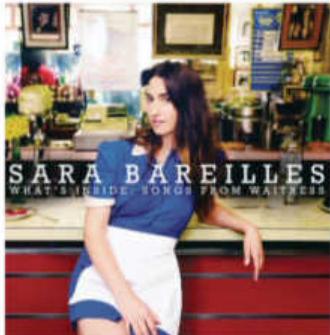
New Hampshire by the Numbers

DONALD TRUMP	18%
BEN CARSON	16%
MARCO RUBIO	11%
JOHN KASICH	10%
CHRIS CHRISTIE	8%
JEB BUSH	7%
TED CRUZ	6%
CARLY FIORINA	6%

*According to the most recent WBUR poll of likely GOP-primary voters.

JOIN US FOR OUR
**HOLIDAY
WINDOW
UNVEILING**

**WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 5:30PM
BEACON COURT, 151 EAST 58TH STREET**



Kick off the celebration with 5-time Grammy® nominee **SARA BAREILLES** singing songs from the new Broadway musical *Waitress*.

After the show, make your way to 59th Street and Lexington Avenue (led by **THE PATRIOT BRASS ENSEMBLE**) for the unveiling of our holiday window displays.

This year, world-renowned artist, author and designer **JEFF LEATHAM** has transformed our windows into an interactive experience for all five senses, featuring faceted mirror sculptures, flowers, crystals and custom fragrances.

Following the unveiling, come inside our 59th Street flagship to have your copy of Sara Bareilles' new album "What's Inside: Songs from *Waitress*" signed by Sara herself.

bloomingdale's



B TRAIN
CONTAINS: 1, 4, 6



D TRAIN
CONTAINS: 1, 4, 8



F TRAIN
CONTAINS: 1, 5, 6



M TRAIN
CONTAINS: 1, 6

Urban Fauna: What Lives on the Subway Pole? Art.

Underground cultures.

By Jen Kirby

THE PROJECT BEGAN ONE DAY last year when Craig Ward saw a fellow photographer's image of bacteria cultured from her son's handprint. When he next hopped on the subway, "It reminded me of that urban myth: When you hold on to the subway railings, you shake hands with 100 people all at once," says the 34-year-old Brooklyn artist. Before long, Ward was riding all 22 lines with a bag of sterile sponges, swabbing the handrails and plastic seats. "As soon as you start taking out scientific equipment

and petri dishes, people did start to look a bit," he says. "But no one really challenged me. You can get away with most things on the subway." Back at his studio, each sample was used to form the subway line's name on a petri dish filled with agar—the jellylike substance that feeds bacteria—and cultivated through a warm summer. For Ward's portraits of these little swarming families, the petri dishes are lit to match the subway line: the 7 in violet, the G in green. They are alive and alien all at once.



G TRAIN

CONTAINS: 1, 3, 5, 6



L TRAIN

CONTAINS: 1, 2, 5, 6, 7



7 TRAIN

CONTAINS: 4, 5



TIMES SQUARE SHUTTLE

CONTAINS: 1, 3, 4

The railings (unsurprisingly) yielded the most dramatic results. Not every colony can be named, but Ward was able to ID quite a few microorganisms by shape and color. Many are the benign everyday bacteria found in saliva and sweat and skin. Others are more sinister—Ward found *E. coli* and a few strains of staphylococcus, plus (inevitably) a bunch of mold. Some viewers “might just recoil and say it’s gross,” admits Ward. “But this is a portrait of New York. That day, that time.”

KEY

1. *E. COLI*

Pink and red blotches. Found in feces; some types cause gastroenteritis or urinary-tract infections.

2. *PROTEUS MIRABILIS*

Clear to light-orange colonies. Causes kidney stones, infections.

3. *SALMONELLA*

Beige colonies. Causes serious digestive upset.

4. *STAPHYLOCOCCUS AUREUS*

White to light-yellow colonies; some may appear mauve. Causes skin infections, sinusitis, and food poisoning.

5. *MICROCOCCUS LUTEUS*

Bright-yellow colonies. Normal component of saliva and sweat; harmless.

6. *BACILLUS SUBTILIS*

White, spread out like flat cauliflower florets. Found in soil and the gastrointestinal tract of humans. Non-harmful, possibly beneficial; has

been used as an alternative antibiotic.

7. *SERRATIA MARCESCENS*

Red and pink dots. Often seen as bathroom slime. A leading cause of hospital-acquired infections.

8. *MOLD*

Big fuzzy blobs of it.



134 MINUTES WITH ...

Tara Subkoff and Urs Fischer

Can art school's cool kids grow up to be anti-bullying activists?

BY CARL SWANSON

LIFE SEEMS on the whole to be going pretty well for Tara Subkoff and her husband of nearly three years, Urs Fischer—if what they're after is a kind of tenured-hipster second act. Fischer, the Swiss artist who has lived in New York for just over a decade, is best known for playful sculptures that often seem to embody a heroic futility. (He made that 23-foot-tall, 17-ton bronze figure of a teddy bear impaled by a desk lamp that stood in

front of the Seagram Building a few years back.) Subkoff, the long-durational “It” girl, who not so long ago survived a brain tumor, has her directorial debut, *#Horror*, opening this month. She grew up in Connecticut—her father owned an antiques shop on Broadway and 13th Street she says Andy Warhol used to frequent—and went to prep school in Massachusetts. For many years, she ran a deliriously conceptual fashion house called Imitation of Christ (at first it



©2015 CHANEL® Inc.  N°5®, N°5®, The Classic Bottle® AVAILABLE AT CHANEL.COM

PARFUM

#THEONETHATIWANT

recycled clothing from thrift shops like the Salvation Army, sometimes adding punkish slogans; for a time Chloë Sevigny was closely involved) while doing things like collaborating with Easy Spirit on the side, all the while kind of knowing everyone who might be at whatever the then-equivalent of the Beatrice Inn was on any given night. Tonight they've joined me for dinner at a tatty neighborhood place called Bistro Les Amis near their Soho apartment, which they share with Fischer's 6-year-old daughter (when she's not with her mother) and a rescue poodle named Franz. "There's no real scene," notes Fischer, before ordering the branzino. "If you want Raoul's, it's down the street," says Subkoff, who goes for the steak-frites, medium rare.

#*Horror* stars Sevigny, Subkoff's friend since they were both young actors in Whit Stillman's chatty preppy dirge *The Last Days of Disco*. Early on in the new film, we see Sevigny in the woods of snowy, affluent Bedford, New York, and stalking around a modernist house populated by recognizable works of contemporary art—a Rob Pruitt, a Dan Colen. She is realistically distraught, questioning her husband (played by Balthazar Getty), who is cheating on her with their art adviser ("Are you thinking of a lie?"). But the heart of the film is elsewhere in the house, where their 12-year-old daughter—in her way as spoiled, needy, and self-involved as her mother—has invited friends over to hang out. The kids talk, gossip, gang up on one another, try on Mom's clothes and jewelry, and play what seems to be a kind of terrifyingly antisocial social-media app that combines elements of Instagram, Snapchat, Periscope, and Candy Crush but is basically a cyberbullying game. This being a horror film, as the action gets going, images from the game—which Subkoff created with the artist Tabor Robak—flash over the screen, showing the score going up with each death. (Think of it as *Carrie* with smartphones.)

"One of the things I love about the movie is its harshness—the harshness of the girls against the other girls, the harshness and brutality, which is not a male brutality," Fischer says. "The movie reminds me a little of *Stand by Me*—as a romanticized girl version. Basically, I see your movie as the contemporary-girl version of *Stand by Me*."

"It's the opposite! It's the opposite!" Subkoff says. "I mean, the best line of that film was 'I never had any friends later on like the ones I had when I was 12. Jesus, does anyone?' Your friends were everything then."

Both Subkoff and Fischer are 42, with not as much to prove anymore, it seems. Subkoff had arrived looking a bit like Faye Dunaway in *Chinatown*, with a French

net veil over her face, but in general, she says, "I try to dress as plainly as possible these days so it becomes less about that." And Fischer? The two are hardly a twee matched set: Unlike, say, Subkoff's ex Wes Anderson, Fischer has tattoos on his neck and wrists and once worked as a bouncer (in Zurich, but still). He's in his usual uniform of well-worn Stan Smiths and a white T-shirt ("Some of them are more spotted than others," he admits; the one tonight is pretty stained). "I just don't want to think about getting dressed in the morning."

"Maybe once in a while I get him in something nice," Subkoff says, studying him affectionately. "He is my husband, after all."

#*Horror* is definitely Subkoff's movie, though Fischer was supportive in a number of ways, including helping to gather the artwork. "It's like they are characters," she says. "I grew up around a lot of antiques, and I always feel like objects have a strength to them. I thought it would be interesting to be in this house with it being so cold outside, and all of the art that we curated to go into this film had a violence to it and was sort of inappropriate to have around children."

"I disagree," says Fischer. "I was thinking about the obsession of the parents with art, which I obviously—"

"Understand," says Subkoff.

The collection is an obsession with the power of possessions, and how the children feel this sense of isolation as the parents go into this world of art, which has nothing to do with them. And as the parents escape into it, the children have no relation to it. And so how they talk about it is, like, *yuck*."

"Or jealousy maybe. Of the attention."

Was Subkoff bullied as a kid? "I had a really rough time from 10 through 13," she says. "There is something that goes on at that age: trying to figure out who you are, who your friends are; separating from your parents, and seeing them as people

separately from being just your parents, and being horrified by them in some way."

"It may be the moment when you realize that something shifted," says Fischer.

"Innocence lost."

"It's not lost; your brain is just developing into a different thing. But I, for example, think that Damien Hirst is an innocent artist."

"Oh my God. That is totally going to shut off anything else in this article. Let's talk more about the movie," Subkoff says. "I was interested in cyberbullying—the real-life horror of it. Some of my friends' children at that age were badly cyberbullied. Especially the idea that you can't shake it. It follows you. It's a different landscape from when we were growing up. You can't just change schools. At that age, it's unbearable." She mentions an anti-bullying program she's been working with called Bridg-It.

Fischer notices someone they know on the sidewalk outside. "Oh, there's Terry!" Their friend Terry Richardson comes in, in droopy sweats, and they chat for a few minutes, planning to see each other at a charity event honoring Fischer the next night. When Richardson gets up and Subkoff goes to the restroom, Fischer turns to me: "Didn't *New York Magazine* bully him?"

When Subkoff returns, she talks about how hard it is to get the dialogue right, to make the people sound like the people they are supposed to be. "But that's what a movie is: They sound like they're in a movie," says Fischer, who grew up loving Jim Jarmusch movies. "The beauty about Jarmusch was that they have this artificial conversation, which sets the tone," he says. "It was the one main source of information on what a cooler way of seeing life could be when you are in Switzerland."

Subkoff agrees. "The Coen brothers is poetry. Or Wes Anderson. But they all have a talent for dialogue."

Even if it's not something you would say, I suggest.

"It's something you'd want to say," says Subkoff.

"*His Girl Friday*," Fischer replies. "Come on. Nobody has that well-edited a conversation."

"I bet in that day and age they did talk that way."

"I bet they didn't."

"There was more of a repartee."

"Only as it was recorded in the movies and in novels."

"But they did read more in the '30s, '40s, '50s. They weren't talking and then looking at their emails." She holds up her iPhone.

"There is something sentimental about the past," says Fischer. "The innocence that is lost is always being lost."

"I see your movie as the contemporary-girl version of 'Stand by Me.'"
"It's the opposite! It's the opposite!"



Ocean of Images: New Photography 2015 Now on View

DIS. Positive Ambiguity
*(beard, lectern, teleprompter,
windmachine, confidence).*
2015. Commissioned by
The Museum of Modern Art
© 2015 DIS

—
The Museum of
Modern Art
11 West 53 Street
Manhattan
moma.org

Major support for the exhibition is provided by MoMA's Wallis Annenberg Fund for Innovation in Contemporary Art through the Annenberg Foundation and by The William Randolph Hearst Endowment Fund.

Generous funding is provided by the Annenberg Foundation, The Contemporary Arts Council of The Museum of Modern Art, David Dechman and Michel Mercure, and Courtney Finch Taylor.



Celebrity: Heather Havrilesky

The Maddeningness of Queen Angie
Why can't we admire this avatar of female egotism?

ANGELINA JOLIE DOES EXACTLY what she likes, full stop. That's why she has always been such a maddening, transfixing mixture of inspiration and affront to the rest of us. In her first few seconds in the spotlight, she rejected the demure-lady-superstar path, openly scoffing at so-called Hollywood glamour with tattoos and black leather, then marrying an oddball 20 years her senior and wearing a vial of his blood around her neck. After her divorce from Billy Bob Thornton, she wrote off the heteronormative fantasy of life-long marriage and triumphantly prepared to raise her first child as a single mother, only to reverse course and dive right into her own custom-designed heteronormative fantasy with a very married Brad Pitt (refusing to either play the predatory vixen or apologize for the awkward timing, she flaunted her budding relationship by posing as Pitt's wife in a photo shoot for *W* instead). Soon after, Jolie set about adopting and giving birth to a multiethnic army of babies with Pitt by her side, ushering them on what seemed like a never-ending world tour flanked by an army of Ray-Ban-clad



YESTERDAY. TOMORROW. TODAY



Mornings on  NBC



SELECTED SHORTS

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

NOVEMBER 18

Readings by **Dan Stevens**
(*Downton Abbey*), **Ari Graynor**
(*Whip It*), **Linda Lavin** (*Alice*),
and **BD Wong**. With **Joyce**
Carol Oates.



LIAISONS: RE-IMAGINING SONDHEIM FROM THE PIANO

NOVEMBER 19

Anthony de Mare performs
NYC premieres by **Wynton**
Marsalis, **Andy Akiho**, and
Jherek Bischoff, plus encores
of **Steve Reich**, **Mason Bates**,
and more!

95TH & BROADWAY
symphonyspace.org

handlers. She had a preemptive double mastectomy in 2013, then had her ovaries and fallopian tubes removed this year, but used both operations as opportunities to inform the public about inherited cancer risks. Somehow, she emerged with even more swagger. Year after year, she's greeted unexpected challenges with such calm and poise that it's almost impossible to trust her. Could Jolie be an alien from another planet, sent to control our minds while harvesting a gorgeous rainbow of children from every nation, each one destined to rule a planet of his or her own in some distant galaxy?

As absurd as that sounds, science fiction may come closest to capturing Jolie's status as a constantly reinvented symbol of unapologetic female egotism and power—power that's wildly out of sync with the ploddingly flat, PR-savvy words Jolie uses to describe her experiences. In her latest power move, Jolie directs herself and her husband in *By the Sea*, a dark drama about a couple in the midst of a boozy marriage crisis that can't help but conjure that *W* photo shoot from a decade ago. But this should come as no surprise. Jolie did what she liked ten years ago, and what she likes right now is directing.

By the Sea may not set the world on fire. But as a clue to her otherwise mysterious inner life and her unfathomable marriage, the film is like a Rosetta stone. This is a woman who has it all but who always seems to want more. She doesn't want to be just a world-famous actress, which, she hints, has always felt beneath her. She wants to be a movie director and also a guardian of human rights worldwide, one with a famous husband who is, in spite of his rigorous filming schedule, an equal co-parenting partner and supportive best friend. She's even taken on Pitt's last name, in what seems less like a show of deference or wifely tradition than an imperial claim.

Thus do we find the new Ms. Jolie Pitt in a gorgeous seaside village in the Mediterranean, the ideal setting for a certain supernaturally attractive couple to glower and sulk in sparkling sunlight. The trailer for *By the Sea* delivers on this front: In scene after scene, Jolie and Pitt are glowering and sulking in the most photogenic and glamorous ways imaginable. A follow-up to Jolie's second feature film, *Unbroken*, *By the Sea* presents an American writer and his wife experiencing marital upheaval—albeit that rare flavor of upheaval that looks just like a high-end perfume ad. The screenplay, which was written by Jolie, allows for shots of the actress sitting on a rumpled bed with big, salty tears dripping from her saucer eyes, or poutily smoking in tinted Sophia Loren glasses. In other shots, we find Pitt pouring himself a drink, trying to write in the bathtub, hitting his head in frustration over

a blank page, and tossing back another drink instead. The couple is armed with terse lines that mimic the suspenseful vagaries of *Mad Men* teasers. Pitt: "We ever gonna talk about it?" Then: "You wanna hurt me?" Jolie: "You're nothing!" In a slight departure from the stylings of Chanel No. 5, though, name-calling escalates to violence, then Harry Nilsson sings in his 1979 warble, "It's the perfect way to end a perfect day."

Dabbling in dark melodrama starring you and your perfect husband may be the perfect way to advance your perfect career and bask in the glory of your perfect life. Or, it may just be another day in the life of a "camp event," as Scott Rudin uncharitably described Jolie in his hacked Sony emails. But that's not how Jolie sees it. "I didn't ever think I could direct," Jolie told *DuJour*, speaking in her new, preferred tongue of self-effacing humility bordering on the surreal, "but I hope I'm able to have a career at it because I'm much happier." She prefers directing to acting these days, she says. "I've never loved being in front of the camera."

She certainly had us fooled. But maybe what Jolie is really saying is that she prefers to be in charge. No wonder that, for all her talk of the importance of equal partnerships, Jolie always feels like the white-hot center of her universe, with Pitt playing the dutiful sidekick. Even when Pitt is off working on his own projects—movies that always seem to require bizarre choices in facial hair—it's difficult not to imagine him as anything but a cork tossed on Jolie's stormy sea. In every paparazzi shot, Pitt looks like just another handler among many, protecting the queen and her enormous brood: Angie royalty, Brad her loyal footservant. Is this interpretation just an outcropping of our anxiety about shifting gender roles? Or is it simply that, having witnessed Jolie's intelligence and self-possession and Pitt's strange clumsiness over the years, it's hard not to feel that she should lead and he should follow? Are we unnecessarily demeaning a nice guy who has embraced an egalitarian marriage to a strong woman, or are we just trying to elevate Jolie to the status of a modern-day Mother of Dragons?

What is most striking about Jolie's desires is how earnest they are.

For a Mother of Dragons, what is most striking about Jolie's apparent desires is how earnest they are at their core: professional success yielding creative autonomy; a marriage that is both hopelessly photogenic and a fulfilling partnership; an obvious ability to relish the joys of motherhood with or without cameras present; simple philanthropic *goodness* on a scale that matters globally. Could anyone argue with these ambitions? And yet they're embroidered with just enough stubborn hints that she's somehow reinventing the wheel that we tend to encounter them as considerably more radical, if not as expressions of outright hostility. This goes especially for her marriage. Pitt has said that, in support of gay marriage, he and Jolie wouldn't marry until "everyone else in the country who wants to be married is legally able." Then they went ahead and did it anyway. And Jolie hinted to German magazine *Das Neue Blatt* that the two have an open marriage. "I doubt that fidelity is absolutely essential for a relationship," she said. "Neither Brad nor I have ever claimed that living together means to be chained together. We make sure that we never restrict each other." This is a pair who chose to spend their honeymoon shooting a movie (or "an art film," as Jolie calls it) about a deeply unhappy married couple. Filming involved accessing their aggression toward each other, but as Jolie told *Vogue*, "As artists we wanted something that took us out of our comfort zones." She added, "It's not the safest idea. But life is short." All of that photogenic suffering was worth it, though: "We're proud of ourselves for being brave enough to try it," Jolie explained to *Vanity Fair*.

If equating a pricey film shoot with a struggle to be brave sounds a little rich, that may just be the dissonance inherent in having all the time and money in the world and still working very hard to pursue the exact life you want. That very audacity has placed Jolie pretty far ahead of her times over the years. She was the Zorro of Other Women in the hopelessly heteronormative aughts, then she acquired Benetton-ready babies at the dawn of our transition to a truly global culture. Her *New York Times* op-ed about her elective surgery this spring pointed the way to a brand-new era of transparency and self-empowered, selfie activism. And if Jolie's real has never been discernible from her fake, that only meant she was a beacon to the unholy mob of Taylor Swifts to follow. For better or for worse, Jolie is a woman who stands up for what she believes, conjures a tempest, then remarks serenely at how lovely the weather has been lately. And if most of her choices happen to entail jaw-dropping costs, outsize proportions, and self-mythologizing acts of film-making, well ... life is short, isn't it? ■

HOLIDAYS GOT YOU UNDER PRESSURE?

SAVE TIME AND COOK EXQUISITE MEALS
WITH THE NEW WMF PERFECT PRO PRESSURE
COOKER SET. MADE IN GERMANY.

6.5 QT. AND 3.0 QT. SET. REG. \$420, **SALE \$340.**
8.0 QT. AND 4.5 QT. SET. REG. \$465, **SALE \$375.**

ICC PRO TIPS

When cooking meats in a pressure cooker, be sure to allow them to rest in the cooker when done, and slowly release pressure. This will ensure that your meat stays moist.

bloomingdale's

Sale ends December 24, 2015. Reg./Orig. prices reflect offering prices. Savings may not be based on actual sales. Intermediate markdowns may have been taken. Savings off regular, original and/or already-reduced prices. Some items may be included in sales already in progress or in future sales. For home merchandise availability, please visit bloomingdales.com/homemerchandise. Quantities are limited; not all styles or colors in all stores. Prices, savings and selection may differ on bloomingdales.com. Not valid at Bloomingdale's The Outlet Stores.

LOVING



IN EARLY DECEMBER 1948, Patricia Highsmith took a Christmas-season temp job as a shopgirl in the children's toy department at Bloomingdale's. Highsmith, a 27-year-old native of Fort Worth, Texas, and a 1942 Barnard graduate, was a budding novelist who had been supporting herself for five years as a freelance action-comic-book writer, concocting stories for lesser superheroes like Spy Smasher and Black Terror—a rare gig for a woman in the golden age of comics. But her average weekly income of \$55 no longer sufficed now that she had started shelling out \$30 a week for psychoanalysis. Highsmith had sought a shrink's help to deal with her qualms about her pending marriage to a British novelist named Marc Brandel. Up until then, her prolific love life had been defined by a string of affairs with women.

The therapy didn't take, and the marriage never happened. The Bloomingdale's job, which she loathed, expired in two weeks. But there was an incident in the toy department lasting a mere two or three minutes that would haunt Highsmith for life. As she would recount it publicly for the first time more than four decades later, "a routine transaction," the sale of a doll to a suburban "blondish woman in a fur coat" seeking a gift for her daughter, had left Highsmith "odd and swimmy in the head, near to fainting, yet at the same time uplifted, as if I had seen a vision." Back in her apartment after work, she feverishly plotted out a story inspired by her experience. As her first novel, *Strangers on a Train*, was being published in 1950, she retrieved the story as the basis for what would be her second, *The Price of Salt*. Still possessed by her "vision," she took the train from Pennsylvania Station to Ridgewood, New Jersey, where the "blondish woman" lived—Highsmith had held on to her name and address from the Bloomingdale's

transaction—and spied on her. "The curious thing," she wrote in her journal afterward, was that the experience "felt quite close to murder." Murder, she mused, "is a kind of making love, a kind of possessing." She fantasized about putting "my hands upon her throat (which I should really like to kiss)."

Strangers on a Train, in which two men, one a psychopath and the other a straight arrow, meet by happenstance and decide to swap murders of relatives they respectively despise, was well received and snapped up for the movies by Alfred Hitchcock. But Highsmith's publisher, Harper & Brothers, rejected *The Price of Salt*, with its tale of the obsessive love of a 19-year-old department-store shopgirl, Therese Belivet, for a married, 30-something customer, Carol Aird. Coward-McCann published it instead, in 1952, under the pseudonym Claire Morgan. The next year, Bantam brought out a 35-cent paperback edition with leering cover art (one woman seductively touches another's shoulder as the discarded man looks on helplessly from afar) and lurid ad copy ("The Novel of a Love Society Forbids"). It sold nearly a million copies. But Highsmith, who bridled that her first novel had been pigeonholed by Harper as a "novel of suspense," didn't want to be known as the author of a "lesbian book" either. She didn't acknowledge *Salt* as her own for more than a quarter-century. She didn't open up about its history until five years before her death, when she wrote an afterword for a 1990 British reissue that credited her as the author and retitled the book *Carol*.

Now Carol Aird may become more widely known than ever, in the form of yet another of the extraordinary performances we have come to expect from Cate Blanchett, who is paired with the no less impressive Rooney Mara as Therese in the director Todd Haynes and the writer Phyllis Nagy's mesmerizing and moving film adaptation of Highsmith's anxiety-laced romance. Since *Strangers on a Train*, there have been several screen treatments of Highsmith's work—including three drawn from her best-known book, *The Talented Mr. Ripley* (1955), or

Even today, Todd Haynes's mesmerizing adaptation of Patricia Highsmith's classic novel comes as a shock—mostly for how much lesbian culture remains invisible to America at large.



*Detail of Barye Phillips
illustration for 1953 paperback
cover of The Price of Salt.*

one of its sequels, variously directed by René Clément (in 1960), Wim Wenders (1977), and Anthony Minghella (1999). (Blanchett appeared in Minghella's, which starred Matt Damon as Ripley.) But none of these movies has burrowed into the heart of Highsmith as uncompromisingly as *Carol*, which is unfailingly true to the only explicitly personal novel among the 22 she wrote.

That the film happens to land in this particular historical moment adds another dimension to its fascination. It was during the long period of its gestation—Nagy was first approached about writing the screenplay at the end of the last century—that the tipping point arrived for gay rights in America. While those rights have not been firmly secured even in the wake of the Supreme Court's legalization of same-sex marriage—witness Houston's revoking of its anti-discrimination ordinance this month—few would deny that a legal, political, and cultural transformation has occurred in straight America's relationship to gay America.

Once America turns a corner like that, it tends to move on. We don't make a habit of looking back at our history if a social injustice is thought to have been fixed. In 1977, well after the African-American civil-rights movement was celebrated as a done deal, executives at ABC were floored to find that 130 million Americans, representing some 85 percent of the nation's television households, would watch the mini-series *Roots*; even at that late date, the history of slavery and its legacy turned out to be a revelation to much of that audience. (As we learned in this year's Confederate-flag debate, that history is still murky to many.) Basking in the warm glow of America's spate of gay-civil-rights victories, Hollywood can tell itself its work is done. Larry Kramer's landmark 1985 play of the AIDS era, *The Normal Heart*, finally became a television film (almost 30 years after its theatrical premiere), after all, and movies like *The Imitation Game* and *Dallas Buyers Club* are routinely celebrated at the Oscars. Now that *Modern Family* is borderline retro, transgender characters are having a belated television moment, too.

But then you look at a film like *Carol*, and peer through the windows it opens onto both cultural history and actual history, and you realize how much we don't know about a past that unfolded in the shadows until not very long ago. You also start to wonder how many cultural treasures and figures are buried in that antiquity, invisible to most of heterosexual America and perhaps to much of younger gay America, too. Highsmith's

"lesbian book," its million paperback copies of six decades ago notwithstanding, is just such a case.

EVEN NOW, let alone in the past, lesbians rarely receive the same measure of attention as gay men in our culture, pop culture included. There are some obvious reasons for this beyond a misogynistic strain in America so durable that it's still front and center in presidential campaigns. In the entertainment industry, men, straight and gay, hold many more positions of power than straight and gay women do, and those men, whatever their sexual orientation, are going to favor their own stories. Another factor is the overwhelming tragedy of the AIDS epidemic. It inevitably and properly pushed gay men to the fore once mainstream Hollywood (in 1993, with Tom Hanks taking the plunge in *Philadelphia*) at last mustered the will to address AIDS and its shunned victims head-on.



Highsmith at 21.

Yet gay women often had to settle for the crumbs of mainstream culture both before and after the AIDS crisis. Ellen DeGeneres broke a barrier when she came out in the fourth of her original sitcom's five seasons, and there have been recurring lesbian characters in other network series, but there was no prime-time broadcast phenomenon for gay women as sustained as, say, *Will & Grace*. Once major Hollywood studios, for better and (often) worse, started to regularly turn out glossy entertainments with gay-male protagonists like *In & Out* and *The Birdcage* in the mid-'90s, most films with three-dimensional lesbian characters, from *Desert Hearts* and *Go Fish* to *Heavily Creatures*, remained relatively ghettoized as low-budget indies, imports, or box-office also-rans. Big-budget Hollywood was more likely to exploit a lesbian or bisexual female character—e.g., Sharon Stone's star turn in *Basic Instinct*—as a soft-porn sex toy for straight men.

Carol is an Anglo-American indie collaboration that took a decade to get made. Haynes signed on late in the process, after a previous director, John Crowley, dropped out. It was a natural assignment for Haynes, who had previously collaborated with Blanchett on her gender-bending turn in *I'm Not There*, his 2007 cinematic meditation on Bob Dylan. Haynes has often put women in crisis at the center of his films, starting with the legendary 1987 short he made while studying for his M.F.A. at Bard, *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story*, in which the anorexic pop singer and other characters were played by Barbie dolls. (It exists now only as a bootleg because of a successful copyright-infringement action brought by Carpenter's brother, Richard.) The obvious direct antecedent of *Carol* in Haynes's filmography is *Far From Heaven* (2002), set later in the 1950s than Highsmith's story. An homage to both the texts and subtexts of the director Douglas Sirk's Hollywood melodramas of that decade, *Heaven* tells of a Connecticut wife and mother (Julianne Moore) coming to terms with both her husband's closeted homosexuality and her own runaway passion for the African-American gardener performing day labor in her white, upper-middle-class enclave. Haynes is a gay man, but his greatest empathy was reserved for Moore's trapped wife. As he has said, the closeted husband, "a white man in hiding," still had more freedom to maneuver and get what he wanted than either a black man or a white woman in America before the dawn of the modern civil-rights and feminist movements.

That wider point of view kept *Far From Heaven* from being the gay-rights polemic its plot might suggest. With *Carol*, both Haynes and Nagy were similarly determined not to make what Nagy calls "an agenda film" and Haynes a "look how far we've come" film. The movie alters only a few details of the novel (most notably making Therese an aspiring photographer instead of an apprentice theatrical-set designer). Haynes shot the film in Super 16-mm. and draws on the collective iconography of mid-century American urban photographers like Ruth Orkin, Saul Leiter, and Vivian Maier to capture the grain and soot of a postwar Manhattan in transition to the booming *Mad Men* era soon to come. It's a wintry city of lonely, Edward Hopper-esque spaces that, in Highsmith's description, was marked by "that reddish-brown confusion of the side street" with its "familiar hodgepodge of restaurant and bar signs, awnings, front steps and windows."

MY SECRET LESBIAN CLASSICS

THE CULTURAL ARTIFACTS THAT CHANGED 19 LIVES.



Spring Fire

BY VIN PACKER, 1952

If you were a lesbian in the 1950s, you were almost certainly bewildered, isolated, and desperate for information. And then, out of the miraculous blue, came the lesbian pulp paperbacks, written by and for women you recognized, women in love with other women, women of energy and passion. Their joy in each other overcame the crises in their lives. In *Spring Fire*, I read about two beautiful college students. I was too naïve to recognize them as classic models of butch and femme, but no depths of ignorance could mask the delight and relief I felt, reading about their emotional life.

—Ann Bannon, novelist, the “Beebo Brinker” series



The “Beebo Brinker” series

BY ANN BANNON, BEGINNING 1957

Beebo Brinker, the protagonist in this series, was tall, handsome, and very butch. She refused to wear dresses or skirts and would not take a job that required her to wear “feminine” clothing. When I was coming out in the early 1980s, I was smitten and spent many nights fantasizing about what it would be like to be her girl. Thank God for Beebo!

—Lesléa Newman, author, *Heather Has Two Mommies* and *October Mourning: A Song for Matthew Shepard*



Eye to Eye: Portraits of Lesbians, Photographs by JEB 1979

The women in these portraits were some of the first dykes I ever laid eyes on, and the book felt like a lost family album. Joan E. Biren, who went by JEB, explained how she got started photographing lesbians: I had never seen a picture of two women kissing, and I wanted to see it. So she took a picture of herself kissing her lover.

—Alison Bechdel, graphic novelist, *Fun Home* and *Dykes to Watch Out For*



Harriet the Spy

BY LOUISE FITZHUGH, 1964

I knew there was something up with Harriet, and I didn’t have the language to talk about it. But there was some way that Fitzhugh constructed that kid that was really a portrait of the artist as a young lesbian. The way she felt about her friends—nothing was romantic or weird, but it was really clear.

—Christine Vachon, co-founder, Killer Films; producer, *Carol*

Sex Variant Women in Literature

BY JEANNETTE H. FOSTER, 1956

Foster—an unobtrusive dyke-librarian for many years at the Kinsey Institute for Sex Research—had to publish this magnificent bibliographic



survey and labor of love herself (no legitimate publisher would touch it), and it has remained sublimely out of print pretty much ever since. Yet Foster offers nothing less than an encyclopedic history of lesbianism in Western literature from

Greek antiquity to the 1950s. The mode is at once scholarly, compassionate, and weirdly ravishing.

—Terry Castle, author, *The Literature of Lesbianism: A Historical Anthology From Ariosto to Stonewall* and *The Professor: A Sentimental Education*



I've Heard the Mermaids Singing 1987

Up until this totally lost gem by Patricia Rozema came out, pretty much every lesbian movie was about lesbians who didn’t know they were lesbians and had been in a horrible relationship with a really shitty man. I loved the political statements that this film made, and the fact that there were lesbians who were lesbians with no other explanation.

—Lea DeLaria, singer and actress, *Orange Is the New Black*

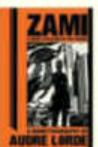


Rachel and the Seven Wonders

BY NETTA SYRETT, 1923

Syrett, a “New Woman” English novelist and playwright, put all her soaring feminism and sex-and-gender-liberating imagination into Rachel’s adventures in the ancient world—accessed through a secret portal in the British Museum by a mysterious magician. The Aubrey Beardsley-style illustrations by Joyce Mercer are as emancipating as the text. For girls and others.

—Joan Schenkar, playwright, *Signs of Life*; biographer, *The Talented Miss Highsmith*

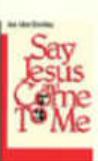


Zami: A New Spelling of My Name

BY AUDRE LORDE, 1982

A smart black gay girl from the Caribbean, growing up in NYC and dealing with the racism at Hunter High School, having affairs with other girls and learning to be a poet. Both author and subject wanted adventure and agency. They didn’t yearn to get married, be monogamous, join the military. They broke rules.

—Sarah Schulman, novelist, *People in Trouble* and *The Cosmopolitans* (forthcoming)



Say Jesus and Come to Me

BY ANN ALLEN SHOCKLEY, 1982

A steamy novel that took on race, patriarchy, religion, and sexuality and had, at its center, two black women falling in love: This book was truly a revelation. And a sexy one at that.

—Yoruba Richen, director, *The New Black*

Most of all, *Carol* upholds Highsmith’s vision of her characters. “What still strikes me now,” Nagy says of the novel, “is how radical it was in terms of its overall conception—two central figures not giving a rat’s ass about sexual identity. No one frets about being gay; others fret on their behalf.” The men who do fret (or worse)—Carol’s husband (Kyle Chandler) and Therese’s intended (Jake Lacy)—are not presented as arch-villains; they are men of their time, as much baffled as judgmental and punitive. This is not their story, in any case. We see everything from the two women’s points of view.

Throughout, Haynes’s direction translates Highsmith’s hushed, spare, unnerving narrative voice into visual terms reminiscent of James Stewart’s feverish fixation on Kim Novak in *Vertigo*. Therese’s monomaniacal passion for Carol is a kind of stalking, not unlike that of the male (and often implicitly gay) stalkers who commit murder in other Highsmith works. When Therese and Carol go on the lam—in a cross-country road trip that strikes some contemporary readers of Highsmith’s novel as the immediate precursor of those in *Lolita* and *On the Road*—one of them packs a gun. But it is the crime of same-sex love, not murder, that has turned them into unlikely outlaws, and their sotto voce criminality is not to be confused with *Thelma & Louise*. Society dictates that Therese and Carol must act in code, much of it wordless, as they traipse across a barren swath of the Midwest. Which in turn means that *Carol* could not exist as a film without two actors capable of conveying so much intimacy with so little dialogue. By the end, we are locked into the delicate nuances of the couple’s own private language to such a degree that Blanchett can move an audience to tears with nothing more than an enigmatic half-formed smile that is the movie’s final, indelible image.

It’s hard to appreciate now the impact Highsmith’s book had on gay women when it was first published. “It was for many years the only lesbian novel, in either hard or soft cover, with a happy ending,” wrote Marijane Meaker in a wry 2003 memoir about her romance with Highsmith circa 1960. Under the pseudonym Vin Packer, Meaker herself wrote a lesbian pulp novel, *Spring Fire*, published the same year as *The Price of Salt*, in which one woman ends up returning to heterosexuality and another ends up in a mental institution, because an editor instructed her that only an unhappy ending could protect the book from being seized by the postal authorities as “obscene.”

Ellen Violet, now 90 and married to her partner of nearly 45 years, is a fabled televi-





Shockproof Sydney Skate

BY MARIJANE MEAKER, 1972

I wish my first glimpse of lesbian culture had come from this hilarious, glamorous, and aspirational novel about a teenager who, unbeknownst to his mother, has unlocked the secrets of the coded language she uses when gossiping with her lesbian circle. Those witty, beautifully attired, hard-drinking New Yorkers sometimes found true love and sometimes got their hearts broken, but they always seemed glad to be gay. (Instead, it was *Going Down With Janis*, a biography of Janis Joplin that had been passed around school so many times the pages featuring lesbian sex scenes were almost transparent.)

—June Thomas, editor, Outward at Slate



We Too Are Drifting/Torchlight to Valhalla

BY GALE WILHELM, 1935 AND 1938

Originally published by Random House as hardbacks, Wilhelm's first two novels were written only ten years later than Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*, but were worlds away in their lesbian-centric happy endings. These books are great to read both because they are classic and not unhappy lesbian stories and because it is remarkable to realize just how they were received at the time. Despite their lesbian content, even *Kirkus Reviews* wrote positively about both novels.

—Eliza Byard, executive director, GLSEN



Bagdad Cafe 1987

Even though there's no great romance or sex scene, the care the two women in this film have for each other that somehow they were more complete together than they were apart really impressed me. It's strangely romantic, as is the setting and the song "Calling You."

—Rose Troche, filmmaker, *Go Fish*; producer, *Concussion* and *The L Word*



Les Guérillères

BY MONIQUE WITTIG, 1971 (ENGLISH TRANSLATION)

When I first read the short blocky paragraphs that make up Wittig's all-out Amazonian war of the sexes, I was blown away by the language: incantatory, raw, and sexual, and yet also weirdly clinical at times. Then I read *The Lesbian Body*, its logical sequel of sorts a novel about invading a lover's body and I thought the world had shattered. Here was a frankly lesbian love so darkly celebratory, so fierce and violent, that it couldn't be contained by corporality.

—Achy Obejas, novelist, *Days of Awe*



Angry Women

BY ANDREA JUNO, EDITED BY V. VALE, 1991

It is hilariously dated in some ways (the Medusa cover), and more seriously so in others (the urgency of AIDS), but the fact remains that nearly every single artist profiled in this anthology either was or has since become incredibly important to me.

—Maggie Nelson, memoirist, *The Argonauts*



Mädchen in Uniform 1931

I first discovered this in the women's film festivals of the 1970s, pierced to the heart by the scene of a besotted Manuela winning a kiss good-night from Fräulein von Bernburg, everyone's favorite boarding-school teacher. I began to track the film like a private eye.

—B. Ruby Rich, author, *New Queer Cinema: The Director's Cut*; editor, *Film Quarterly*



Personal Best

BY TEAM DRESCHE, 1995

Team Dresch was a rock band from the Pacific Northwest consisting of four out-and-proud lesbians. This record changed my life; it marked the first time that a narrative didn't

require an act of subtle translation. I didn't have to reimagine that the longing was about a girl because the longing was in fact about a girl. It's one thing to listen to music and think, *This is who I want to be*, and another to listen and to know, *This is who I am*.

—Carrie Brownstein, actress (*Portlandia*, *Carol*), musician (Sleater-Kinney), memoirist, *Hunger Makes Me a Modern Girl*



S.C.U.M. Manifesto

BY VALERIE SOLANAS, 1967

Too crazy, too angry, too deviant, too lesbian Valerie Solanas, the woman who shot Andy Warhol, has been a notorious footnote in feminist history. But my view of female rage changed forever when I discovered her, the killjoy whose *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* was payback for the brutality of an unjust world, written by a woman who wouldn't apologize or just fade away.

—Amy Scholder, literary editor



Star Trek: The Next Generation 1987

Before I found gay punk rock, or even subliminally homo-erotic cartoons, I had Tasha Yar, chief of security on the *Enterprise* (and an androgynous female lead with a nebulous love life who co-parented with a Romulan and lost her life battling Armus the slimy alien). Tasha helped me see myself my rejection of softness.

—Cristy C. Road, artist, graphic novelist, musician



Trash: Short Stories

BY DOROTHY ALLISON, 1988

At a reading years ago, Dorothy Allison smiled in her knowing, southern way and said, "I'ma fuck you up." I laughed, we all did, but underneath the breezy sentiment lay the startling truth: She does fuck you up brutally, irrevocably, magnificently and sometimes all those ways at once. She articulates our fears and desires in a voice so haunting and lustful it's as if she were speaking in two or three languages. Plus, her use of eggplant as foreplay deserves an award.

—Anna Pulley, author, *The Lesbian Sex Haiku Book (With Cats)* (forthcoming)

Visit nymag.com for ten more contributions.

sion dramatist whose career began in the early 1950s and who traveled in some of Highsmith's New York circles. She recalls how joyous it was to have a first gay affair and discover that you "didn't die." But she adds that "once you broke up, you had no one to talk to except a Freudian analyst or a priest." For many isolated gay women and some gay men as well, *Salt* was a lifeline that helped fill that void. After it was published, "Claire Morgan," via her publisher, was inundated by letters from readers eager to converse with the writer who had told them that they were not alone and all was not lost. As Fran Lebowitz points out, in the decades of the closet, at least gay boys discovering their sexuality knew there were others like them—if only because of the negative indicators of bullying and the ubiquity of slurs like "faggot." For lesbians, invisibility was its own kind of torment. "I read every possible thing that had any possible allusion to homosexuality because that's where you find yourself," Lebowitz says. The letters Highsmith received from readers were alternately appreciative that her characters didn't end up committing suicide and suffused with the loneliness of not being able to talk to anyone else who was gay, particularly if the correspondent lived in a small town. Highsmith would suggest moving to a larger town, but she knew that was no panacea. "Those were the days," she later wrote, "when gay bars were a dark door somewhere in Manhattan, where people wanting to go to a certain bar got off the subway a station before or after the convenient one, lest they be suspected of being homosexual."

IF JUDGED by contemporary dictates of political correctness, Highsmith is about the last poster woman for gay fiction and gay rights anyone would choose, and she's all the more compelling and challenging for that reason. She has been the subject of two fat and captivating (if tonally antithetical) posthumous biographies, Andrew Wilson's *Beautiful Shadow* (2003) and Joan Schenkar's *The Talented Miss Highsmith* (2009). Highsmith is almost impossible to shoehorn into any category—political, literary, or psychological. She was an anti-Semite who revered Saul Bellow over all contemporary American authors. She was a fearless and independent woman who had no use for feminists. (As indeed some feminists had no use for lesbians: The historian Lillian Faderman writes in her authoritative new book, *The Gay Revolution*, of how Betty Friedan complained that the so-called Lavender Menace "was warping the image of the woman's

A man in a dark suit and glasses holds a white sign in front of a city skyline at dusk. The sign features the Winthrop logo (three stylized leaves) above the text "WINTHROP" and "NYC CyberKnife™". The background shows a city street with blurred lights from passing cars and buildings, including the "HOTEL EMPIRE".

**CyberKnife® is the biggest
advance in prostate cancer
treatment in a decade. And only
one place in Manhattan
has it: NYC CyberKnife.™**

CyberKnife® is as effective as surgery for prostate cancer. But there's no cutting, no pain, no incontinence and less risk of impotence. Treatment takes just one week – five brief appointments. And now the number one CyberKnife prostate cancer team in the country is here. Winthrop NYC CyberKnife.™ To learn more about Manhattan's only CyberKnife program, call 1-866-WINTHROP, or go to winthrop.org/NYCyberKnife.

WINTHROP
NYC CyberKnife™

Manhattan's one and only CyberKnife® Center.

150 Amsterdam (at 66th St.) • 1.866.WINTHROP • winthrop.org/NYCyberKnife

Your Health Means Everything.®



movement.") As a young woman, Highsmith was moved by the Spanish Civil War to join the Young Communist League; she was antiwar in the Vietnam era and an environmentalist. But her views on race were anything but progressive. In New York in the late '50s, Meaker knew the playwright Lorraine Hansberry, a closeted lesbian, but Highsmith spurned an invitation to attend an early screening of the film version of *A Raisin in the Sun*. "I know the plot," Highsmith explained to Meaker. "Colored person thwarted, then colored person triumphant. It's not my concern."

The only consistent things about Highsmith are her tumultuous love affairs, which were nonstop from her teens until a few years before her death at age 74, her unchecked alcoholism, her tireless work ethic, and her misanthropic take on the human race. The misanthropy was well earned. Her mother, a commercial illustrator who divorced Pat's father nine days before her birth and married a stepfather she hated three years later, took it upon herself to inform her daughter that she had tried to abort her mid-pregnancy by drinking turpentine. "It's funny, you adore the smell of turpentine, Pat," she added.

"Work is the only thing of importance or joy in life," Highsmith wrote in a notebook in 1972. But her writing career was far from easy. Early on, she met with William Shawn at *The New Yorker* and wrote some "Talk of the Town" pieces on spec, but nothing came of it, and despite her efforts thereafter, no Highsmith story was published in the magazine until seven years after her death. (During her lifetime, her stories frequently found a home in *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*.) Her reviews were often favorable, and she had a few prominent literary champions, including Graham Greene. The film adaptations of her work gave her a slight celebrity and some subsidiary income (though she always complained of how Hitchcock secured the rights to her first novel in perpetuity for \$7,500). But while her books had a loyal following in Europe, in the estimate of her longtime editor Larry Ashmead, she never sold more than 8,000 copies of a novel in hardcover at home.

Highsmith was about the work, not self-promotion, and her gruff personality was anything but user-friendly. Short of J.D. Salinger, she was probably the least likely author to sit for a magazine profile or exchange quips on television with Dick Cavett. Her one major television interview, with Melvyn Bragg on London Weekend Television's prestigious *South Bank Show* in the early '80s, was laconic and dour. It

didn't help her career with American readers, either, that she moved to Europe for good in 1963, bouncing around England, France, and Italy before finally ending up in the tiny town of Tegna in Switzerland. She retained her American citizenship but was periodically dropped by her American publishers. When her final novel was rejected by her last imprint, Knopf, she died, in 1995, without one.

Not all of Highsmith's books are equal, but she has a disorienting voice that's all its own: stripped of literary ornamentation, devoid of sentimentality, and lacking a moral compass, no matter how horrific the behavior of her characters or the suffering of their victims. Almost every film adaptation of her work before *Carol*, starting with Hitchcock's first, has bowdlerized her endings, whether by excising a final murder or insisting that a killer be brought to justice. That's not Highsmith. "I find the public passion for justice quite boring and artificial, for neither life nor nature cares if justice is ever done or not," she explained in her 1966 book *Plotting and Writing Suspense Fiction*. Told at one point by an agent that her books don't sell in America because the people in them are unlikable, she responded that "perhaps it is because I don't like anyone" and proposed that in the future she write about animals. Indeed, her 1975 story collection, *The Animal-Lovers' Book of Beastly Murder*, is about pets that kill their human masters. (Her own favorite animals were snails, which she smuggled through customs by hiding a half-dozen or so under each of her breasts.) In truth she often identified with her most amoral human protagonists, from the psychopathic Bruno of *Strangers on a Train* ("I love him!") to Tom Ripley. In the early 1970s Highsmith contemplated writing a novel, as her biographer Wilson describes it, about a character obsessed with "the detritus of modern living—waste material including abortions, the contents of toilets, bedpans, diapers, hysterectomies." And who might that character be? She answered the question in her diary—"myself."

As a person, Highsmith was no less original and no less thorny. One of her last American publishers, Otto Penzler of Mysterious Press, who published seven of her books in the '80s, told Schenkar that while he was a fan of Highsmith's work, he found her "a horrible human being" consistent with her characters, whom he described as "mean-spirited people" with "no humanity, no spirit of shared experience." Nagy, not yet a screenwriter but a young researcher at *The New York Times Magazine* when she met Highsmith in New York in the late '80s, came away with a kinder judgment. Nagy

had been assigned to be Highsmith's companion on a walking tour of the Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn for a feature that was never published. (Highsmith was the magazine's second choice, after Ruth Rendell declined.) When Nagy picked the novelist up at the Gramercy Park Hotel, she found a "little crumpled woman in the corner, who looked sort of like Jimmy Durante in a trench coat—scary, formidable." In a brief exchange about the theater—Nagy was an aspiring playwright—Highsmith allowed that she had seen and liked Sam Shepard's *Fool for Love*, then fell into silence for 90 minutes. She was scarcely more communicative during the graveyard tour, but once it was over that morning, she told Nagy, "I don't need you, but I need a drink," and offered her Scotch from her hip flask "as a challenge." Then Highsmith invited her to lunch, "which consisted of beers in her hotel room." A warm friendship and correspondence ensued. "She'd come to New York every so often," Nagy recalls. "Every time she came she wanted to be taken to one of the old gay bars of her youth, but they were different in her dotation."

They remained in touch until Highsmith took ill the year before she died. To the surprise of many, she left her entire estate and future royalties to Yaddo, the writers' and artists' colony in upstate New York where she'd spent part of the summer of 1948 working on *Strangers on a Train*, just a few months before she would meet her "Carol" at Bloomingdale's. That residency had been secured largely through the intercession of Truman Capote, a friend at the time, and it had not been repeated in the nearly half-century since. Nonetheless, "she felt Yaddo was the only place that really nurtured her," Nagy says.

"I never think about my 'place' in literature, and perhaps I have none," Highsmith once said. Her work, while respected, is usually relegated to a rung below those who wrote in roughly her sphere like James M. Cain (whom she admired, rightly, as "a kind of genius") and Jim Thompson. Do the travails of both her life and career have anything to do with the fact that her sex life was condemned as a perversion and punishable as a crime in the country of her birth? Highsmith was not prone to self-pity or self-martyrdom, and it's hard to imagine that she would say so. In any case, it's a question that can never be definitively answered. The question that can be answered is what other writers and artists and cultural treasures might have fallen through the cracks in the pre-Stonewall era. *Carol* is certain to bring new readers to Highsmith, and once they dig in, they will be ravenous for more. ■

For David Edelstein's review of *Carol*, see page 94.



**IT'S MORE THAN
JUST A HOLIDAY PARTY.
IT'S THE STUFF OF
OFFICE LEGEND.**

MAKE THIS YEAR'S HOLIDAY PARTY THE KIND OF
EVENT THAT WILL BE TALKED ABOUT AT NEXT YEAR'S PARTY.

**THERE'S STILL TIME TO BOOK!
LIMITED SPACE AVAILABLE—PLAN YOUR EVENT TODAY!**

BOWL MOR
LANES

BOWL MOR.COM/HOLIDAY

TIMES SQUARE
(212) 680-0012

CHELSEA PIERS
(212) 835-2695

WHITE PLAINS
(914) 948-2677

MELVILLE
(631) 271-1180

Biography of

NEW YORK

Patrick Hardison's
face was not
always his own.

Three months ago,
it belonged to
a young Brooklyn
bike mechanic.

FOR THE MOMENT, the face belongs to no one. It floats in a bowl of icy, hemodynamic preserving solution, paused midway on its journey from one operating room to another, from a 26-year-old Brooklyn bike mechanic who'd been declared brain-dead 48 hours earlier to a 41-year-old Mississippi fireman whose face had burned off in a blaze 14 years ago. The mechanic's face, though nearly flat, still bears a few reminders of its former owner: a stubble of dark-blond hair, pierced ears, a hook-shaped scar at the spot where surgeons had entered his skull trying to save his life. A surgeon reaches his gloved hands into the bloodtinged liquid and kneads the face, draining the last of the mechanic's blood. Then he lifts the face up to a camera, showing off his handiwork. As he raises it, it seems to inflate and take the shape of a face again, one that no longer resembles the cyclist. The forehead is shorter, the cheeks puffier. The lips have fallen into a crescent, as if smiling. The face looks like it will when, an hour later, it is fitted over the raw skull of the fireman waiting in the next room.

By **Steve Fishman**

Photograph by NORMAN JEAN ROY

→
Hardison,
73 days
after surgery.

a Face



PATRICK HARDISON

SEPTEMBER 5, 2001, was a beautiful late-summer day in Senatobia, a town of 1,497 families in northwest Mississippi, not far from the Tennessee border. Business at Senatobia Tire off Main Street was slow, and when owner Patrick Hardison had seen the Senatobia Fire Department dispatcher at lunch, he had needled him, half in jest: "Get us a call." Hardison, 27 at the time and a volunteer for seven years, had known most of the 30 other volunteers since they were schoolkids; they'd hunted and fished together, then in their 20s signed up to fight fires together.

The two-tone alarm emitted by the pager on Hardison's belt sounded at about 1 p.m. Speeding up Main Street in his Chevy pickup, Hardison could get to the firehouse in just a few minutes. Only the first arrivals got seats on the truck, and a seat meant you'd fight the fire. "You wanted to be the one telling the story, not listening to the fun other guys had," Hardison said. That day, Hardison pulled up just in time, beating out his former brother-in-law for one of the spots. When the volunteers arrived at the mobile home 15 miles away, flames were shooting through the roof. "The worst fire I've ever seen," said Bricky Cole, one of the volunteers that day and the husband of Hardison's cousin.

Both of the family's cars were parked outside the mobile home, and a man was in the yard screaming, insisting his wife was still inside. Hardison and three other firefighters entered the house, turned into a living-room area, then into what looked like a den. The ceiling was already collapsing in sections; not seeing anyone, Hardison backed out of the door. Then he spotted a window and climbed through it back into the burning structure.

A few minutes later, Hardison's chief screamed for his people to get out. Hardison was retreating when the ceiling collapsed on his head and shoulders. He fell to his knees. He could feel his mask melting and wrestled it off. He held his breath and closed his eyes, which spared his lungs and preserved his vision. Somehow he made his way back to the window. A fireman pulled him out.

Hardison's face was on fire. Another fireman doused the flames with water. Cole held him as the paramedics slid an IV line into his arm, though Cole didn't know who the burned man was. "His face was smoking and flesh was melting off," Cole recalled. "It was all char." At about that time, the woman who they thought was trapped in the house walked up the road. She'd been fishing at a nearby stream.

DAVID RODEBAUGH

IN SEPTEMBER 2001, David Rodebaugh was 12 years old and living in Columbus, Ohio, where he was on his way to becoming an accomplished skateboarder, snowboarder, and BMX biker. He could do backward somersaults in the air and 360-degree helicopters, swinging his bike in a complete circle. Rodebaugh bounced around as a kid. Later, his mother, father, and both grandmothers would all claim to have done the lion's share of raising him. Rodebaugh couldn't sit still for school, but there was little he couldn't do with his hands. At 20, he announced he wanted to move to New York. Neither his mother, Nancy Millar, nor his father, Gregg Rodebaugh, believed in reining him in. "I never put a leash on him," recalled Millar. "Just call me before the ambulance does, that's all."

In 2009, Rodebaugh landed in Brooklyn among the hard-core bike-messenger community. "We live by the bike. We ride hard as fuck. We own the streets. We are the streets," said Al Lopez, whose one-man messenger company is called Cannonball Couriers. Lopez took to Rodebaugh immediately: "He was down. He was fun. He

was smart. He was a bro." Lopez got to know him through the Lock Foot Posi, an insular gang of a dozen or so cyclists ("Lock Foot" refers to the way to brake on a gearless bike). "We're like from the land of the misfit toys," said Lopez. "Rejected from a larger mass but united through a kind of personal dysfunction. We're our own family. Dave fit right in with us."

EDUARDO RODRIGUEZ

IN SEPTEMBER 2001, Dr. Eduardo Rodriguez, then 34, was in his ninth year of medical training. The son of Cuban immigrants, he grew up in Miami and held the ambitions of many first-generation Americans. "I wanted to make money, raise a family, be a professional." So he set out to become a dentist. In 1994, he was doing a residency in oral and maxillofacial surgery at Montefiore hospital in the Bronx, when Dr. Arthur Adamo, director of the program, took him aside and told him he was impressed with his surgical skills. "You're better than most people at this; you're better than me," Adamo said. It was the moment Rodriguez's ambitions started to become grander. He studied surgery at Johns Hopkins and microsurgery in Taiwan. He finished his 16 years of training at age 37, an elite plastic surgeon with a specialty in reconstructive surgery.

Rodriguez was introduced to the possibility of face transplants in 2003. At a medical conference, a surgeon showed photos of a brown rat with a white face and a white rat with a brown face. She'd transferred one to the other. It seemed little more than a surgical stunt, but the next year, two French doctors transplanted part of a face onto a 38-year-old woman who'd been mauled by a dog. Nine years later

Patrick Hardison in 2015, before his face transplant

in the medical journal *The Lancet*, Rodriguez and co-authors reviewed the 28 face transplants that had been performed in the world. Most were partial—the French woman received a nose, cheeks, lips, and a chin. Rodriguez thought the field was ready to take bolder steps. "From a moral standpoint, if we were going to push patients to the possibility of death, the reward has to be great. Why risk it with a mediocre result?"

The Department of Defense, hoping to help wounded soldiers, expressed an interest in funding his work. But it wanted proof of concept. To satisfy the DOD, Rodriguez transplanted a face from one live monkey onto another. Then, in 2012, at the University of Maryland, Rodriguez performed his first human transplant, on a man whose face had been shot off. It was the first surgery to replace, in addition to the face, the jaws, teeth, and tongue.

In 2013, Rodriguez became the chair of plastic surgery at NYU's Langone Medical Center and began to assemble a team to perform facial transplants—surgeries which can cost, including pre- and post-operative care, nearly \$1 million. He and his surgeons spent hours practicing removing faces from 14 cadavers. "We had to be able to do this thing in our sleep," he said.

Rodriguez is a lean, imposing six-foot-three. He never raises his voice, no matter the subject, and he brims with confidence, some would say arrogance. "When I put my mind to something, it's going to happen," he told me. A year into his tenure at NYU, Rodriguez felt his team was ready to attempt another transplant—this one more extensive than any performed before. He even had a patient in mind. He had first met Hardison in 2012, when he was on the faculty at Maryland, and he immediately understood the opportunity the former firefighter presented. "Patrick was the ideal patient," he recalled. Now all they needed was a face.

HARDISON

IN PHOTOS TAKEN BEFORE the fire, Hardison has a pleasant, unassertive face, with round cheeks, blue eyes, and blond hair curling over his forehead. His face was a backdrop to his patter, which was friendly and constant. It's part of what made him a good



salesman. "People came for tires and walked out with wheels," said Bill Weeks, his friend and fellow firefighter. Some days, he netted \$10,000. "Money in your pocket," Hardison said. At 26, he purchased his dream home, a four-bedroom on 20 acres "with a shop and an inground pool and a two-story playhouse." He and his second wife, Chrissi, had three kids at the time, one each from previous relationships and another together. "I planned to retire at 40," he said.

Sixty-three days after the fire, Hardison returned home from the regional medical center in Memphis wrapped in gauze, his eyes sewn shut. "He came home mummified," said Chrissi. "He wouldn't look in the mirror for a long time." Just two years into their marriage, Chrissi became his nurse, feeding him, bathing him. "He was depressed and angry at the world, understandably," she said. Sometimes he'd wander off into the acres around their house and Chrissi would call his firefighter buddies to track him down.

Hardison had 71 surgeries over a dozen years. Doctors took flesh from his thighs and pulled it over his skull. "Gradually, his head began to look like a head," said Chrissi. A surgeon implanted magnetized pegs—osteointegrated implants—in the sides of his head to which prosthetic ears could be attached. Eventually, surgeons turned his lips inside out to give him the semblance of a mouth. The ongoing concern, though, was his eyes. He had no eyelids to protect his corneas. Doctors fashioned a cone of skin where his eyelids once were—it looked like a lizard's eye. That offered some protection, though Hardison still couldn't blink. At night, he pressed his eyes shut with his fingers. Not that he slept much. It was better not to. He had nightmares that he was back in the fire.

Life for Chrissi, once a stay-at-home mom, was difficult, too. "You left for work one day the person I married and came home a stranger," she told him. "It's almost like I have to treat you as if you died." Money troubles increased the stress. Hardison received Workers' Comp, but the amount was based on his earnings as a firefighter—\$15 per fire. He received a federal disability check for \$1,200 a month, plus some funds from a private insurance policy. It was not nearly enough. The couple lost their dream home and their cars and moved in with Chrissi's mother. "We did what we had to do to survive," she said.

RODEBAUGH

RODEBAUGH WAS SIX-ONE with blue eyes and blond hair that he grew past his shoulders. In photos, he has a long, animated face. By all accounts, he was a talker. "He knew everything and everybody. His stories were bigger than life," said Brian Gluck, owner of the Red Lantern, a bike shop, café, and bar on Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn. Rodebaugh would casually mention that he'd raced cars and jumped out of a helicopter on a snowboard. Some sensed insecurity and wondered if he stretched the truth. But then the stories turned out to be true—at least, there usually seemed to be a detail or a person who lent credence to them. One thing was certain: Rodebaugh was a loyal friend. He would ride his bike three miles in the snow to help fix your car. He would stick up for you in a bar fight. Rodebaugh lost a front tooth defending Lopez once, and he never replaced the tooth. He couldn't afford to but also seemed proud of it, evidence of his toughness. In a photo, a girlfriend with long dark hair lies next to him, her finger over the gap in his smile. Women were drawn to Rodebaugh. "He had a brute macho," said Lopez. "He always had beautiful girlfriends."

In 2014, Rodebaugh won the Red Bull-sponsored Brooklyn Mini Drome, ten laps around a steeply banked oval loop that he helped build, which made him something of a celebrity in Brooklyn-cyclist circles. Still, he couldn't pay rent. For a year, he lived in a van—a VW Vanagon with a pop-up roof that served as transport to bike races as far away as Texas, though most of the time he parked it outside the East River Bar, a favorite of the Lock Foot Posi. Once,



What Hardison looked like before the fire.



Rodebaugh's family donated his face after he was declared brain-dead.

he found the van booted and managed to disassemble the lock on the wheel, but another time the van was towed. Rodebaugh had accumulated so many tickets that it wasn't worth paying to get the van back. He couch-surfed for a while. "I get your stress, bro," Lopez told him. "You got no chill"—no place to repair to and unwind.

And then, as often happened, Rodebaugh landed on his feet. In June 2015, he found a job as a bike mechanic—he was "a good wrench," as mechanics say—at the Red Lantern. Gluck remembered the day he hired him. Rodebaugh drove his BMX bike into the shop and didn't dismount. "He was sweating like hell and wasn't wearing a shirt," said Gluck. Rodebaugh said nonchalantly, "I hear you need a mechanic," and reeled off the names of bike shops where he'd worked. Later, Gluck wondered why he'd worked at so many places, but he did need a mechanic—the peak season was starting. Gluck hired him for \$15 an hour, enough to pay rent for a while.

HARDISON

HARDISON SAID THAT his life had "skidded to a halt" the day of the accident, but that was a conclusion he drew years later. At the time, he charged ahead, refusing to admit he was disabled. "Just different," he insisted. "From here down, I was good to go," he said, holding his hand at chin level. He and Chrissi had two more kids, two boys, one born in 2003, the other in 2004. They were unplanned but welcome. "They were his saving grace," Chrissi said. "He had people who knew him only as he was and loved him unconditionally anyway." The boys giggled when he snapped off a prosthetic ear, held it in the air, and said, "I can't ear you." They asked their friends, "Can your daddy do that?"

In 2003, Hardison returned to the tire business, opening a new shop with a partner. Even with his injured face, business was great for a while, recalled Travis McDonald, a friend and employee. Flush again, Hardison built a 7,000-square-foot house on two lots in

From One Face to Another

Illustrations taken directly from medical photos.



Over the course of 12 hours, the donor's face was removed intact.



In another operating room, Hardison's scarred facial tissue was cut away.

Bartlett Woods, a tony development in Senatobia. He hoped to sell it but in the meantime moved in with his family. "It was more space than we could ever use," said Chrissi, but it was a relief after living on top of one another at her mother's. His friends were duly impressed, though some worried that he was overreaching. Chrissi understood. "He was trying to prove that no matter what happened, he could still take care of his family," she explained.

To outsiders, Hardison's life seemed to be on track once again. But close friends saw a dark side. He underwent an average of seven operations a year. That kept him away from the shop for long periods, and it kept him in pain. "How could you not be addicted to pain pills?" said his boyhood friend and fellow firefighter Jimmie Neal. "He felt he needed those medications to survive." Oxycodone became so normal, said McDonald, "he almost didn't know he was high." But others did. "My medicine problem," as Hardison later referred to it, affected his judgment. "He quit running his business the way it should have been run," said McDonald. "Things that were important weren't important anymore. Like paying his bills." When the prescriptions ran out, he found other ways to procure the painkillers. He later was arrested for forging a prescription and bouncing a check.

For a second time, Hardison's life tumbled down around him. In 2007, he declared bankruptcy and lost the house. "I kept trying not to fail, but I couldn't beat it," he said. "I felt like a failure."

The next year, he and Chrissi divorced after ten years of marriage. "It had been such a long road," she said. "I felt guilty, but we were in a very destructive place. We weren't beneficial to each other emotionally. Pat had some things he had to go through. And there was nothing that anyone could do to help him."

Hardison had joint custody of the kids, but when they left his apartment for school, he had nothing to do. "People don't understand how hard it is just to face the day. And it doesn't end. It's every day," he said. The worst development was that, with no eyelids, his vision began to decline. He had to stop driving. "I was a 40-year-old man waiting for my mother to drive me around," he said. "I lost everything. I was so young."

When he met Rodriguez in 2012, the surgeon told him he could treat Hardison's most pressing medical problem by performing an eyelid transplant. But Rodriguez also proposed a bolder solution: an entirely new face, scalp, ears, nose, lips, everything he'd lost in the fire. "We're going to make you normal," Rodriguez promised.

But first Hardison would have to make it through NYU's elaborate review process, which meant he would have to deal with his painkiller addiction. Rodriguez extracted a promise. Hardison couldn't seek narcotics from any physician but Rodriguez's team. If he did, he wouldn't get the surgery.

Rodriguez warned Hardison that the surgery had only a 50 percent chance of success. This would be the most extensive face transplant yet performed—including the entire scalp, ears, and eyelids. "You have to remove the old face to the bare bones," he explained. "You have to understand: If it were to fail, there is no bailout option."



The donor's face was transferred in hemodynamic preserving solution.

The face was attached at the cheekbones, chin, and nose with screws. Some nerves were connected; others would regenerate.

After the major veins were connected, Hardison's new face swelled by 50 percent, but the swelling would gradually go down.

You would likely die. This is a procedure that is all or none."

Hardison's kids were scared. "They didn't understand why he'd take the chance," explained Chrissi. "They loved him as he was. To them, he was normal." The younger son had a nightmare that surgeons turned his father into a monster. But Hardison had already reached the point of all or none. "Kids ran screaming and crying when they saw me," he said. "There are things worse than dying."

RODEBAUGH

ON WEDNESDAY, July 22, of this year, Rodebaugh was supposed to meet Saskia, his most recent girlfriend. She was 30 years old, with delicate features and braided blonde hair that fell almost to her knees. They'd met at a bicycle accident to which they were both witnesses. "I ride every day," Saskia told me. "I feel weird walking." One rainy day, they biked to the Rockaways together. "It was very romantic," Saskia recalled. She liked Rodebaugh, but she told him she'd recently left an intense relationship and didn't want another. Then, she flipped over the handlebars of a bike—one Rodebaugh had lent her—and broke her arm in four places. Rodebaugh became her nurse. "He spent days sitting with me in the hospital. I was really pissed off and angry. He didn't flinch. He'd come in mornings to help me shower and dress and braid my hair—and no one ever touches my hair."

That July night, Saskia texted him the address where she was having dinner with friends. He was to join her, which she hoped would cheer him up. Two days earlier, Rodebaugh had been fired from the Red Lantern. He didn't show up for work sometimes. "You're a great mechanic but a shitty employee," Gluck told him. Rodebaugh didn't disagree. That evening was his last shift with another mechanic who'd become a friend. They worked till 9 p.m., stayed for a few drinks.

Rodebaugh headed out on his road bike near midnight. He went east on Myrtle and then turned south to DeKalb. He took the bike path, though in the wrong direction and at a high rate of speed, which is how he always rode. He bicycled toward his apartment, perhaps to clean up before meeting Saskia. Near Franklin Avenue, his friends say, a pedestrian walked out from between cars. Rodebaugh hit him and was thrown from the bike. He landed on his head. He wasn't wearing a helmet.

At Kings County Hospital, doctors wheeled Rodebaugh into surgery, where they opened his skull, hoping to release the pressure on his brain caused by bleeding in his head. Saskia didn't learn why Rodebaugh had stood her up until two days later. When she heard, she rushed to the hospital and didn't leave. A week after the accident, Rodebaugh emerged from his medically induced coma. He couldn't talk because of the tubes in his throat, but he could write. "I love this girl," he wrote to a nurse. It was the first time he'd said that to Saskia. "I'm not going anywhere," she said, "for as long as you want me." She slept with her head on the rail, holding his hand.

Three days after waking up, Rodebaugh became agitated. There was another bleed inside his head. Surgeons removed part of his cerebellum, hoping to reduce swelling. He fell into another coma, this one not induced. "Even if he survived, he wouldn't have much motor control," Saskia said later. "It would've been torture for him to be in a body like that." She whispered to him that it was okay to die. On August 12, he was declared brain-dead.

RODRIGUEZ

THAT afternoon, a representative of LiveOn NY, which matches organ donors with hopeful recipients, phoned Rodriguez to inform him of a potential face. He didn't know if the donor would prove an acceptable match; genes and blood had to be tested. But he called Hardison—"I have (Continued on page 104)

THE

R. Kelly Problem

He's a musical
genius—and he's
been accused of
some awful things.
Is it okay
to listen to him?

By **David
Marchese**

Photograph by
BOBBY DOHERTY

R. KELLY WHIRLS AROUND, straining to look out his car's rear window. "You see that?" asks the R&B star, sitting in the middle row of a black SUV cruising down Manhattan's West Side. On this sparkling afternoon in early fall, he's just noticed a young woman driving a red sedan one lane over. "Damn," says Kelly, as the smoke from his cigar curls along his giant gold watch and up past his diamond earring. "Uhm-hmm," says a bearded assistant in a baseball cap from the backseat. This man's job, as best I can tell, is to light his boss's cigar and carry around a small duffel bag. The SUV pulls even with the woman's car, and Kelly, on his way to a Chelsea recording studio, goes quiet, staring at the woman as she looks straight ahead.



Our driver changes lanes. Kelly grimaces, as if seeing an attractive woman in a passing car and not being able to do anything about it hurts. "New York got a lotta pretty girls," he says. His assistant gives a sleepy nod.

The SUV pulls in front of the studio. We're here to listen to tracks from next month's *The Buffet*, the 13th album of Kelly's massively successful, extremely controversial career, and the first one since allegations of his past sexual misconduct resurfaced online, causing many to argue that Kelly is both a predator overdue for punishment and a walking moral dilemma.

We step into an elevator. As it rises, Kelly, tall and wearing patterned jeans, sunglasses, and a baggy gray hoodie that mostly hides his slight middle-aged paunch, points his cigar at me. "You gonna be asking me all these things," he says. "So let me ask you something first: What do you call a black man who flies an airplane?"

I don't know.

"You call him a pilot," says Kelly. "What's wrong with you?" He laughs. "Gotta keep you off balance," he says. "Gotta set the tone."

So let's do that. Here are some key things to know about R. Kelly. His first name is Robert, he's 48 years old, and he's inarguably the biggest male R&B singer since Marvin Gaye. Probably the most talented and sexually explicit, too. He grew up poor and functionally illiterate—owing to dyslexia—on Chicago's South Side, raised mostly by his mother. In his memoir, *Soulacoaster: The Diary of Me*, he wrote about being sexually abused as a child by a woman from the neighborhood. Around the same time, boarders in his family's house repeatedly made him take photos of them having sex. When he was 8, he watched helplessly as his first love, Lulu, drowned after bullies pushed her into a creek. At 11, he was shot by thieves trying to steal his bike. The bullet is still in his shoulder.

Kelly was musical from as far back as he can remember, and he began his career on the streets, singing for money in his clear, gorgeous tenor. In 1991, he joined a New Jack Swing group, Public Announcement, and went solo soon after. His debut, *12 Play* (as opposed, the logic goes, to a less capable lover's foreplay), was released in 1993. Since then, Kelly has sold somewhere in the neighborhood of 34 million albums. He's been nominated for 25 Grammy Awards and won three. In 2010, *Billboard* named Kelly the No. 1 R&B and hip-hop artist of the last quarter-century. In addition to his own batch of 33 sinuous, perfectly arranged top-20 R&B hit singles, and another 17 that achieved the same designation on the pop "Hot 100," Kelly has collaborated on smashes with Céline Dion and Michael Jackson. Pitchfork deemed his irresistible "Ignition (Remix)" the 19th-best track of the aughts. He was largely responsible for introducing Aaliyah, Drake's emotional lodestar, to the world. Even Jim DeRogatis, the former Chicago *Sun-Times* reporter and pop critic, who has done more than anyone else to spread the word on Kelly's alleged unlawful sexual behavior, admits: "The man is a musical genius."

That's the music. There's also this: a long list of allegations that Kelly has used his money and power to have sex with minors. In 1994, when Kelly was 27 and Aaliyah was 15, the two were married under a falsified document that stated she was 18. The marriage was quickly annulled and Kelly, who produced Aaliyah's debut album—called *Age Ain't Nothing But a Number*—hasn't said much about it since, out of, he says, respect for the late singer's family. (Aaliyah had signed an agreement requiring her to stay silent about the brief mar-

riage.) In 1996, Kelly was sued for damages by a woman alleging the two began a sexual relationship when she was 15. Kelly settled out of court. In 2001, a similar lawsuit with a similar result. The next year, he was indicted on 21 counts of making child pornography after police came into possession of a video depicting a man resembling Kelly having sex with a young woman. Also in 2002, another lawsuit, this one from a woman claiming both that Kelly impregnated her while she was underage and that one of his associates took her to get an abortion. Kelly settled. That same year, a woman sued Kelly for filming, without her knowledge, the two having sex. Kelly settled. It goes on: at least a half-dozen more lawsuits, followed by settlements, followed by nondisclosure agreements. (There are also reportedly a handful of instances in which Kelly has agreed to payments before lawsuits were even filed. Presumably these, too, involve NDAs.)

Also in 2002, a video, delivered anonymously to DeRogatis's mailbox, showed a man who looks an awful lot like R. Kelly having sex with a girl alleged to have been about 14 or 15 years old at the time. In the video, which was widely bootlegged, the man is seen urinating in the girl's mouth. It took prosecutors six years to bring the case to trial. The girl in question refused to testify, and Kelly's lawyers argued that, as in the 2006 comedy *Little Man*, in which CGI was used to transpose Marlon Wayans's head onto a child actor's body, someone could have faked the tape by digitally replacing another man's face with Kelly's. He was acquitted on all charges.

Despite all the allegations—and DeRogatis puts the total number of lawsuits in the

dozens—Kelly has never gone to trial for, or even been charged with, statutory rape. Why not? Chicago attorney Susan E. Loggans, who won settlements for multiple Kelly accusers, explains that for the state to prosecute a statutory-rape charge, there needs to be a complaining witness, and there hasn't been one. "People don't trust the legal system," she says. "Everybody wants to see if they can get out of it. You can be on the right side of a case and lose, and that's devastating. It's easier to be provided with money and not go through the trauma or risk of a trial."

And yet, Kelly's former manager Barry Hankerson once wrote a letter to Kelly's lawyer in which he said their client needed to get help for his sexual compulsion toward underage girls. The husband of Kelly's former publicist Regina Daniels told Los Angeles radio station KJLH that Kelly had "crossed a line" with the couple's daughter. Kelly's brother, Carey, told radio host Wendy Williams that he was asked to collect phone numbers of girls in the audience at R. Kelly shows even though "they looked underage." Kelly's former friend and personal assistant Demetrius Smith wrote a memoir, *The Man Behind the Man*, in which he wrote: "Underage girls had proven to be [Kelly's] weakness. He was obsessed. Sickly addicted."

For a brief period after his acquittal, Kelly, musically anyway, appeared cowed. *Love Letter* (2010) and *Write Me Back* (2012) were both chaste compared with most of his hits and musically humble, homages to classic soul. Divorce was presumably humbling, too. He and his wife, Andrea, who'd publicly supported her husband, divorced in 2009 after 13 years of marriage. The couple has a son, Robert; a daughter, Joann; and a third child, Jay, born Jaya, who announced last year on social media that he's transitioning from female to male. "He's a, I dunno what the name of it is," Kelly tells me. "You love your kids no matter what."

But in 2013, Kelly let loose. He duetted with Lady Gaga on her racy, unrepentant hit "Do What U Want," and the two gave a truly



Video for
"Trapped in the Closet"
(2005)

bizarre performance at the American Music Awards in which he played the president and she played a secretary dry-humping in the Oval Office. Then he released his own volcanically dirty *Black Panties* album, featuring songs like "Crazy Sex" and "Marry the Pussy." The record was like a dare to the world: After all that he'd been accused of, after avoiding conviction, could R. Kelly still get away with making sex-obsessed music?

AT THE CHELSEA studio, Kelly is seated at a desk behind the recording console, a track list and keyboard in front of him. He takes small drags from his cigar. His assistant, a publicist, and a manager sit shoulder-to-shoulder-to-shoulder on a nearby couch. Kelly, who speaks softly and rarely looks my way when he responds to my questions, asks an engineer to cue up a track from the excellent *The Buffet*—one of 462 songs Kelly says he wrote for the album (13 made the final cut). "I have enough songs to put out six or seven albums a year if I wanted," he says while fiddling with the track list. Despite his superhuman output, quality control is not a problem, he says, because "feedback comes to me through the people who work for me." He admits that on a couple occasions, he's been told that songs were duds, but he can't recall which ones because "I'm so buried in all of the great songs that I've been fortunate to have out there." (Kelly is playfully exaggerative on a broad number of topics: An avid pickup-basketball player, he tells me that his jump shot is accurate "to about half-court, so that I don't have to drive to the hole and worry that someone hits my pretty face.") *The Buffet*, Kelly says, has a little something for all of his fans—hence the title—and he "really does believe my music will play until Jesus comes back."

The engineer clicks a mouse, and Kelly's insistently seductive voice fills the room. "My lyrics got a big dick / And I just fucked the shit out of you all." Kelly looks at me, tilts his head, and puts his hands out in *Whaddaya think?* fashion.

MOST OF KELLY's music falls into one of two categories: wholesome, inspirational songs about salvation and God, and filthy ones about freaky sex that often employ imaginatively silly metaphors—cooking ("In the Kitchen"), mountain climbing ("Echo"), space exploration ("Sex Planet")—for the act of coitus. But the latter outweighs the former by a wide margin: For every "Heaven, I Need a Hug," a handful of "I Like the Crotch on You," and a heap of "Feelin' on Yo' Booty" for every dash of "U Saved Me." He doesn't release the clean stuff under one name and the dirty stuff under another, the way some artists might. It's all part of the same complicated persona, and each part of his catalogue informs the other: Listen to enough dirty songs, and a totally clean one like "It's Your Birthday," for example, might trick you into anticipating a punch line that never comes. (He brought a birthday gift for you, but it's not his penis, surprisingly.) There's also Kelly's 33-parts-and-counting rap opera *Trapped in the Closet*—whose narrative follows Kelly's character, Sylvester, through a twisted series of events involving cuckolding, a surly dwarf, and a stuttering pimp—which exists in its own wondrous category.

The music on *The Buffet* doesn't much resemble the tenser, more emotionally conflicted songs of current R&B hit-makers like the Weeknd, Frank Ocean, or Miguel—all of whom have, let's say,

a more subdued vision of how two people might interact with the lights down low. Kelly isn't ultrakeen on his younger competition. "R&B should be making love," he says, stroking his freshly trimmed beard. "It should be sex with a little comical feeling; all that shit when you macking to a girl so you can get with her." In other words, R&B is exactly what *The Buffet* sounds like. Kelly performs beside me as the songs play—cuing imaginary musicians, pumping his fist, mouthing the lyrics, raising his hands to the heavens. When we get to a sex song that uses a marching band as a metaphor, Kelly sings, "Blow me like a tuba!" and does it with such aplomb that I can't help but laugh, and he smiles, and it's awkward. Because this moment makes plain the conundrum of R. Kelly: How do you—how do I—listen to his songs, these ingeniously produced, meticulously arranged, incredibly sung songs, after you know what he's been accused of?

"I DON'T THINK ABOUT what people say R. Kelly did do or he didn't do," says Charisse, a 38-year-old EMT in a red leather jacket. We're standing outside Barclays Center in Brooklyn in late September. R. Kelly is playing here tonight, and in a few minutes he'll deliver a lewd and wildly entertaining show. "He don't do anything lots of other men don't do," Charisse continues. "But because it's R. Kelly, I'm supposed to be mad about it? There's a lot of fast girls out there looking for a come-up." She shrugs. "That's reality."

Tia, 34 and pregnant, is here too. She works in wealth management, and her husband is home with their young daughter. "The media overhypes everything," she says. "If he was found guilty in court, that's a different thing.

But there's life and there's music, and I can separate the two." Her husband can't. "He refuses to listen to R. Kelly," she says.

A 40-something man who's been listening in and who won't give his name comes up to me and says, "Innocent until proven guilty. This is America," and walks away.

Kenny is a 33-year-old real-estate agent whose girlfriend bought him R. Kelly tickets for his birthday. He was unaware of any allegations. "I've never heard any of that stuff," he says. "So I guess it doesn't bother me."

Of course, R. Kelly has heard that stuff, though at the studio he answers my questions only in roundabout ways. "I'm going to always have the gift along with the curse," he says, after we've finished listening to his album. "I feel like I got a million people hating me, I've got maybe 8 million loving me. So I've got 9 million talking about me, and in a strange, magical way, it keeps me in the game."

In 2014, *Slate* asked, "Why Does Alleged Sexual Predator R. Kelly Still Have a Career?" The year before, the *Village Voice* ran a conversation with DeRogatis in which he recapped, in wrenching detail, the allegations against Kelly. Online, the piece linked to nearly ten years' worth of disturbing *Sun-Times* stories and police reports.

"Why haven't we reached a Cosby-style tipping point with him?" asks DeRogatis from his office at Chicago's Columbia College, where he teaches cultural criticism. "R. Kelly had the good sense never to go after a white girl from Winnetka. He didn't go after Janice Dickinson. He was [allegedly] targeting inner-city black girls. The white world, with some exceptions, did not give a fuck. Certainly not in the way they did about Cosby, who was an actual crossover artist."

R. Kelly is, of course, not the first popular musician to allegedly be turned on by minors. Elvis began courting Priscilla Beauclerc when she was 14. Jerry Lee Lewis married his 13-year-old second cousin, Marvin Gaye impreg- (Continued on page 105)



Kelly appearing in court in 2002 after being charged with 21 counts of making child pornography.

1 Block

A story of epic change in Brooklyn, told in miniature. By those who've lived on MACDONOUGH STREET for generations and those who just pulled up to the stoop.

135 Years

FROM FARMLAND to battleground for brownstone bidding wars, Brooklyn's transformation has fundamentally altered the city's geography. It has also altered the lives of the residents who call the borough their home. To better understand those changes, we dispatched a team of reporters to find a place where Brooklyn's past and future were next-door neighbors. There were many locations to choose from, because there are many Brooklyns, but we settled on the **400 block of MacDonough Street, between Patchen and Malcolm X**, a brownstone block in Bed-Stuy near the Utica stop on the A/C that's seen home prices nearly double in the past five years. Those prices have brought richer and whiter residents to a place where many black families have lived for generations. Some bought their homes in the 1970s and '80s, when crime was still rampant, for less than \$30,000 (which, even adjusted for inflation, is less than a tenth of what their new neighbors paid). Others remember when the street was mostly German and Irish and they were the newcomers. We were interested in sweeping demographic changes (and real-estate figures). But we also wanted to explore what makes a neighborhood work—how residents look out for (and sometimes alienate) each other, how their lives intertwine. From spring through fall, our reporters knocked on every door, crashed the block party, and hunted through public records to track down and interview more than 65 current and former residents. They mined Census data, deeds, and crime reports to piece together the history of this one-block-long micro-neighborhood. The result shows not just how the block changed by the numbers but also the psychic weight of those changes. In these pages is a condensed version of what they found; the online version is fully interactive, with a wealth of additional material, complete interviews, and the connections between neighbors, memories, and history made tangible, as digital links. A single street belongs to many, whether you're brand-new or still prefer the slate sidewalks, which were paved over in 1976. →



A scene from the block party, circa late 1970s.

MacDonough, House to House

Who lives there, and when they all moved in.

NORTH SIDE



LYNN BOWDEN
90, owner
OCCUPATION: Retired kosher butcher.
HISTORY: Bought the house with his late wife in 1983 for \$12,000. Bowden, whose parents were fruit-and-vegetable farmers in North Carolina, came to New York in 1955 after a stint in the Army and apprenticed in a butcher shop, where he was, at first, paid mostly in meat. "When I bought this house, there wasn't two cars on this street! That streetlight wasn't even there." **Was once robbed at the point of a .38 on this block.**

ROSLYN MORRISON
42, tenant
OCCUPATION: Public defender.
LIVES WITH: Her son.
HISTORY: Moved from a Brooklyn Heights co-op in 2006; now pays \$1,050 for a two-bedroom. "On Montague Street, I was constantly being asked whether I was a nanny. Was I surprised? Not all that much. I'd been to boarding school, where there were few people of color. So I was accustomed to that 'What are you doing here?'—type attitude."

TRAVIS BRATHWAITE
26, owner
OCCUPATION: Film-production freelancer.
HISTORY: Parents are from Barbados; grew up first in Jamaica, Queens, then on Halsey Street. Bought this house in 2012; previous owner had moved back to be closer to family in the South. Brathwaite's aunt is Cheslyn Lorde, who owns the house 12 doors down (see following pages). "I had her come over and look at the house. We all liked it. I don't foresee selling—I haven't had any offers, other than those papers that keep getting dropped on everybody's steps."

HERBERT POLLARD
54, owner
HISTORY: His grandparents bought the house in 1945; Pollard lived here till age 18, then left and went into the Air Force. "To me, at that time, New York felt more like a giant small town. You had a million little small towns inside New York. Jerry Ector was

my best friend, and Mrs. Ector [see opposite page] still lives in the house. There were much more kids on the block back then than there are today. We'd ride our bikes up and down, around the neighborhood, play touch football in the street, a little bit of stickball. In a lot of respects, the block is pretty much the same—it was a quiet block then, it's quiet now. But I know people around here much less."

NORTH SIDE

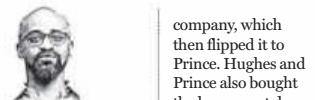


DEBRA AND ALVIN LAMB
Both 57, owners
LIVES WITH: Their daughter Alexis.
HISTORY: Debra's father, a school principal who grew up in the neighborhood, bought the house at auction in 1985 for \$40,000. It had been abandoned and, in 1982, taken over by the city. Her parents still live a few blocks away on Stuyvesant Avenue, and own several houses in the area. Debra bought it from them in 1998.

ALEXIS LAMB
21, tenant
OCCUPATION: Student at Hunter College.
LIVES WITH: Her parents.
HISTORY: "This is the house I grew up in. I like the area. I hate that it's kind of far from all of my friends—I went to school in Soho. Maybe five years ago, my friends never wanted to come down here. They were like, 'Oh, no, something bad is going to happen.' I'm just, like, 'It's not like you're going to die.'"

MICHAEL "CHAD" HOEPNER AND HILARY KOLE
41 and 39, owners
OCCUPATION: Communications consultant and singer.
LIVES WITH: Their baby girl.
HISTORY: Bought in April 2015 for \$1.55 million from the next-door neighbors, Rodney Hughes and Desmond Prince (see right). **It had been owned by the Hood family since 1968;** in 2006, Ricky Hood, who inherited it, sold for \$655,000 to Hughes and Prince.

RODNEY HUGHES
50, co-owner
OCCUPATION: Perfumer.
LIVES WITH: Desmond Prince, his partner.
HISTORY: The Scott family lived here for four generations until 1996, when the estate of Gloria Jean Scott sold it for \$50,000 to a real-estate holding company, which then flipped it to Prince. Hughes and Prince also bought the house next door; they recently sold it to Hoepner and Kole (see left). "I had told Desmond I could wait" to sell, Rodney recalls. But "we met Hilary, and it was a perfect fit. She was having the baby and she's a jazz singer, and art and artists appeal to us. It's important to have neighbors that you like. 'Cause we're not going anywhere."



HISTORY: Debra's father, a school principal who grew up in the neighborhood, bought the house at auction in 1985 for \$40,000. It had been abandoned and, in 1982, taken over by the city. Her parents still live a few blocks away on Stuyvesant Avenue, and own several houses in the area. Debra bought it from them in 1998.

LIVES WITH: Her parents.
HISTORY: "This is the house I grew up in. I like the area. I hate that it's kind of far from all of my friends—I went to school in Soho. Maybe five years ago, my friends never wanted to come down here. They were like, 'Oh, no, something bad is going to happen.' I'm just, like, 'It's not like you're going to die.'"

OCCUPATION: Communications consultant and singer.
LIVES WITH: Their baby girl.
HISTORY: Bought in April 2015 for \$1.55 million from the next-door neighbors, Rodney Hughes and Desmond Prince (see right). **It had been owned by the Hood family since 1968;** in 2006, Ricky Hood, who inherited it, sold for \$655,000 to Hughes and Prince.

OCCUPATION: Perfumer.
LIVES WITH: Desmond Prince, his partner.
HISTORY: The Scott family lived here for four generations until 1996, when the estate of Gloria Jean Scott sold it for \$50,000 to a real-estate holding company, which then flipped it to Prince. Hughes and Prince also bought the house next door; they recently sold it to Hoepner and Kole (see left). "I had told Desmond I could wait" to sell, Rodney recalls. But "we met Hilary, and it was a perfect fit. She was having the baby and she's a jazz singer, and art and artists appeal to us. It's important to have neighbors that you like. 'Cause we're not going anywhere."

HISTORY: Debra's father, a school principal who grew up in the neighborhood, bought the house at auction in 1985 for \$40,000. It had been abandoned and, in 1982, taken over by the city. Her parents still live a few blocks away on Stuyvesant Avenue, and own several houses in the area. Debra bought it from them in 1998.

LIVES WITH: Her parents.
HISTORY: "This is the house I grew up in. I like the area. I hate that it's kind of far from all of my friends—I went to school in Soho. Maybe five years ago, my friends never wanted to come down here. They were like, 'Oh, no, something bad is going to happen.' I'm just, like, 'It's not like you're going to die.'"

OCCUPATION: Communications consultant and singer.
LIVES WITH: Their baby girl.
HISTORY: Bought in April 2015 for \$1.55 million from the next-door neighbors, Rodney Hughes and Desmond Prince (see right). **It had been owned by the Hood family since 1968;** in 2006, Ricky Hood, who inherited it, sold for \$655,000 to Hughes and Prince.

OCCUPATION: Perfumer.
LIVES WITH: Desmond Prince, his partner.
HISTORY: The Scott family lived here for four generations until 1996, when the estate of Gloria Jean Scott sold it for \$50,000 to a real-estate holding company, which then flipped it to Prince. Hughes and Prince also bought the house next door; they recently sold it to Hoepner and Kole (see left). "I had told Desmond I could wait" to sell, Rodney recalls. But "we met Hilary, and it was a perfect fit. She was having the baby and she's a jazz singer, and art and artists appeal to us. It's important to have neighbors that you like. 'Cause we're not going anywhere."

BOUGHT IN 1980 \$10,500

BOUGHT IN 1983 \$12,000

BOUGHT IN 1988 \$110,000

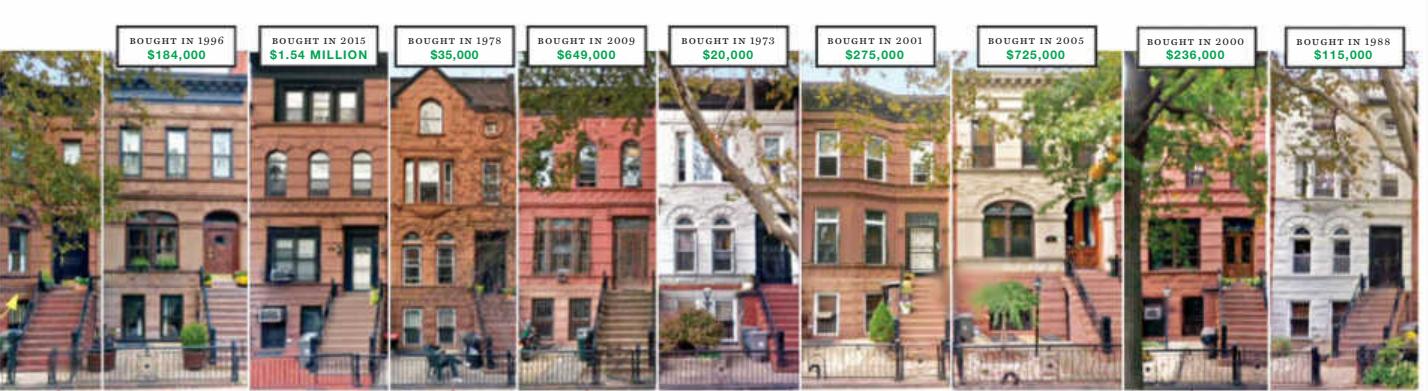
BOUGHT IN 2015 \$1.56 MILLION

BOUGHT IN 1976 UNDISCLOSED

BOUGHT IN 2002 \$280,000

BOUGHT IN 2012 \$600,000

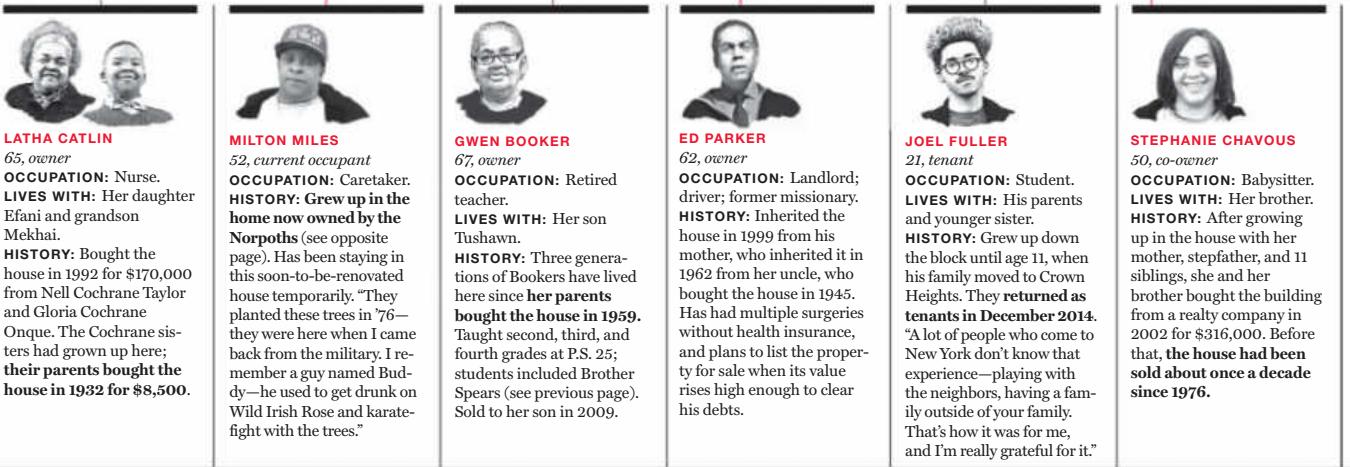
BOUGHT IN 2000 \$250,000



GREGORY "DOC" WALKER 51, former owner	JAMES "BROTHER" SPEARS 50, co-owner	DANIEL "JUNE" FARQUHAR 49, tenant	BENJAMIN CHAPMAN AND BROOKE VERMILLION 39 and 38, owners	TERRI HANNA 51, owner
OCCUPATION: Paralegal; now unemployed.	OCCUPATION: Carpenter.	LIVES WITH: His father and a tenant, Daniel "June" Farquhar.	OCCUPATIONS: Reporter and forensic linguist.	me when I was in that depressed mode. They would comfort me. It was like a little family."
NOW LIVES: Around the corner on Decatur Avenue.	HISTORY: Grew up in what is now the Lambs' house and has spent his whole life in the neighborhood. Moved around the corner with his mother, Connie Walker (see next pages), when the family sold their house in 2007. A regular on Brother Spears's stoop.	HISTORY: His parents bought the house in 1978. Has lived here for his entire life: "I'm maintaining, taking care of my father—he's 90 years old. I think I'll be here for good. And I'll pass it on to my kids."	HISTORY: Vermillion bought the house in 2009 for \$649,000. It had been owned by the Coppedge family since 1964. She says, "I grew up in Northern California, and <i>Do the Right Thing</i> and <i>Sesame Street</i> sort of represented New York to me, but I didn't realize that was Bed-Stuy. And then when I got here, I was like, <i>Oh, this is New York. This is what I was looking for</i> I first visited on a Sunday. There were all these nice old ladies dressed up going to church. People would have bars in their basements —50-year-old women would have bars, would sell food."	HISTORY: Bought the house in 2000 with her husband for \$236,000; he died in 2005. "I had to go through grieving counseling, and she said you have to make it your space. I didn't know if I could stay here. The people on the block were really, really friendly. They saw



SHARON AND RONN KOONTZ 45 and 50, owners	MORIAM JOHNSON 31, tenant	WILMA ECTOR 81, owner	LYNETTE LEWIS-ROGERS 60, owner	ANDREAS KOKKINO 39, owner
OCCUPATIONS: IT program manager, property manager.	OCCUPATION: Self-employed.	LIVES WITH: Her son Jersey stays here part time.	OCCUPATION: Retired Housing Authority manager.	OCCUPATION: Fashion stylist.
LIVE WITH: Their daughter, Mackenzie, 4. A two-bedroom room in the house is listed on Airbnb, and according to Ronn, the booking is "just constant."	HISTORY: Rita Holder Wilson, who had bought it with her husband in 1988 for \$55,000. "I'd been coming back and forth to Bed-Stuy for the last 20 to 25 years," Ronn says. "I never thought that Brooklyn, and specifically Bed-Stuy, would become what it has. I never would've thought someone would pay \$1 million for a brownstone where you don't even have parking! I don't get it—but I kind of get it."	HISTORY: Grew up in Brooklyn, and moved here in 2014 to be near Chloe's school. Pays \$1,500 for a two-bedroom. "When my landlord bought the house in 2012, he paid \$600-something. After a house sold for \$1.2 million, he's like, 'I want \$1.5! Your piece-of-shit house? You're not going to make that.'"	HISTORY: Her father, from St. Vincent, bought the house in 1957. She arrived with her mother two years later. "It's funny—if you're on the C, Clinton-Washington was for many years the cutoff. You didn't expect white people to come any further. Then it was Franklin: Well, now, that's odd. Nostrand? Kingston? Utica? Now it's Ralph Avenue. <i>Really?</i> "	LIVES WITH: A roommate, plus a tenant who pays \$1,900 a month.
				HISTORY: Moved from Halsey Street in 2011, buying the house for \$610,000, \$80,000 under asking. The seller, Thelma Akins, who had just died, had lived there since the 1950s. "It's a classic trajectory: East Village to further in the East Village to Williamsburg to lower in Williamsburg. Then at some point I was like, <i>Oh, I can afford to live on the Lower East Side</i> , then I got priced out of the LES, then I was like, <i>Oh, I actually hate Manhattan</i> . I've been called a gentrifier by, like, someone on a stoop—'Get out of here, gentrifier!' Should I not live where I can afford to?"





JANNINA AND JOHN-PAUL NORPOTH

33 and 35, owners

OCCUPATIONS:

Musicians.

HISTORY: Bought the house with parental assistance in 2011 for \$750,000, after being priced out of Washington Heights. "It was a Corcoran listing," says John-Paul, "which, at that time, struck me as atypical for this neighborhood. Now it's common." Before that, the house had been sold in 2005 for \$875,000, in 2001 for \$306,000, in 1999 for \$244,000, in 1997 for \$205,000, in 1980 for \$7,500 (a foreclosure sale), and in 1973 for \$22,500.



SCOTT IRWIN

55, owner

OCCUPATION: Software engineer.

LIVES WITH: A tenant, Violet Russell, and ten cats.

HISTORY: Bought in 2006 from the Campbell family for \$755,000. The sellers, longtime residents, moved to Kentucky to be closer to one of their sons. "I wasn't just coming in and displacing somebody. It was clear I wanted to contribute to the block, and that went a long way with my neighbors."



DONNA AND MICHAEL SCOTT

53 and 57, owners

OCCUPATION: Financial analyst and hairstylist.

LIVES WITH: Their teenage sons Miles and Justin.

HISTORY: Bought in 2000 for \$210,000. Michael came to Brooklyn in 1972, from Barbados; Donna, born in Jamaica, moved to the U.S. in 1980 and to Park Slope in 1990. Now says she's here for life: "I would never sell. Never, never."



KIMBERLEE CLARKE

47, owner

OCCUPATION: Marketing at Citibank.

LIVES WITH: A tenant, Natalie Johnson.

HISTORY: Bought in 2002 for \$350,000, well below asking. "She took a price cut in order to let [me] have the home—I think [she] figured that a young black woman needed an opportunity. Sometimes I tear up thinking about the sacrifice. It's a big fucking deal." The house had last sold in 1990 for \$36,000.



TONY PABON

76, tenant

OCCUPATION: Retired court officer and grocery-store manager.

LIVES WITH: A roommate.

HISTORY: Moved in ten years ago, paying \$950 for a two-bedroom garden apartment. **Current rent, split with roommate, is \$1,300.** Parents from Puerto Rico; grew up poor in Williamsburg, moved to Levittown, returned to Brooklyn after a divorce.



JANE BENSON AND LUCAS COOPER

43 and 46, owners

OCCUPATIONS: Owner of ROIR (a music label) and sculptor.

LIVES WITH: Their twins, born this year.

HISTORY: Bought the house in 2013 for \$903,750. "We saw only one floor," says Jane, "and we said, 'We'll take it.' **The prices now, there is no way we could do it.** We hope to be here a long time."



ANDY OSBORNE

68, owner

OCCUPATION: Retired. **LIVES WITH:** His wife. **HISTORY:** Bought in 1980 for \$33,000. Previous owner had purchased the house out of foreclosure a few years earlier, from the estate of a woman who'd left it to her drug-addict nephew. **Is seriously considering a move to Long Island**, where he has a house in Hempstead.



ANNETTE COX

69, owner

HISTORY: Moved to Brooklyn from the West Indies at 13; bought her house in 1985 for \$148,500, after deciding Harlem was too expensive. Now, she says, "I used to say, 'It's happening,' but it has happened. The pioneers are no longer needed. When you start seeing the flags hanging out people's windows, you know who's here. **We don't hang flags—white people hang way more flags.** I have no idea why. Maybe it's their way of showing patriotism. 'Okay, we're here. Don't fuck with us.'"



JAMES MURRAY

55, tenant

OCCUPATION: Construction worker and cook.

HISTORY: House was last sold in 2000 for \$143,000. Murray started renting here in 1990; has lived in various Brooklyn neighborhoods since age 5, when his family moved up from Mississippi. Of his eight siblings, five are dead: asthma, AIDS, meningitis ("from runnin' around out here in the streets"), cancer.



PATRICIA BRAMWELL

74, owner

OCCUPATION: Retired CUNY psychology counselor.

LIVES WITH: Her nephew, who has the top floor. **HISTORY:** Bought her house in 1968, for \$29,000, with her mother, a school-lunch manager and Bed-Stuy native. It had previously been owned by an African-American doctor. **"He could have gotten \$35,000—I guess my mother said what she could pay."**



CHRISTINA WILLIAMS

owner

HISTORY: Her grandparents bought the house in 1936. Christina grew up a few blocks from here, on Jefferson and then Putnam Avenue. **She and her mother moved into the house around 1997**, to care for her grandmother, and stayed; Christina's mother died three years ago. "My grandfather had lived in Harlem, and his family was Caribbean. I'll probably be here forever. I don't think I could ever sell it. I'd feel like I was giving up on his dream."



KARAMA HORNE

44, owner

OCCUPATION: Freelance video editor and writer. **LIVES WITH:** Has a tenant in the upstairs two-bedroom. **HISTORY:** Bought the house in 2002 for \$279,000, moving from Fort Greene. The previous owner, Irving Smith, now 80, inherited it from his parents in 1988, and rented it to tenants while living nearby. **The Smiths had bought it in 1958;** Irving recalls the down payment as \$15,000.

First MacDonough Street was a field. Then the German and Irish arrived.



The 400 block of MacDonough circa 1910.

In the 1880s, MacDonough between Patchen and Reid was still undeveloped, most of it owned by James Lefferts.

► Heir to a lot of Brooklyn farmland and the grandson of a slave owner, Lefferts sold the block for development. By 1899, it was filled up with the tidy brownstones that still stand, many designed by Henry Hill, who, with his father, Amzi, was one of the foremost architects of what real-estate brokers now call Stuyvesant Heights. (If you see a house with a pair of arched parlor-floor windows separated by a column, it's probably his.) The Hills also lived here, at 460 MacDonough.



The intersection of MacDonough and Patchen. A farm-line atlas of the city of Brooklyn from 1880 shows the would-be 400 block subdivided for houses in preparation for development. To the east, empty plots.

MacDonough Street's first residents were mostly German immigrants.

► But not poor immigrants: These were middle-class houses, populated by families of manufacturers, merchants, teachers, brokers, clothiers. The Bremers were at 435, the Mullers at 448. Many homes had a servant in residence, often a young or widowed woman. The Irish were the second-largest demographic: Ross Dudgeon and his wife at 472; an artist named John Whittaker—who went on to train artists and illustrators at Brooklyn's Adelphi Academy—at 496. By 1930, Irish names dominated the Census rolls.

The first black families moved to the block in the 1930s.

► The area was somewhat less segregated than it would become in later decades. Though many black residents were denied traditional mortgages, informal community banks helped some buy homes.



► **Ulric Haynes Jr.**, 84, rented with his parents a one-bedroom apartment from 1935 to 1948 for \$35 a month (\$594 today).

There was some racial tension between neighbors, but I remember it only with one white family. An Irish family owned the house next door and forbade their daughters from speaking to us. However, my best friend on the block, Charles Dougherty, was an Irish-American kid. To tell you the truth, growing up, I encountered more cultural difficulties

from my black American playmates than from my white playmates. There was a great deal of hostility between black Americans from the South and black people from the West Indies. I think the black Americans saw us as competing for their turf. All of the black kids on that block went to college. We all knew, even those who came from the American South, that we had to work hard—not just to make a living but to make a place for ourselves in American society. **We were very much a group of strivers.**

► Haynes went on to become U.S. ambassador to Algeria.

Other block notables:

The painter Jacob Lawrence lived a block away. (He taught Haynes arts and crafts at summer camp before he was famous.) Jackie Robinson lived one block down at 526. And **M.A. Paige** (below), New York City's first black magistrate judge, lived at 474.



By the end of the 1940s, the block was almost entirely black, in part due to racist bank-lending practices.

By 1930, 42% of black Brooklynites had been born in the South.



► The vast movement of African-Americans from the South to the North, often called the Great Migration, began around the onset of World War I, when poor cotton crops and industrial jobs supporting the war effort drove sharecroppers to seek work elsewhere. The North also offered more freedom from Jim Crow laws. A second wave came after the Great Depression. New York City, 1.8 percent black in 1900, was 14 percent black in 1960.



► Connie Walker, 79, who lived on the block for more than 50 years, moved up from Orangeburg, South Carolina.

“I moved to New York City on my own. I wanted to get out of South Carolina, out of that hot cotton field. My father was a sharecropper. I was born in the country, and we were surrounded by white people. There were good white people, and there were bad white people. My momma used to cook for these white people. So that’s all we knew: working for white people. I get along with them; I like white people. My skin is different from yours, yours is different from mine, but we’re all God’s children.”

The block lost more than half its white population in a single decade.

Percent White People

1900	99%
1910	99%
1920	100%
1930	90%
1940	40%
1950	6%
1960	6%
1970	3%
1980	0.8%
1990	1%
2000	0.7%
2010	5.7%

Estimates based on available Census Bureau data.

By “redlining” Bed-Stuy, the federal government coaxed banks into depriving the neighborhood of investment.

► In 1933, a New Deal corporation called the Home Owners’ Loan Corporation, or HOLC, began an effort to rate urban neighborhoods based on their safety as investments. As the historian Craig Steven Wilder explains in *A Covenant With Color*, the idea was to get banks lending again by pointing them toward solid neighborhoods and suburbs. Because Bedford-Stuyvesant had aging and unfashionable Victorian brownstones, a scattering of black (and thus undesirable) residents, and patchy mass transit, it received the lowest rank (D). The effect was catastrophic: If you couldn’t sell your house because no buyer could get a mortgage, and you couldn’t get a loan to renovate, its value inevitably declined. Residents began to cut and run, selling to investors; those



↑ The red area, which included all of Bed-Stuy, was given a “D” investment grade by HOLC.

investors rented to poorer African-Americans, who were shut out of white areas. Black would-be borrowers looked to other sources, such as the Paragon Progressive Federal Credit Union, founded in 1941 by West Indian immigrants; others negotiated loans from the sellers or churches.



JULY 1961

↑ Nell with her son Timothy Jr. in her parents’ front yard, 1961.



► Nell Cochrane Taylor, 85, was an infant when her parents bought their home in 1932 for \$8,500. She and her sister sold it in 1992 for \$170,000.

“By the time I went to college in 1947, the block had begun to change a lot. The side streets were not too good to walk along, and you had to in order to get to the subway. I think maybe a different class of people had moved in. Many of the homes were rented out. Bedford-Stuyvesant was getting a bad reputation. There were a lot of liquor stores, and it was not a savory scene.”

• Taylor went to Smith College, where she became the school’s first black president of the student body.

The block became a refuge from crime and a home.

A close-knit community emerged as neighbors banded together to keep the block safe.

LEATRICE HINNANT:

The children today do not have the fun that we had.

MILTON MILES:

We used to play stickball, skully, or football. We'd play against other blocks, for pride.

TUSHAWN BOOKER:

My mom used to say, "You have to come home when the streetlight comes on." I would be out from eight in the morning to seven at night, and by the time I got home, my shirt would be filthy.

STEPHANIE CHAVOUS:

There was an older couple, the Campbells. They joined the youth together. Ms. Campbell would say, "It's spring, let's clean around the trees and pull up the weeds." And we'd



A block party from the 1970s. "We had a lot going on back then," says Hinnant. "The block parties were awesome."

do that with her, and she would feed us. We got unified that way.

MILES: Every parent from that corner to that corner knew each other. So if I did something on that corner, I'd get dragged all the way up to here. And they would pop

me a few times. And then you get home, and they tell your momma. That's how we were raised, because if something bad happens to your kid, and I'm out there, you're going to wonder why I didn't help your child.



► **Stephanie Chavous's** family rented for decades before buying their home.

"Ms. White was the oldest person on the block. You had to respect her. She always came out like it was the early 1900s, with her long gowns. I don't care if she was just going to the corner store, she was dressed. They used to honor the seniors on the block. They don't do that anymore. People don't understand: That's history. It was always, if you see them struggling outside with a bag, you help them, no matter what. It's hard to say why that went away."



► **Leatrice Hinnant's** grandparents bought her house in 1970 for \$20,000.

"Malcolm X Boulevard used to be Reid Avenue. It was a scary place. It was very depressing in Bedford-Stuyvesant, drug infested. That's why the block itself was so family oriented, because we weren't allowed to go off the block unless we were with an adult. We couldn't even sit in the yard once those streetlights came on unless someone was with us."

How to Play Skully (a.k.a. skelly and skellzies)*



Materials: sidewalk, chalk, bottle caps

1. Draw a board, about six feet square.
2. Player 1 attempts to flick his cap into box 1 without touching the lines. If successful, the player advances to the next box. If not, the turn goes to player 2.
3. Blasting: You can sabotage other players by hitting another player's cap so hard that it's knocked way down
4. Players advance from box 1 to box 13 and back, then through the four trapezoids in succession, declaring in turn, on each one: "I'm," "a," "killer," and "diller." Get through that sentence, and you're a killer; you then can knock other players out of the game by hitting their pieces.
5. Last player on the board wins.

*Rules may vary block to block.

While all around them, Bed-Stuy crumbled and crime skyrocketed.

The late 1970s and early 1980s saw a spike in abandoned and foreclosed homes.

► If a homeowner fell behind on his or her property taxes, the city could foreclose on the house. During the Koch administration, those properties were often passed on to developers, who were given generous loans to redevelop them.

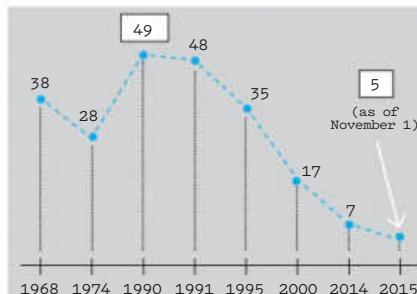
Foreclosed Homes

No. 441	1982	Taken over by the city
No. 443	1982	Taken over by the city
No. 471A	1980	Foreclosure sale; sold for \$7,500
No. 450	1977	Taken over by HUD
No. 464A	1976	Foreclosure
No. 480	1982	Taken over by the city
No. 494	1982	Taken over by the city
No. 496	1979	Taken over by HUD

► Annette Cox bought her home in 1985 for \$148,500. She remembers when she decided to bar her windows.

“I came during a period when there was a lot of drugs, a lot of crack. You’d see the vials on the ground. People were breaking in. One night, one guy was chasing another—chasing him with a hatchet or whatever. They came from the bar on the corner. He jumped up to the large window in the front of the house, in order to get away. I had a Doberman at the time. The dog was just standing there, looking at him. Thank God.”

Murders in the 81st Precinct, which includes MacDonough Street:



*Source: Figures after 1995 are from the New York Police Department; pre-1995 based on news reports.



► Debra Lamb's father bought her house for \$40,000 in 1985.

“My father bought this house off of the city auction. This was an abandoned house. It had been cinder-blocked shut. I remember breaking through in order to come in with a flashlight, and saying, ‘Oh my God.’ But I

saw that it had good bones and character, and so we brought it back to life.”



New families continued to put down roots.



► Andy Osborne, 68, bought his house in 1980 for \$33,000.

“The man I bought the house from had bought it out of foreclosure. Before I even moved in, a drug addict broke in one night. There was an older couple from South Carolina living next door. Sam Hinnant and his wife—Ms. Minnie. Sam came over here with a shotgun and chased

him out. There were a lot of unoccupied houses in the neighborhood at the time.

Over on the corner, at the Casablanca, there was a time when almost every Sunday morning there'd be a chalk outline on the sidewalk. When you'd hear a racket—people making a disturbance, playing loud music, or carrying on—Ms. Minnie would say, ‘Andy, those are avenue people’—people who lived in the apartment buildings—not block people. We are block people.’ But having grown up in Harlem, I'd pretty much seen it all. [As a child], we were supposed to live in Stuy Town. But once the city learned that the family was black, we were barred.”

• Osborne listed his house this summer for \$1.35 million.

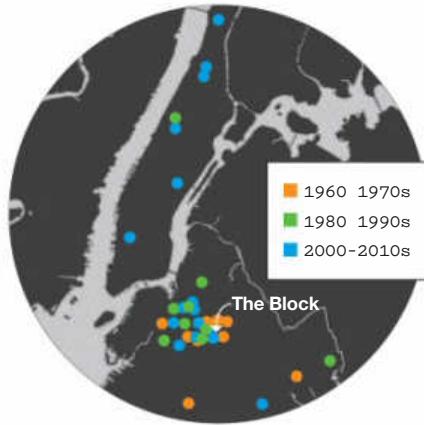


Debra Lamb's home in 1986, left, and again after renovation.

As the city got more expensive, the block became a better bargain.

By 2000, it had begun to attract more far-flung home buyers.

Where New Yorkers who moved to MacDonough came from:



► **Jane Benson, 43, and Lucas Cooper, 46, moved from Bushwick in 2013 and bought for \$903,750.**



"A lot of the real-estate agents thought we were investors. But no, we wanted a place for us. The real-estate agent said, 'Oh, you actually want to live here? I know a brilliant place.'"



► **Christine Toes Muldoon, 38, bought her home in 2007 for \$750,000. She sold it this year for \$1.4 million.**

"In 2007, I was in a one-bedroom co-op in the West Village. I wanted to invest in something with good rental income. Basically, my money would have purchased a one-bedroom condo in Manhattan or a two-family, three-story townhouse in Bed-Stuy. Then I ended up going to one of the Brownstoners of Bed-Stuy house tours, which make it very easy to fall in love with those old houses."

The first wave of new homeowners were mostly black professionals, often attracted to the affordable prices.



► **Sharon Koontz bought in 2002 for \$276,000.**

"I met someone who introduced me to Ms. Rita. Ms. Rita wanted to sell her house to someone who wasn't going to turn around and resell it. She lived on the top floor and rented out the bottom two floors. It was a rooming house; she'd take one room and subdivide it into three. She required me to come visit her a couple of times, which I did. She would tell me that people would knock on her door with suitcases of money. And she would tell me, 'I really don't care how much money they have. I want the house to go to someone who I like.' Her only wish was that I help her move back to Barbados, which I did. When I first moved on the block, a couple of the older ladies would say, 'I'm going to teach you how to make a sweet-potato pie!' They sure did teach me. And I do make it now, even though they're not watching anymore."



► **Rodney's partner, Desmond, bought a house on the block in 1996. They bought a second in 2006 for \$655,000. Then there was the hardware store.**

"I was trying to figure out ways to work smarter, so we jumped into the real-estate thing. At that time, people were trying to get rid of stuff. Desmond bought a building over on Lincoln Place. Then we bought another in Crown Heights and got into the rental game. In 2007, the owner of Val's Hardware Store said, 'I'm selling. Would you like to buy it?' We decided if we're going to do a hardware store, it has to be a sexy hardware store. We tried to bring in the best home and body products mixed with other stuff that people needed in this community. We expanded to a larger store and called it Oz Hardware and Home. At that point, we thought, 'We're going to be working here every day, so we need to have a place that serves the kind of

Connie Walker's Sweet-Potato-Pie Recipe



"Peel the sweet potatoes, boil them. Then add butter and sugar, white or brown. Sometimes I mix both sugars. Beat the eggs and add them. I use two eggs per pie. Then you put in the flavor [lemon and vanilla extracts, cinnamon, and nutmeg] and milk. If you don't have a mixer, mix it with a big spoon. I usually just buy the crust. I brown my crust a bit, take it out of the oven, put in the filling, and then put it back in at 350."



Rodney and Desmond's "sexy hardware store," which has since closed.

food that we want to eat.' We opened Liquid Oz. We had people saying, 'This looks like it should be in the city.' No, it should be here, because people like us live here. We were showing people that this kind of business can exist in this environment. The only thing about being ahead of the curve is that you're ahead of the curve. We sold those businesses a couple of years ago. We were just tired."

• **They sold one of their MacDonough brownstones in 2015 for \$1.55 million.**

Then, white residents began moving in.



► **Scott Irwin**, a software engineer for Bloomberg, bought his place in 2006 for \$755,000.

I cared about the neighborhood, and that went a long way with my neighbors. Whatever lingering doubts they might have had about this newcomer on the block, this kind of quieted those doubts."



► **Winslow Corbett** has rented since 2001. She pays less than \$1,000.

"I had nicknames. 'What's up, snowflake?' More recently, in 2006, an African-American woman in a minivan said to me: 'Go back to your own neighborhood.' And I was like, 'I've lived here since ...' But whatever. I get it. I was robbed in the street, and **I know that if I had been black,**

I wouldn't have had the same treatment from the police. They had me look at mug shots, and then they took me to canvas the neighborhood in the back of their car. They had these enormous floodlights, and they were literally shining the light in guys' faces, going, 'Is this him? Is this him?' I remember feeling really embarrassed."

Meanwhile, home prices nearly doubled from 2000 to 2010.

Long-timers are divided on the newcomers.



► **Lynette Lewis-Roger**'s father bought her house in 1957.

"Change is inevitable. My bigger concern is how it happens. It's one thing for someone to buy a home and raise their family. You're building a sense of community. It's another thing when you don't know who or what is moving in. There also has to be something

said about who can afford what. I have great pride in my home, in my block. I fix things and modernize, and I can do that bit by bit. As opposed to the person who starts out at \$1.8 million and then can afford to invest another \$1 million in it. It feels different. It puts us on different levels. **Some people think of it as a home, other people think of it as an investment only.**"



► **Scott's tenant, Violet Russell**, was skeptical at first about having a white landlord.

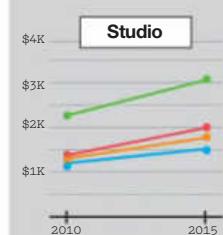
"Scott is white. He was probably the second one that moved onto the block. And I just felt like they were moving into our neighborhood to take over. But I loved the space, so I said okay. And Scott has been the greatest landlord. He's fair, he's decent. **I'm still paying under \$1,200, which I have to thank God for.**"

Rents are going up, too.

The price of a Bed-Stuy one-bedroom has increased 51 percent since 2010.

- Bed-Stuy
- Park Slope
- Bushwick
- Williamsburg

Source: MNS Real Estate



Mean home price, in 2015 dollars:

	Mean home price, in 2015 dollars:
1930	\$142,153
1940	\$79,923
1950	\$81,196
1960	\$116,900
1970	\$82,024
1980	\$99,368
1990	\$219,661
2000	\$497,201
2010	\$812,708

*Estimates based on Census data and recorded sales.

Airbnb is becoming popular with homeowners.



► **Ronn Koontz**, Sharon's husband.

"We had a horrible experience with a tenant upstairs. One time we went nine months without rent. We're doing Airbnb now.

It's constant, just constant. **I don't know the draw, but they're coming here from all over the world: Spain, Italy, Scotland, Paris.** They love it here. We absolutely were not expecting so much demand. We work hard at it. But it's still kind of surreal."

One satisfied customer's review:

"The day we left, Ronn helped out by holding some baby food in their fridge after we had checked out. The hosts were very helpful every step of the way."

-Jyotish

As the block becomes richer and whiter, the older generation of residents is disappearing, and the fabric of the block has changed.

Doc, June, and Brother have watched the changes from Brother's front stoop.



From left, June, Brother (at top of stoop), a friend, and Doc.

BROTHER: I was born on this block. I've been here longer than this concrete been on the ground.

DOC: There was a time I knew everybody in every house. Right now, it's like 30 percent of the block that I know. I was on the phone, and a lady over there told me, "I can hear you in my house—be quiet." I'm a gentleman, so I apologized. I said, "I'm sorry if I was talking too loud on my phone, but I want to introduce myself. My name is Gregory, and I've lived on the block for over 50 years." "Okay, just don't talk too loud." She didn't introduce herself. For real, that's no good. I can't come outside and have people acting like I'm not supposed to be here. I've been here my whole goddamn life.

JUNE: This neighborhood here, nobody wanted to live in. Bed-Stuy was considered a slum. Now these houses are selling for \$1.6 million. **Do you know how much land I could get down South for \$1.6 million?**

BROTHER: That's what they're doing. **They're leaving, going to Virginia, the Carolinas.**

JUNE: Everyone wants to make money, but it's like we're getting pushed out. I don't know about you, but could you afford \$3,200 a month? That's the main thing. It's not a white-and-black thing; it's a poor-and-rich thing. They want Brooklyn. They want this block. I get hyper when I start talking about this shit. **I feel it to my bones, because I grew up here.**

What you can get for \$1.6 million in Lexington County, South Carolina:

An 8,393-square-foot lake house with five bedrooms and seven bathrooms, a 28-foot foyer lined with columns, elaborate crown moldings, Brazilian walnut and travertine flooring, a stone-lined pool, a hot tub, a waterfall, and an outdoor kitchen with a Viking grill.

Geraldine Hinnant moved to Florida in 2010.

"The neighborhood had changed a lot. There definitely wasn't that closeness, and I missed the way that it used to be."

To their neighbors, the guys are the unofficial neighborhood watch.

BROOKE VERMILLION: These steps next door are, like, the *spot*—the main house in the whole neighborhood. Brother is the patriarch. Then there's June and Doc. Doc is one of the most charismatic people I've ever met and my best friend in the neighborhood.

CHRISTINE MULDOON: When I first bought the house, I was like, *Who are these guys?* I was sort of nervous about it. But then once I met them, I was actually very comforted that they were there. They're hilarious.

Between 2009 and 2013, the number of households making more than \$149,000 a year doubled.

► The block sits on the border of two Census Bureau tracts. The north side's tract encompasses similar blocks of brownstones. There, median income climbed from \$36,811 in 2009 to \$58,457 in 2013, a huge jump in four years. The south side's tract includes the Brevoort Houses, home to 2,000 low-income residents. There, median income fell from \$31,063 to \$23,556.

The neighborhood home tour, once a source of pride, is now a pressure point.

► The Brownstoners of Bed-Stuy house tour began in 1978, "when black people didn't think that it was a valuable place to live," says Lynette Lewis-Rogers, the group's president and a MacDonough resident. Now, "we joke and say perhaps we've done too good a job. We'll easier get a white person who wants to show their home than we do a black person. They want to show their beautiful homes. But we don't want to lose the reason that started this tour."

Highest Sales

1. \$1,560,000	2015
2. \$1,550,000	2015
3. \$1,545,000	2015
4. \$1,410,000	2015
5. \$1,350,000	2014
6. \$1,100,000	2015
7. \$900,000	2014
8. \$755,000	2006
9. \$750,000	2011
10. \$725,000	2005

Home prices have doubled in the past five years.

The temptation to sell isn't there for everyone.



► **Cheslyn Lorde** bought in 2000 for \$200,000.

"One evening I was coming home, and this gentleman was driving by. He smiled at me. I smiled back. He went round the block and came back. And he says, 'Excuse me, excuse me. Is that your house?' I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'Do you want to sell?' So I looked to see if there was a FOR SALE sign on it. And I said to myself, 'Okay, I'll play your game.' And I said, 'Yes.' He said, 'How much do you want for it?' I said, 'Four million dollars.' He said, '\$4 million?! Why do you think your house is worth \$4 million?' I said, 'Because I have it. And you want it.' I couldn't care less how much the houses are going for. I might leave, but I'm still not selling. The house will go to my son."



► **Tushawn Booker**, 50, lives in the home bought by his grandparents in 1959.

"The reason I stay here is 'cause this is my mom's only home. It's the only home she knows. I have four more years until I retire. I can move anywhere I want. I want to move to a state where I can get more money out of my pension than living here. I don't want to have to retire and be a security guard at Home Depot."

The redone old-timers' bar on the corner had a Jay-and-Bey sighting.



► **The (new) Casablanca.**

BROOKE VERMILLION: I used to hang out at the Casablanca before its current incarnation. It was owned by a woman named Esther. It was a serious old-timers' bar—like 70 and up mostly. It was the best bar that I've ever known. You had to ring a doorbell to get in.

KARAMA HORNE: It was a neighborhood staple. All the old guys used to go in there and sing karaoke. I'm not saying it's not nice now. But you want me to pay 12 bucks for a glass of wine and I live right here?

RONN KOONTZ: We're starting to see a lot of folks I wouldn't think

they'd hang in Bed-Stuy. That's a good thing. Before, Casablanca was just an old bar with an old ornery lady. Now it's like a hip, fun place. Kind of rustic. I heard maybe a month or two ago that Beyoncé and Jay Z were down there until two in the morning.

► **Jon Carlson**, co-owner of the Casablanca:

"It felt like a place Curtis Mayfield would've met Isaac Hayes for a beer. We've been told tales of things that went on. People that as kids were scared walking by. Our mission statement always involved integrating with the community. You can very easily alienate people."

But what can feel like a community lost to some is a community found for others.

Even the meaning of hello is open to interpretation.



► **Karama Horne:**

One of the biggest issues that people have is if you walk down the street and somebody says hi to you and you don't speak.



► **Michael Hoeppner:**

I felt like I had moved to a different country where I needed to be friendlier, frankly, talk to my neighbors more.



► **Roslyn Morrison:**

It amazes me that you can live on the block and not speak to people. At the end of the day, you want someone to look out for you.



► **Alexis Lamb:**

I see a lot of people interacting more, hanging out outside more, and just talking to their neighbors.

When I was younger, I didn't see that that much.



► **Andreas Kokkino:**

I have a dog, Wanda. She is very popular. There is a woman across the street—she'll talk to Wanda, but she won't even look at me. Never.



► **Scott Irwin:** It is quite literally the friendliest block I have ever lived on in my entire life.

► Go online for an even more immersive visit to MacDonough Street, with other stories from residents, told out loud; video; historical artifacts; and the links between people and history arranged to more precisely capture the nonlinear way a neighborhood works.



MEET
EDGARDO OSORIO,
co-founder and
Creative Director of
AQUAZZURA
THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 19
in 10022-SHOE on 8
6:30 to 8:30



saks.com

To RSVP, kindly email 10022-SHOE@saks.com.
NEW YORK, 611 FIFTH AVENUE. 212.753.4000

THE CUT

Literary Heroines

Five novelists share their favorite characters from literature and then dress the part.

Photographs by
MAXINE HELFMAN

Styling by
REBECCA RAMSEY

ALEXANDRA KLEEMAN
dressed as

MINA HARKER

from Bram Stoker's *Dracula*.

"When Dracula starts turning Mina, she becomes telepathically connected to him. The fear was that erosion of the sharp boundary around your mind, not knowing where you start and where you end. Her situation isn't all that different from a writer's, because you have to let your mind go porous."

♦ Kleeman is the author of *You Too Can Have a Body Like Mine*.

Valentino gown, \$12,500; 212-772-6969. Ellen Christine Couture hat, \$465 to order at 212-242-2457. Gucci neck bow. Portolano gloves, \$150 to order at 212-719-4403.



ANGELA FLOURNOY

dressed as

SULA PEACE

from Toni Morrison's *Sula*.

"I imagine her as someone who carries herself very confidently in a world that doesn't necessarily encourage that, not for a woman in general but specifically not for a black woman."

♦♦ Flournoy is the author of *The Turner House*,

a National Book Award finalist.

Marni jacket, \$3,010; 212-343-3912. Adrienne Landau fur scarf, \$395 at Saks Fifth Avenue; 212-753-4000. Albertus Swanepoel hat, \$350 to order at 212-629-1090.



EMILY
ST. JOHN MANDEL
dressed as
JAMES BOND
from the Ian Fleming series.

*"Who hasn't fantasized about
being utterly competent,
impeccably dressed, supremely
unflappable, and in possession
of multiple passports?"*

♦ Mandel is the author
of *Station Eleven*.

*Giorgio Armani tuxedo jacket,
\$4,595, and shirt, \$1,545; 212-988-
9191. Tom Ford bow tie, \$250; 212-
359-0300. Salvatore Ferragamo
cummerbund, \$270; 212-759-3822.*

HANYA YANAGIHARA

dressed as

TOM RIPLEY

from Patricia Highsmith's
The Talented Mr. Ripley.

"Ripley is one of the greatest villains. The villains are always the characters the author has the most fun writing, and they usually get the best lines."

◆ Yanagihara is the author of *A Little Life*, a National Book Award finalist that was shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize.



*Etro robe, \$1,733; 212-317-9096.
F.R.S. For Restless Sleepers shirt, \$805 at net-a-porter.com. Céline
earrings, \$590; 212-535-3703.
Foundrae signet ring, \$3,725 at
foundrae.com. Burberry eyeglasses,
\$215 at burberry.com.*



NAOMI JACKSON

dressed as

ANNIE JOHN

from Jamaica Kincaid's *Annie John*.

"She was a very willful, independent spirit, always about bucking the conventions of West Indian girlhood. It was the first time I had read a character like that."

♦ Jackson is the author of *The Star Side of Bird Hill*.

Interviews by
Catie L'Heureux

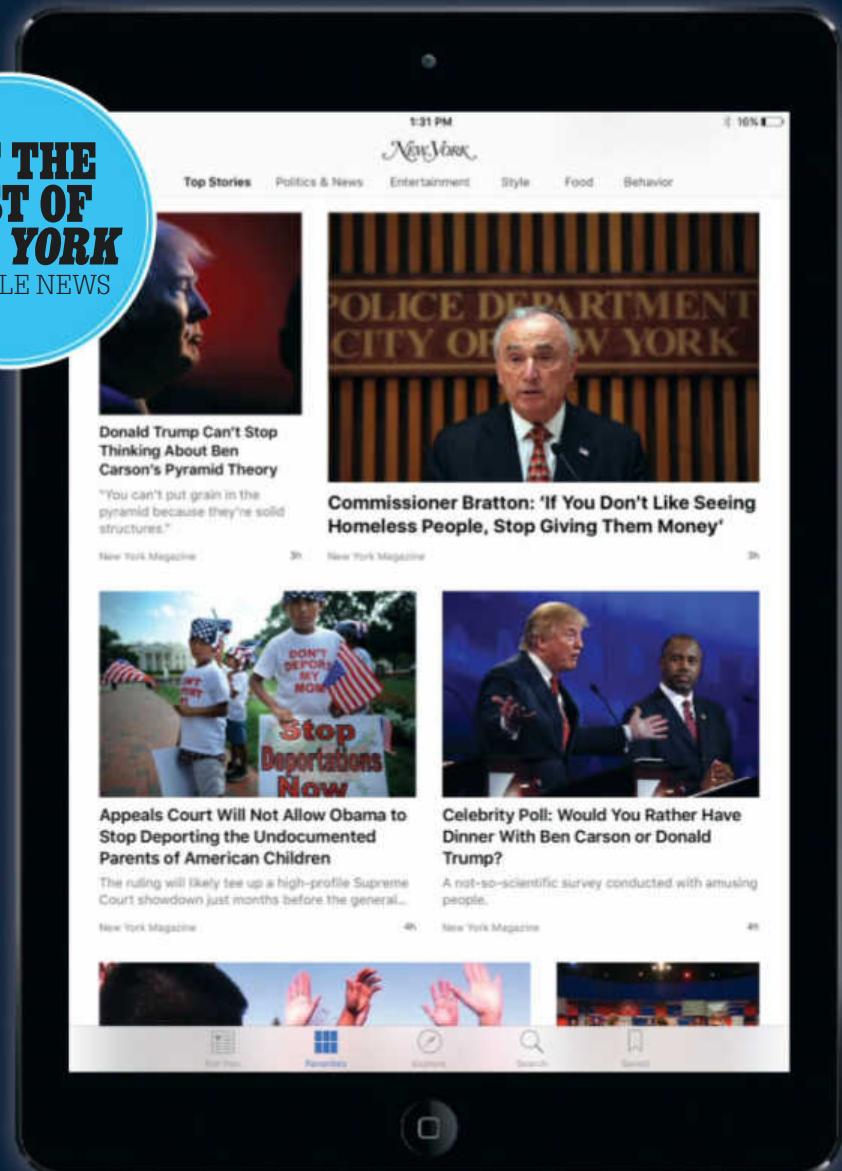
Marina Rinaldi coat, \$790, and blouse, \$830; 212-734-4333.

Eric Javits hat, \$350 at ericjavits.com. Salvatore Ferragamo pocket square, \$140. Gucci bag, \$2,490; 212-826-2600. Bittersweets NY ring, \$850 at Catbird; 718-599-3457.

NEWYORK

The new, the undiscovered, the next.

GET THE
BEST OF
NEW YORK
ON APPLE NEWS



Follow all of our sites on Apple News

NEWYORK

NYLIT

VULTURE

GRUBSTREET

SCIENCEOFUS

Follow on Apple News

STRATEGIST

THE LEISURE IN SOHO THE HOMEWARES OF GREENPOINT
LOOK BOOK RUNS INTO RIC OCASEK MILK, EX-
EST STUDIO PLATT ON L'AMICO AND JAMS

THE
BEST
BET

THE GOAL:
Find a handheld can opener for the Thanksgiving host faced with towers of canned cranberry sauce and organic pumpkin purée. Local chefs and gadget obsessives guided us toward designs with strong blades, tight clasps, and grippy plastic handles, all to make for a seamless twisting experience free of palm cramping.

THE VERDICT: **Good Cook's safe-cut can opener** (\$13 at Amazon.com) doesn't function in the usual manner (cutting into a can's sunken top). Instead, the blades work their way around the outer sides, a few millimeters below the rim, separating the entire top in a clean swoop. Unlike the traditional two-arm pinch, this one doesn't come with a bottle opener tacked on, but its minimalist design (a single blade attached to one long, slim handle) takes up only about four inches of drawer space.

BEST BETS

Homecoming:
Romy Northover
macchiato mugs
with liquid
22-karat gold
(\$62); vases made
with excavated
clay (from \$85).
107 Franklin St.



Burson & Reynolds:
Cast-iron "scary rabbit"
bottle openers (\$10);
Kerry Cassill
pillowcases (\$76).
649 Manhattan Ave.



ASK A GURU

Lodro Rinzler is the
chief spiritual officer at
MNDFL, the city's first
walk-in meditation
studio (10 E. 8th St.).

So this is like
SoulCycle
for meditating?

"Yes. Most
meditation centers
have a minimum
two-hour commitment; our
sessions are 30 minutes. We've
assembled a team of the best
meditation teachers from all
different traditions, and we offer
a wide variety of classes: If you
can't sleep, there's MNDFL sleep,
where you'll take deep breaths to
help decompress and relax your
body. If you're feeling low-energy,
you could take MNDFL energy,
where there will be a lot of quick
inhalations and exhalations.
The last few minutes are always
question-and-answer time
for everyone who might have
tried meditation through an app
and wondered, say, if it's
normal to start seeing colors."

CLUSTER

Joining West Greenpoint's homewares district are vintage-focused Copper+Plaid and family-run Burson & Reynolds.

From the Source: Chairs made of recycled oil drums (\$325); teak open-storage side tables (\$375). 69 West St.

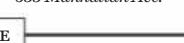
Adaptations NY: Embroidered Moroccan poufs (\$275); mid-century dressers (\$695). 109 Franklin St.



Home of the Brave:
Ceramic French presses
(\$120); custom-made
black flag
blankets (\$165).
146 Franklin St.



Copper+Plaid: Vintage
caribou antlers (\$575);
early-1900s boar-bristle
shoe-shine brush (\$45).
655 Manhattan Ave.



SIDE BY SIDE

► Two glamorous French brands arrive
just in time for winter.



VANESSA SEWARD
267 W. 4th St.
Open through early December



YVES SALOMON
786 Madison Ave.
November 18

This summer, after stints
at Azzaro and A.P.C.,
Seward presented her first
eponymous women's
collection.

History

In 1910, Gregory Salomon
entered the fur trade. Now
his great-grandson Thomas
is opening the brand's first
retail spaces.

A **pop-up** occupying a
quarter of the A.P.C. store,
in the inky blue accents of
her Paris store, with dark
denim and shearlings.

Store

**Seven hundred square
feet**, with marble shelving
and brass accents holding
men's, women's, and kids'
fur-accented outerwear.

'70s-style "Abaca"
sheepskin shearling
coat (\$3,675), purchased
by Katie Holmes on
the shop's opening day.

**Celebrity
Pick**

Rihanna wears the **rabbit-
and-coyote-fur-lined
army parka** (from \$1,950),
using the oversize drawstring
hood to avoid paparazzi.

TOP FIVE

► On November 19, the modernist Italian furniture brand Arper (476 Broadway) will open its first East Coast
showroom. Here, CEO Claudio Feltrin picks his favorite self-balancing chairs and casual ottomans.



"The **Kinesit chair**
(from \$1,183) has a self-
balancing mechanism hidden
in its seat that adjusts
the tension of the chair based
on the user's weight."



"I love the architect Lina Bo
Bardi; when I discovered
drawings of this **bowl chair**
(\$5,670) that she never
produced, I manufactured a
limited series of 500."



"This **Ply table** (from \$656)
looks so simple but is actually
very difficult to produce
because it's a single piece of
curved wood with three legs."



"**Pix** (from \$734) is our
collection of casual ottomans,
and each one comes in over
100 fabrics. It's made out of
a strong foam, so it's soft, but it
won't sink if you sit on it."



"The **Parentesit** (from \$1,383)
is a big, beautiful
wall-mounted speaker that
can also be customized
with LED lights."

2x2

► Festive Carving Knives

Slice that turkey with flair.

FULL COLOR



Pure Komachi 2 slicing knife,
\$11 at amazon.com.

HALF COLOR



Zylliss carving knife, \$14
at zyllissusa.com.

REASONABLE



Ivo Virtu chef's knife,
\$130 at
williams-sonoma.com.

SPURGE



Gyuto knife,
\$117 at the Brooklyn Kitchen
(100 Frost St., Williamsburg).

ATHLEISURE

Taylor Haney, whose **start-up**
Outdoor Voices sells minimalist hoodies and
sweat-wicking slouchy pants,
just opened a shop at 199 Lafayette Street.



"We've been
making our
soft tees (\$65)
and textured
**compression-fabric
leggings** (\$95)
since 2013, when
athleisure was still
a new term. But we
could tell this was
something people
really wanted, and
now we've raised
\$7 million in Series
A funding and
designed our first
New York store to
reflect all of the
different things you
can do in these
clothes. We have a
modular stack of
foam mats and **3-D
shapes**, so you can
feel how you bend
and stretch in each
item. We also see
the space as a
starting point for
activity—we
organize yoga
classes and hiking
meet-ups, so you
can wear our new
**merino-wool jogging
pants** (\$135) there.
Or to brunch in
the neighborhood."

RIC OCASEK,
Vocalist and
Songwriter, *the Cars*

Didn't we interview your son for "The Look Book" last year?

Yes, and I'm actually going to pick Ollie up from school. When I'm here on the Upper West Side, I like to stop into Zabar's for a snack. I love their olives. I used to hate olives, until I went to Greece a few years ago, and now I'm obsessed!

What are your other

go-to spots? Well, I love Bouley for dinner. Hands down, the best food. But when people want to take a meeting with me, I always make it at Coffee Shop; they can't hear anything I say because I talk so soft, and I can't hear what they're saying, so it's always a big ball of confusion, and no one gets anything done, so I think that's successful.

Do you still go out a lot?

Not really. I'll only go out if I'm seeing a band that I got a demo from that I might produce. But sometimes, if I see bands play and I really like them, I'll think to myself, *Why aren't I doing that?* But then I don't really feel like doing it, so I don't, but it gets me, like, kind of pissed. I also know how it feels to be up there onstage and all that stuff, so I can kind of see through the magic curtain or whatever.

INTERVIEW BY
ALEXIS SWERDLOFF



LIGHTNING ROUND

Neighborhood:

Gramercy. "I like being near all the good restaurants and all the protests in Union Square Park."

Sunglasses:

"I probably have about 200 pairs. I wear the same ones all the time and change them when they break."

Favorite designer:

Comme des Garçons.

Favorite building:

740 Park Avenue.

Favorite street: Bleecker.

"When I first came to New York in the '60s, I used to play my guitar on Bleecker Street while looking for Bob Dylan. I never found him."



INSPIRE THE FUTURE

EXPERIENCE THE AURA COLLECTION

new york city

delray beach

abchome.com

abc carpet & home

GREAT ROOM

The Center Hall

Brett Leemkuil upholstered the walls in iridescent taffeta and covered the ceiling in Dorothy Draper's *Brazilliance* pattern. The chandelier's Indian-sari embellishments were found at Daytona Trimmings in the Garment District.



THE GILDED STUDIO

A designer who turned his 465-square-foot Sunnyside apartment into a Shanghai-meets-Hollywood boudoir.

BY WENDY GOODMAN

GREAT ROOM

INTERIOR DESIGNER Brett Leemkuil says that at a young age, he already had somewhat of a maximalist sensibility: "My childhood bedroom was a symphony of golds, yellows, browns, and had a feature wall of treillage Mylar wallpaper." Today, he lives in a 465-square-foot Sunnyside, Queens, studio apartment that feels out of a different place and time. The designer turned the dining alcove into a bed lair by layering fabric and mirrors over jewel-tone-painted walls throughout, and treated the space like a theater set: The walls, upholstered in malachite sheeting fabric designed by Hutton Wilkinson for Home Shopping Network, are also hung with leopard rayon velvet backed



The Sleeping Nook

"This is a fantasy setting meant for dreaming," Leemkuil says. He painted the manzanita branches in rich coral and adorned them with glittered starbursts.



GREAT ROOM



with coral shantung silk—but the sheeting fabric doesn't back the entire wall; it just covers what is visible to the eye. The central mirror (which Leemkuil picked up off the street, painted Kelly green, then glazed in a soft gold) is flanked by four other mirrors that he bought at his local 99-cent store, which, he says, "help create that feeling of openness and grandeur." Leemkuil, who considers himself "an old-school, hands-on decorator," has spent years digging through flea markets and junk shops and found the 19th-century Chinese pith paintings—which he framed and hung in his foyer in their original glass-fronted boxes—while rummaging through bins at

the 26th Street flea. And he trawls eBay to find more Culver barware in his favorite mushroom pattern. Leemkuil has created a bar worthy of Nick and Nora Charles from *The Thin Man*, which he made by removing the shelves of the entrance-hall coat closet and adding reverse glass paintings, framed petit point, and rope trim. Leemkuil says he lives by the late Hollywood design icon Tony Duquette's mantra, "Beauty, not luxury, is what I value," though he didn't actually visit Duquette's Beverly Hills home, Dawnridge, until a few years ago. "Becoming aware of Tony Duquette confirmed I wasn't out of my mind. Going to Dawnridge was like coming home for me."

The Entrance Hall

"I love large-format pieces in a small space," Leemkuil says of the chandelier, mounted Japanese textiles, and mirror surrounded with 19th-century Chinese pith paintings.

The Living Room

The sofa and Tabriz carpet were from a Doyle auction. The glass-and-chrome coffee table is vintage '70s, and the standing brass lamp by the sofa is Koch & Lowy.

The Bar

"My whippet on the tray is named Bachelor. I bought him at an Astoria antiques store. He's very low maintenance."





L'Amico

Up in the New Hotels

Two veteran chefs expand their brands, with varying degrees of success.

BY ADAM PLATT

LIKE A VENERABLE touring theater director, Laurent Tourondel has mounted many productions over the years on a hundred different stages, although the setting for his latest restaurant, L'Amico, could be better. Casual Italian cooking is the theme of the maestro's new production (past themes have included burgers, steak, and, as his most devoted fans will recall, the intricate glories of haute seafood), and the room sits off the north end of the lobby of the Eventi Hotel in the Flower District. The new Portuguese restaurant Lupulo happens to sit off the south end, which gives the whole operation an unfortunate food-court feel. L'Amico also borders the east side of the building, which means that on warm evenings, the windows are thrown open to the noisy chaos of Sixth Avenue and you can enjoy the fresh-baked aroma of your wood-fired pizza mingled with traffic fumes emanating from the street.

Thankfully, the quality of said pizza at L'Amico (like the quality of, say, the cod casserole or the grilled sardines at Lupulo) goes a long way toward mitigating these potentially challenging circumstances, and

on a dark fall evening, with the windows shut tight and the wood-burning oven emitting pleasing baking smells from the corner of the open kitchen, you may not notice them at all. Tourondel is a Frenchman, but he and his chef de cuisine, Amy Eubanks, imbue their pizza with characteristics of both the New York and Neapolitan styles, which means the pie is a small, civilized size, the soft edges are puffed up in a comforting Neapolitan way, and the toppings are inventively sourced (try the classic soppressata, or the mushroom, or the strangely refreshing combination of shishito peppers, onions, and Esposito sausage), and the crust has a nicely charred New York crunch.

The same kind of skill goes into constructing the crostini (with three kinds of toppings, including peekytoe crab), the antipasti, and the pastas, although, in the custom of rustico Italian establishments everywhere, some of the portion sizes and the bounty of choices can be overwhelming. The veal-and-pork-meatball appetizer is a meal in itself, especially if you choose to complement these little monsters with a helping of yellowtail crudo (brightly flavored with shavings of

★★
L'Amico
849 Sixth Ave.,
at 30th St.
212-201-4065
lamico.nyc

NO STARS
Jams
1414 Sixth Ave.,
at 58th St.
212-703-2007
jamsrestaurant.nyc

lime) or a chunk of country toast, which the kitchen spreads with Gorgonzola, slices of roasted pear, and thick ribbons of prosciutto. If you're still hungry, there are several salads to choose from (try the Brussels sprouts with salsify) and six varieties of ravioli and pasta, all covered with uniformly rich, gut-busting toppings like veal shoulder Bolognese (over the pipe rigate), spicy sausage (the fusilli), and disks of black truffle poured with brown butter (the excellent smoked-ricotta gnudi).

Being a hotel operation, L'Amico is also open for lunch as well as Sunday brunch, so you may want to return another time to the noisy little room to sample the entrées and desserts, several of which are a cut above the usual rustico experience. The poultry dishes I sampled (the pink, crispy-skinned duck breast with farro; the charred, lemony chunks of roast chicken) are textbook examples of the wood-oven-cooking technique, and the fillet of black sea bass (served over a pillow of olive-oil mashed potatoes) looked and tasted like an elegant holdover from one of Tourondel's grand old seafood productions. Ditto the desserts, in particular a dense, caramel-colored apple-walnut cake, and the scoop of housemade Meyer-lemon gelato, which is folded with blueberries and hidden bits of crunchy meringue and served inside a hollowed-out frozen lemon, atop a little pedestal of ice.

THERE ARE FEW such delicacies available at Jonathan Waxman's hectic, somewhat haphazard revival of his famous '80s-era uptown restaurant, Jams, which has reopened, more or less in name only, at the bottom of the 1 Hotel, also on Sixth Avenue,

★★★★★ ETHEREAL

★★★★★ EXCEPTIONAL

★★★ EXCELLENT

★★ VERY GOOD

★ GOOD

NO STARS NOT RECOMMENDED

Double-Decker Broccoli Taco

a couple of blocks below Central Park. There's an impressive façade of vines covering the entrance wall, and the ground-floor space is lined with floor-to-ceiling windows set in posh metal frames. But the décor looks less like a sunny piece of California (Waxman's famous theme at the original Jams) than like the vaguely utilitarian dining area of a cash-rich internet start-up. The walls are exposed brick, the floors are concrete, and the room is lit by the dim glow of a few rickety-looking filament-bulb chandeliers. This being midtown, much of the energy emanates from the bar area, which tends to fill up during the cocktail hour with a noisy scrum of backslapping salarymen.

Tourondel was a constant presence when I dropped into L'Amico, but one gets the sinking feeling that the venerable and talented Waxman, who runs the fine West Village restaurant Barbuto, has signed his name to this production, then wandered off to tend to his other ventures. My order of salmon-and-crème-fraîche-topped Jams Pancakes looked like a bedraggled, waxen reproduction of this famous dish, and my swordfish entrée would have worked better if the long beans accompanying it weren't cold. The crackly-skinned, tarragon-flavored Jams Chicken still has some life to it, however, and so does the chef's famous fried gnocchi, which I enjoyed one evening, with an overcooked Jams Burger, at the bar. The best of the wan, weirdly beige-colored desserts is the flan (flavored with maple when I tried it), and like much of the food, it works better at lunchtime, when the room fills up, like a proper California restaurant, with streams of sunshine.

SCRATCHPAD

L'AMICO: The cooking approaches three stars. Minus a star for the room.

JAMS: One star for the old Jams favorites, especially at lunch, minus a star for the flat hotel vibe.

BITES

L'AMICO: IDEAL MEAL: Brussels-sprout salad, sausage pizza, black sea bass, Meyer lemon gelato. **NOTE:** If the "ham and egg" is a pizza special, order it. **OPEN:** Dinner nightly; lunch Monday to Saturday; brunch Sunday. **PRICES:** Appetizers, \$8 to \$18; entrées, \$18 to \$29.

JAMS: IDEAL MEAL: Gnocchi with Parmesan, Jams Chicken, flan. **NOTE:** The bar serves a nice roster of old classics, including a very good Sazerac. **OPEN:** Dinner nightly; weekday lunch and weekend brunch. **PRICES:** Appetizers, \$13 to \$21; entrées, \$21 to \$37.

The broccoli-obsessed chef Tyler Kord opened his No. 7 Veggie pop-up at UrbanSpace Vanderbilt with a lofty goal in mind—an unavoidable consequence, he says, of an Oberlin education. "If I can get people to eat less meat, then I have done the world a huge service." The greatest achievement of this brand expansion, though, might be the bigger midtown stage it's afforded Kord's ingenious broccoli taco. The menu mainstay at his No. 7 restaurant proper in Fort Greene is an architecturally advanced, multitedited marvel inspired by none other than Taco Bell. So if Kord realizes his plan to spin off more No. 7 Veggies, making the world a better, broccoli-friendlier place, you can thank the fast-food megachain too.

R.R. & R.P.

On the menu at
No. 7 Veggie
at UrbanSpace
Vanderbilt; \$6; 230
Park Ave., at 45th St.;
212-529-9262





Pies Unbound

For those who dare to break the Thanksgiving-dessert stranglehold, a new array of options to finish your feast with surprise endings that are frozen, Nutella-riddled, or prune-laced.

BY ROBIN RAISFELD AND
ROB PATRONITE

1

VICTORY GARDEN's
Pumpkin Pie in a
Gingersnap Crust, \$20

Surprisingly refreshing and subtly tangy goat's-milk ice cream is flavored with pumpkin and its attendant autumnal spices (allspice, mace, cinnamon), then packed into a gluten-free gingersnap-cookie crust. 31 Carmine St., nr. Bleecker St.; 212-206-7273; orders must be prepaid and require 24-to-48-hour advance notice.

2

BREADS BAKERY's
Chocolate
Babka Pie, \$35

New York's best chocolate babka turns into a chocolate-babka pie around the holidays. They make it by adding an extra layer of dough (not to mention more chocolate and Nutella), which crisps up and takes on a biscuity, cookielike texture when baked in a pie pan. 18 E. 16th St., nr. Union Sq. W.; 212-633-2253.

3

DOMINIQUE ANSEL
KITCHEN's Honeycrisp
Apple Blossom Tart, \$50

Ansel upends apple pie's customary selling points (soft-cooked fruit, homeliness) by constructing a meticulously whorled flower out of eight raw Honeycrisps sliced mille-feuille-thin and set in an apple-butter base. It's as much corsage as dessert. 137 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Charles St.; 212-242-5111; orders require 48-hour advance notice.

4

AMPLE HILLS'
Walt and the Blackbirds
Ice-Cream Pie, \$52

Three pints of Nonna D's brown-sugar-cinnamon-and-oatmeal-lace-cookie ice cream meet one Salty Honey pie on equally delicious terms. This is a first-time collaboration between Ample Hills Creamery and Four & Twenty Blackbirds pie shop, and since honey—let alone salty honey—doesn't freeze, you don't need a hammer and chisel to eat it. Available for preorder at amplehills.com, and pickup November 21 through 25 at Ample Hills locations in Gowanus and Prospect Heights.

5

RUNNER & STONE's
Dried Plum Walnut
Linzer Tart, \$26

Peter Endriss's cocoa-and-Kirschwasser-tinged fall version of the classic Austrian torte swaps walnuts for almonds and a prune filling for raspberry jam. The result is crumbly, not too sweet, perfect with coffee, and intended for grown-ups unafraid to call dried plums by their rightful name. 285 Third Ave., nr. Carroll St., Gowanus; 718-576-3360; orders require 48-hour advance notice.



Mi

The onetime symbol of purity and goodness has become as controversial as

ON A RECENT TRIP to Whole Foods, I rounded a display of quinoa macaroni, continued past a fridge stacked with local kimchee and lacto-fermented sauerkraut, ignored the child to my right who'd just shattered a bottle of sparkling matcha tea, and paused for a moment in the mouth of the dairy aisle. There before me were no fewer than 20 types of milk—the typical array of fat contents, of course, but also an entire universe removed from the cow.

“Fifty percent more calcium than milk,” said one carton of almond milk. “A delicious alternative to soy,” noted the label of an “organic oat nondairy beverage.” There was rice milk, hemp milk, coconut milk, cashew milk ... enough choices to make the pasta section—which, in the wake of the anti-gluten movement, has forced us to weigh the relative merits of brown-rice pasta versus mung-bean pasta—seem sparse.

Dairy and gluten have become evil twins in “elimination” diets, the holistic therapy of the moment, as people swear they feel less bloated and lethargic without them.



CIENCE

lk

gluten. Here, a guide to the bloat in your dairy aisle and in your stomach.



(Not incidentally, sales of cow's milk have essentially flattened in recent years, while nondairy alternatives, led by almond milk, are up nearly 100 percent, reaching about \$2 billion in annual sales.) Best-selling authors like the integrative physician Mark Hyman maintain that, like the gluten in wheat, milk elements interact with our gut bacteria in such a way as to trigger an inflammatory response from the immune system.

But this theory, as far as gluten is concerned, has been seriously undermined: Most notable are the findings by a team of Australian researchers who suggest that at least some of the people who think they're sensitive to gluten (and who don't have celiac disease, the gluten-induced autoimmune disorder) really aren't. The true culprit, they argue, may be a group of common carbohydrates lumped under the acronym FODMAPS (fermentable oligo-, di-, and monosaccharides and polyols). They're found in foods like beans, onions, and, yes, milk—lending credibility to those "dairy sensitivity" claims.

Nobody disputes that the sugar in milk, lactose, frequently causes digestive upset. As many as 15 percent of Americans seem to be genuinely lactose intolerant, and we'll get into the why and what of it on the next page. But for the lactose tolerant, there's a more basic question: Should you drink milk? Or, more to the point, is it good for you?

Some of those who hold that it is think it's because they're winning the raging debate over saturated fat: The old belief that the animal fat in whole milk raises cholesterol levels and promotes heart disease—ushered in during the 1950s by researcher-physiologist Ancel Keys—has newly been called into question. A major *BMJ* study published this year concluded that diets high in saturated fat are not linked to a higher risk of heart disease. Harvard nutrition researcher Walter Willett, among others, has done a study showing that full-fat milk may confer modest weight-loss benefits compared with low-fat (it would seem that whole milk is more filling, so you subsequently eat less). And according to one recent Harvard School of Public Health study, consumption of dairy fat may actually lower the risk of heart disease.

But the new pro-fat corner hasn't conclusively made the case that whole milk is a health food either. Nutrition eminences like Willett are now trying to temper the debate—just because saturated fat isn't as pernicious as we thought doesn't make it good. He recommends weighing the healthiness of saturated fat relative to whatever you would be eating in its place: According to a study he co-authored last year, when you replace some of the saturated fats in your diet with unsaturated fats or whole grains, you get an improvement in heart health; with refined starches, you get no gain at all. Such a nuanced, split-the-difference approach doesn't sit well with those more unapologetically in favor of saturated fat—journalist Nina Teicholz, the author of last year's briskly selling book *The Big Fat Surprise: Why Butter, Meat, and Cheese Belong in a Healthy Diet*, dismisses the Willett logic as "a graceful retreat from a failed [fat] hypoth-

LABEL LINGO

Grass-Fed: Milk made using cows that eat just grass and hay. Not only does grass-feeding supposedly improve taste, it increases milk's beneficial fats, including omega-3s.

Guernsey: This cow breed's milk is rich in protein and beta-carotene; the latter lends it a golden hue.

Holstein: The leading dairy breed in the U.S. Some theorize that what many of us believe to be "lactose intolerance" is actually an inability to digest the protein A1, found in Holstein cows.

Homogenized: A largely aesthetic process that breaks up milk-fat molecules to combine them with milk's water content, thus eliminating the fat cap that once sat atop the milkman's bottles.

Organic: Milk must come from a cow that has received no bovine growth hormone, antibiotics, wormers, or feed containing animal by-products or excretion-aiding "roughage"; the cow must have access to the outdoors and to sunlight and be grass-fed for four months a year.

Pasteurized: Milk that's briefly heated to kill harmful bacteria, but not so long that the nutrients are destroyed.

Raw: Milk that is neither pasteurized nor homogenized. In New York, the sale of raw milk is only legal at farms.

rbGH-Free: Without the hormone injected into dairy cattle that increases milk production. Widely used by factory farms in the U.S., it's been banned in many other parts of the world, given its deleterious effects on cows.

Ultrapasteurized: Milk heated at an even higher temperature for an even shorter amount of time than in traditional pasteurization, extending the milk's life span and sometimes even rendering it shelf-stable.

esis." So as you calculate the merits of whole versus 2 percent, 1 percent, or skim, all you can say for sure is that lower-fat milks don't have a clear-cut health edge over the higher-fat varieties. They're just lower in calories (and that may not go very far in helping your waistline, anyway).

Was milk a simpler nutritional proposition in this country in the days before industrialized farming? Not exactly. Settlers brought the first dairy cows to North America in the early 1600s, and while milk was regarded as a useful source of fuel, milk-borne pathogens like listeria had laid people low before pasteurization became routine in the 1920s. After vitamin D was added to cow's milk in the '30s, the beverage became a one-stop-shopping solution for healthy bone growth and the vitamin-deficiency disease rickets. "Our relationship to dairy was one of reverence," says Dr. David Katz, the director of Yale's Prevention Research Center.

And naturally, the dairy industry has wanted to maintain that relationship. (Think of the "Milk. It does a body good" commercials.) But as it turns out—and here's a recent development where there does seem to be some consensus—regardless of what you learned growing up, you don't *need* milk (or any dairy) to enjoy a healthy diet after the age of 2. Authorities like Katz and Willett—and indeed most nutrition scientists, even those whose research is subsidized by the still-powerful National Dairy Council—agree that you can get enough calcium and potassium by eating whole grains and leafy green cruciferous vegetables like kale, arugula, and broccoli. (Of course, for families in neighborhoods with inadequate supermarkets, milk might be the easier choice.) Two recent studies published in the *BMJ* show no connection between calcium consumption and bone breaks in those over 50. Plus, there are the environmental implications: all the methane emissions and water consumption associated with raising enough livestock for people to consume the USDA-recommended three glasses of milk a day. If we actually followed those current "MyPlate" standards, we'd be doubling dairy consumption in the U.S.—what Willett calls a "radical" position.

Ultimately, then, milk is a consumer product, not a medicine. Many of us have no intention of giving up more modest amounts of the stuff that goes so well with coffee, or a bowl of Cheerios, or a superfood smoothie—because we enjoy it. In which case, perhaps the sensible approach to the modern dairy aisle is with your specific needs—and wants—in mind. Each type of milk competing for your attention offers an experience, a health claim, and a projected lifestyle all its own. People going Paleo can turn to additive-free coconut milk. Some might like the silky consistency of soy milk. Others might have taken to vanilla almond milk ever since their local third-wave coffee shop started offering it (perhaps not noticing all the extra sugars and thickening gums in the ingredients). For those of us who don't shun dairy, there's whole milk from grass-fed cows, which, according to Michael Pollan, might be the greatest-tasting milk of all.

JOSEPH HOOPER



Are You Really Lactose Intolerant?

It could just be the casein talking.

BY JOSEPH HOOPER AND SUSAN RINKUNAS

1. What Happens in Your Body.

AS INFANTS, healthy human beings produce an enzyme in the gut called lactase, which allows them to digest the sugar in dairy (lactose). For most of the world, the gene that controls the production of lactase begins to gradually shut down during childhood—making people what we call lactose intolerant. (Nature didn't think it was necessary to keep the gene in the "on" position once a child was weaned from the breast.) However, when people first began dairy farming roughly 9,000 years ago, a variation of this gene was, over time, introduced into the human gene pool, most widely in Northern Europe, where drinking milk became business as usual. Descendants of these farmers inherit the gene that keeps the lactose-busting enzyme pumping for a lifetime; hence the huge disparity in rates of lactose intolerance in the U.S. by racial/ethnic group. For those who can't handle the lactose, consuming unfermented dairy products, especially milk, causes those nasty if non-life-threatening symptoms—gas, bloating, constipation, diarrhea.

2. How to Get Diagnosed.



"The **hydrogen breath test** is a very accurate way to find out if you're lactose intolerant," says Dr. Sheila E. Crowe, director of gastroenterology research at the UC San Diego School of Medicine and vice-president of the American Gastroenterological Association. For people who are unable to degrade the lactose by the time it gets to their colon, this simple breath test at the doctor's office will show a rise in the levels of hydrogen, which is being expelled as a result of their lactose intolerance.

4. Who's Hurting?

AMERICAN ADULTS
WITH LACTOSE INTOLERANCE.*

30-50
MILLION

ASIAN-AMERICANS

90%

AFRICAN-AMERICANS

75%

HISPANIC-AMERICANS

51%

CAUCASIAN-AMERICANS**

20%

*Data compiled from various scientific sources.

**Less common in those with Northern European ancestry; more common in those with Jewish, Arab, Italian, or Greek ancestry.

How Does Lactaid Actually Work?

Milk for people who can't drink milk, Lactaid adds the lactase enzyme to cow's milk to help neutralize the (gas-and-diarrhea-producing) effects of lactose. However, lactase has never been formally evaluated by the FDA—which, in fact, recommends consulting a doctor before ingesting it.

3. Or Diagnose Yourself.



But there's an even easier, cheaper way to do this at home, notes Crowe. **"Drink a glass of skim milk on an empty stomach. If within a couple hours of drinking it you don't have any GI symptoms—bloating, cramping, gas, diarrhea—you probably aren't lactose intolerant."**

5. And what might be the other reasons for your milk-induced discomfort?

1. A MILK ALLERGY

This is when **your immune system thinks the two main proteins in milk, beta-lactoglobulin and casein, are harmful** and will trigger an allergic reaction. Infants and kids can experience rashes, hives, and asthmalike wheezing as well as a range of GI symptoms. If you suspect your child has a milk allergy, he or she should be seen by an allergist for testing. If it's confirmed, you'll be told not to feed your child any dairy products. Most kids outgrow it by their teens.

3.

EOSINOPHILIC ESOPHAGITIS

This is an allergic disorder recognized only in the past 15 years—and found in an estimated 50 in 100,000 people, both young children and adults—that **affects just the esophagus**. People can be allergic to milk, wheat, soy, or eggs, and instead of having an acute response with classic allergic symptoms, their esophagus will become inflamed and narrower over time. Symptoms include difficulty swallowing, heartburn, and food getting stuck when you swallow. If your gastroenterologist determines that milk is your offending food, you'll need to eliminate it.

2. DAIRY-FAT SENSITIVITY

People with irritable-bowel syndrome and other FGIDs (functional gastrointestinal disorders) like functional dyspepsia are sometimes **sensitive to fat**, especially animal fat. They experience symptoms similar to lactose intolerance,



TIMING

What Milk for What Age

There's little evidence that anyone other than babies actually needs milk (if one is getting key nutrients elsewhere), but the latest research helps make a case for some choices over others.

A Baby A Kid A Teenager

Breast milk (but formula works, too)

►► The major studies favor breast milk, but new evidence shows that formula is a fine alternative. In fact, one recent study of siblings found no statistically significant difference—in areas like obesity, hyperactivity, and academic achievement—between breast-fed and bottle-fed children.

Whole milk

►► It's easier to say the kind of milk that may be worst for kids: nonfat. One recent study published in the *BMJ* tracked preschool-age kids for two years; those who drank skim were more likely to be heavier by age 4 than the kids who drank whole, possibly because the fat keeps you fuller, staving off overeating later.

Whole milk

►► Similarly, research on early adolescents—up to age 14—has shown a link to reduced-fat or skim-milk consumption and weight gain. Again, the easiest way to describe the best milk for teens might be to describe the worst: reduced or skim milk.

Adult Male

Adult Female

A Woman Trying to Conceive

Whole milk

►► One study of middle-aged men in Sweden found that those who regularly ate high-fat dairy products were less likely to become obese than men who ate high-fat dairy products less often or who didn't eat them at all. Another recent meta-analysis found a lower risk of obesity for adults who ate lots of high-fat dairy products.

Fermented milk products like kefir

►► A study that followed more than 60,000 women for 20 years, published in the *BMJ*, found that women who consumed fermented milk products were less likely to suffer bone fractures over the course of the study than women who did not consume fermented milk products.

Whole milk

►► Here is one instance where it would seem that dairy is actually good for you. According to a big study published in 2007 in the journal *Human Reproduction*, groups that had one serving of full-fat dairy (like whole milk) per day, compared with those who had very little, reduced their risk of fertility problems by more than 25 percent.

A Retiree

No more than one glass a day

►► A study published in the *BMJ* last fall found an association between higher milk consumption and greater risk for fractures, especially hip fractures, and death, possibly owing to the high presence of inflammatory sugars in milk. In your AARP years, drink cow's milk in moderation or switch to nondairy milk fortified with vitamin D and calcium. M.D.

Whole Milk

For: It may be high in (still controversial) saturated fat, but whole milk is also 40 percent unsaturated fat, which has been shown to improve blood-cholesterol levels (thereby reducing the risk of heart disease). And whole milk keeps you feeling full longer than milk with less fat, which some recent studies suggest may help keep off the pounds. The weight control may also be due to "bioactive substances" found in milk fat, which changes the way our metabolism functions, allowing us to burn that fat for energy instead of storing it in our bodies.

Against: Whole milk has more calories—150 per eight-ounce glass, compared with the 90 in skim. And if you're still not convinced that saturated fat is okay, there's that too.

Skim

For: It's fat-free. Even though some recent science shows saturated fat is not as harmful as we once thought it was, there's no evidence yet to suggest that saturated fat is a health food. And if you're a calorie counter, skim has fewer than regular milk.

Against: It's less tasty and less filling. "We know that fat-free milk is inherently less satiating," says Dr. David Ludwig, a professor of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health. "You're likely, after that glass of fat-free milk, to drink [or eat] something else, and that is typically processed carbohydrates."





The Evidence For and Against the Major Milks

Whole, skim, almond, soy: the prevailing arguments.

BY MELISSA DAHL



Almond

For: It's among the least caloric of all the milk options, even lighter than skim. Like most nondairy milks, almond milk—a purée of almonds and water—does not naturally contain as much calcium, protein, or vitamins D and A as milk. But if it's fortified with this stuff, it can have similar nutritional benefits to those of cow's milk.

Against: Almond milk often contains carrageenan, a food additive that's derived from seaweed and is used as a thickener in foods. There's some evidence that carrageenan can cause bloating and other gastrointestinal problems. Plus there's the environmental issue: It takes 1.1 gallons of water to grow just one almond.

Soy

For: Nutritionally speaking, soy is the closest comparable nondairy option to whole milk, with about eight grams of protein per cup. It's also low glycemic: The carbohydrates in unsweetened soy milk are the kinds that are very slowly digested in the body, which helps control hunger. But unlike whole milk, it's very low in fat.

Against: Soy contains phytoestrogen, a plant-derived estrogenlike compound, which some studies have indicated promote the growth of breast-cancer cells, though other studies have disputed this. And there's a chance that soy milk might cause more cavities than cow's milk. Also, most soybeans grown in the U.S. are genetically modified, the long-term effects of which are uncertain.



②



An excellent
source of:

And How to Decipher the Alterna-Milks

Whatever your bodily wish—gut health, a little more omega-3—there's a kefir or nondairy beverage jostling for your attention at the specialty grocer's.

BY KATIE ARNOLD-RATLIFF



1

LiLi Pasteurized

Low-input, low-impact is a process that involves heating milk to a higher temperature and for a shorter time. So while this isn't raw, it's the closest you can legally get to milk in its purest form. Ole' Mother Hubbert, of Westtown, New York, was the first American dairy to purchase a LiLi machine, in 2013.

2

Oat

The draw is the benefits of oats, like better heart health and blood-sugar levels. While a gallon at the store costs about the equivalent of three lattes, it's also fairly easy to make at home if you've got oats, water, maple syrup, vanilla extract, sea salt, and five minutes (plus soaking time) to spare.

3

Hemp

Exceptionally high in nutrients, hemp milk contains folic acid, B-12, phosphorus, magnesium, zinc, and omega-3 and -6 (in addition to the usual cocktail of iron, calcium, and vitamins A and D). And, take it or leave it, Dr. Oz has said it's his favorite alternative milk.

4

Grassmilk

Whole milk from grass-fed cows is Michael Pollan's choice ("Fat is not the evil nutrient we thought it was," he notes), and his preferred brand is Organic Valley. "Most cows don't get much grass anymore," he says, "but it does a lot for the taste, and Organic Valley insists that its farmers graze."

5

Goat

The ubiquity of cow's milk is an American anomaly. Owing mainly to the fact that they're cheaper to raise, goats produce the most-consumed milk worldwide; their milk is also usually easier to digest than that of cows because it has less lactose. (Just be warned: Goat's milk can cost a lot more than cow's at your nearest Whole Foods.)

6

Kefir

Kefir, the kombucha of milk, is a tart drink made by fermenting milk with bacteria and yeast. It's loaded with probiotics (three times more than yogurt, in fact), which are good for the gut.



7

Coconut

Paleo gurus tend to forbid any kind of milk (including nut milks) except coconut—so long as it doesn't have additives and preservatives—and prefer non-refrigerator-aisle brands like Aroy-D from Thailand. This type also contains MCTs (medium-chain triglycerides) that are easily metabolized and burned for energy.

8

Cashew

Nutritionally similar to almond milk but a lot creamier and sweeter. Also, from an environmental standpoint, you'd be saving a few almonds. To avoid the additives of store-bought brands, see nymag.com for a recipe from Darleen Scherer, owner of the forthcoming Bushwick café Supercrown.

9

Dry Milk

This became the hot baking ingredient when it was revealed to be part of the recipes for Milk Bar's cookies. As for her preferred brand, says Christina Tosi, founder and owner of Milk Bar, "Redi Lac has the perfect balance and depth of flavor, while the granules are still large and soluble enough to hold shape for our 'Milk Crumbs.'"

Get Ready for Peanut Milk

This year, a century after the first patent was filed, a commercial peanut milk is finally in the works. Bob Parker, president and CEO of the National Peanut Board, has confirmed that the group has been quietly working with an undisclosed industry partner on a peanut milk set to be released as soon as next year. So what took so long? For decades, the major issues scientists faced were mouthfeel and overpowering peanut flavor. But if the forthcoming milk has overcome taste and texture (the product is based on a new formula patented in 2010), there is one barrier today that no amount of stabilizers could fix: allergies. Kaitlin Walter, director of marketing for alt-milk brand Califia Farms, cited the "peanut-free table" as a reason the company hasn't developed a peanut milk to join its almond varietals. The secrecy surrounding the Peanut Board's project suggests some touchiness on the part of the industry, which has ceded the peanut's comfy spot as "America's Favorite Nut" to almonds and seems none too pleased about it. For what it's worth, Parker promises his peanut milk won't taste anything like peanut butter. **BELLE CUSHING**



Rolling Stone



ONE OF THE
BEST FILMS OF
THE YEAR!

CATE BLANCHETT AND
ROONEY MARA
ARE MAGNIFICENT.
DIRECTOR TODD HAYNES
REACHES A NEW PEAK
OF FILM ARTISTRY."

Peter Travers

The New York Times

"EXQUISITELY DIRECTED
AND ACTED."

Manohla Dargis

CATE BLANCHETT
ROONEY MARA

CAROL



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

"CATE BLANCHETT
AND ROONEY MARA
ARE SUPERB."

Joe Morgenstern

VANITY FAIR

"A THOUGHTFUL,
BEAUTIFULLY BUILT FILM
THAT TRANSCENDS
EXPECTATIONS."

Richard Lawson

DIRECTED BY TODD HAYNES

SCREENPLAY BY PHYLLIS NAGY

FROM A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY



FOR A SCENE OF
SEXUALITY/NUDITY
AND BRIEF LANGUAGE

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENTS START FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20



100 MOST VALUABLE STARS / THE S

BOB & DAVID / CRITICS / PARTIES / TO DO

The CUPAGES

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY NICOLETTE BRYCKI; SHIRT BY RALPH LAUREN

Twyla Tharp Twister

The legendary choreographer tells how it's done.

Photograph by Ruven Afanador

What Makes a Star Valuable in 2015?

Likability, for one thing, which is why Chris Pratt rose so high on our list. *By Adam Sternbergh*

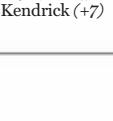
ONCE UPON A TIME, the Hollywood math was straightforward: The most valuable stars were the ones who were (a) paid the most money because (b) they could reliably “open” a movie. This gave rise to the so-called \$20 Million Club: actors like Robert Downey Jr., Sandra Bullock, and Denzel Washington (and before them, Tom Cruise and Julia Roberts). In 2015, however, the calculus is different and a lot more complex. Stars don’t open movies anymore—brands like *Star Wars* and *Transformers* do—and now studios are asking actors to accept some of their financial risk, eschewing huge up-front payments in favor of back-end bonuses if, and only if, their films are profitable. A star’s value is no longer something we can measure just in salaries—which might help explain why the actress who tops Vulture’s fourth annual ranking of Hollywood’s “Most Valuable Stars” is someone who recently spoke very publicly about being *underpaid*.

These days, a star’s worth can be affected by many intangible factors. To determine our valuations, we combined simple metrics, such as domestic and international box office, with more ephemeral ones, such as Twitter mentions, Oscar nominations and wins, Metacritic scores, desirability to a panel of anonymous studio executives and gossip editors (who told us whom they’d hire first and whose news attracts the greatest number of eyeballs), and, perhaps most crucially, a star’s overall “likability.” Celebrity appeal can be both easy and obvious to detect—for example, that involuntary face you make when you find out so-and-so (Yay! Right on!) or such-and-such (What! Why?) is starring in an upcoming film. But likability is also notoriously tricky to quantify; thankfully, we’re able to utilize data collected by E-Poll Market Research, a company that exists in part to measure precisely that elusive asset, asking thousands of regular folks to rate the appeal of celebrities. With all the information tallied, this year’s most valuable star may not surprise you. The case for Jennifer Lawrence—Oscar winner, perennial award nominee, franchise anchor, and social-media darling—is fairly self-evident.

This year’s most likable celebrity, though—well, that person might be a little more unexpected. Not because Chris Pratt is unlikable—to the contrary, it’s actually incredibly likely that you like him, given that he is, by our metric, the most likable actor in Hollywood. But it seems unlikely, or at least surprising, that Pratt—a guy who’s recently starred in huge blockbuster movies such as *Guardians of the Galaxy* and *Jurassic World*, yet is still unfamous enough that Billy Eichner can

Vulture’s Most Valuable Stars

TO CREATE OUR list, we collected data on each of these stars—including their domestic and overseas box office for the past five years, number of Oscar nominations and wins, Metacritic scores, Twitter mentions over the past year, rankings from major studio executives and gossip editors (who were asked to rate each star’s appeal on a scale of one to ten), and likability data from E-Poll Market Research—and asked FiveThirtyEight statistician Harry Enten to plug the numbers into his special formula to determine their rank. For further explanation of our methodology, visit vulture.com.

	1. Jennifer Lawrence (change from last year: 0)		2. Robert Downey Jr. (O)
	12. Tom Hanks (+5)		13. Matt Damon (-2)
	21. Charlize Theron (+29)		22. Denzel Washington (-17)
	28. Christian Bale (-10)		29. Mark Wahlberg (-6)
	37. Natalie Portman (+4)		38. Jennifer Aniston (-5)
	48. Will Ferrell (-2)		49. Ryan Reynolds (+45)
	50. Julia Roberts (-14)		51. Reese Witherspoon (-3)
	59. Justin Timberlake (+17)		60. Keira Knightley (+25)
	61. Joseph Gordon-Levitt (+5)		62. Kristen Wiig (+8)
	70. Henry Cavill (+19)		71. Cameron Diaz (-17)
	72. Tina Fey (+9)		73. Jason Statham (+7)
	81. Tyler Perry (+14)		82. Mark Ruffalo (+8)
	90. Eddie Redmayne (*)		91. Anna Kendrick (+7)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK MCMULLAN

The Studios’ Favorites

1. Jennifer Lawrence
2. Bradley Cooper
3. Leonardo DiCaprio
4. Chris Pratt
5. Tom Cruise
6. Channing Tatum
7. Scarlett Johansson
8. Tom Hanks
9. Kevin Hart
10. Amy Schumer

3. Leonardo DiCaprio (0)	4. Bradley Cooper (+6)	5. Dwayne Johnson (+24)	6. Tom Cruise (+13)	7. Hugh Jackman (+7)	8. Sandra Bullock (-4)	9. Channing Tatum (+2)	10. Scarlett Johansson (+21)	11. Chris Pratt (+57)
Stars Who Rose the Most								
1. Chris Pratt (57 places)	14. Matthew McConaughey (+3)	15. George Clooney (-2)	16. Brad Pitt (-7)	17. Angelina Jolie (-11)	18. Liam Neeson (+4)	19. Ben Affleck (-3)	20. Chris Hemsworth (+1)	
2. Ryan Reynolds (45)								
3. Kristen Wiig (39)								
4. Chris Evans (32)								
5. Ryan Gosling (31)								
6. Charlize Theron (29)								
7. Jake Gyllenhaal (26)								
8. Keira Knightley (25)								
9. Zach Galifianakis (24)								
10. Dwayne Johnson (24)	23. Vin Diesel (+2)	24. Melissa McCarthy (+6)	25. Johnny Depp (-17)					
Most Discussed on Social Media								
1. Angelina Jolie								
2. Emma Watson								
3. Zac Efron								
4. Jennifer Lawrence								
5. Justin Timberlake								
6. Johnny Depp								
7. Kevin Hart								
8. Leonardo DiCaprio								
9. Will Smith								
10. Brad Pitt								
30. Kevin Hart (+9)	31. Jake Gyllenhaal (+26)	32. Chris Evans (+32)	33. Daniel Craig (+11)	34. Shailene Woodley (-10)				
35. Emma Stone (-8)	36. Benedict Cumberbatch (-1)							
39. Amy Schumer (*)	40. Ryan Gosling (+31)	41. Zach Galifianakis (+24)	42. Emily Blunt (*)	43. Anne Hathaway (-15)	44. Michael Fassbender (+15)	45. Chris Pine (-7)	46. Cate Blanchett (+10)	47. Seth Rogen (-2)
Most Critically Respected								
1. Ben Affleck								
2. Joaquin Phoenix								
3. Amy Schumer								
4. Michael Fassbender								
5. Andrew Garfield								
6. Leonardo DiCaprio								
7. Tom Hardy								
8. Jake Gyllenhaal								
9. Jennifer Lawrence								
10. Daniel Day-Lewis	64. Emma Watson (-1)	65. Amy Adams (-45)	66. Mila Kunis (-29)	67. Daniel Day-Lewis (-9)	68. Andrew Garfield (-28)	69. Charlie Hunnam (*)		
52. Jonah Hill (-18)	53. Jeremy Renner (-6)	54. James Franco (+6)	55. Jamie Foxx (-13)	56. Zoe Saldana (-7)	57. Helen Mirren (*)	58. Tom Hardy (+3)		
63. Daniel Radcliffe (-31)	64. Emma Watson (-1)	65. Amy Adams (-45)	66. Mila Kunis (-29)	67. Daniel Day-Lewis (-9)	68. Andrew Garfield (-28)	69. Charlie Hunnam (*)		
74. Jason Segel (+5)	75. Colin Firth (-2)	76. Robert De Niro (-33)	77. Ben Stiller (-25)	78. Bill Murray (*)	79. Russell Crowe (-28)			
83. Paul Rudd (+14)	84. Liam Hemsworth (*)	85. Clint Eastwood (+7)	86. Jessica Chastain (-9)	87. Joaquin Phoenix (+1)	88. Margot Robbie (*)			
92. Steve Carell (-37)	93. Miles Teller (*)	94. Naomi Watts (+5)	95. Jennifer Garner (*)	96. Nicole Kidman (*)	97. Idris Elba (*)	98. Jamie Dornan (*)	99. Julianne Moore (-12)	100. Lupita Nyong'o (-18)

★ Blue stars indicate new to this year's list.

drag him around on *Billy on the Street* asking New Yorkers to identify him and at least some of them will say he's that guy "from VH1," "Chris Evans," or "Liam?"—should suddenly be more likable than Tom Hanks, Denzel Washington, or Meryl Streep. And yet, according to our data, Pratt has the highest "appeal" rating of anyone on the list, with 86 percent of respondents expressing a favorable view of him.

We can likely lay part of the credit for his outsize likability at the webbed feet of Eagle the penguin. Because of all the awesome, adorable, and/or hilarious things you can see Chris Pratt doing on the internet—*GQ* ran an article listing 41 separate reasons that "Everything (Chris Pratt Does) Is Awesome"—perhaps the most likable thing is a video of Pratt, along with his famous and well-liked wife, Anna Faris, and their by all evidence extremely adorable 3-year-old son, Jack, announcing, in a video posted to YouTube, that they'd been asked to name a new baby penguin born at the Seattle zoo and decided on "Eagle."

Think about that: What in the world could possibly be more likable than a video in which an adorable 3-year-old child announces the name of a baby penguin? I'll tell you what: a video in which an adorable 3-year-old child announces the name of a baby penguin while seated next to Chris Pratt. You're probably jamming your thumb against the page on which you're reading this right now, in a manic, reflexive effort to "like" it. Which, if you're Pratt, is a very valuable reaction indeed.

AN ASTUTE COLLEAGUE of mine, when considering Pratt, describes him as a "value-added star." Which is to say: Yes, he's coming off a remarkable run of super-successful movies, yet it's hard to argue that any of these films were huge hits solely, or even mostly, because of Pratt. We're talking about a totally different kind of star power—or "value"—than what Tom Cruise evinced in the 1980s, when entire films were basically marketed as "Tom Cruise as a bartender" (*Cocktail*) and "Tom Cruise in a race car" (*Days of Thunder*). While Pratt certainly did a bang-up job in *The Lego Movie*, that film would likely have been a big hit even if Seth Rogen (appeal: 59 percent) had lent his voice to the lead character. *Jurassic World* was huge, but it arrived in theaters like a rampaging franchise-o-saurus, with Chris Pratt riding on a tiny saddle on its back.

None of which is to diminish Pratt or the remarkable position to which he's ascended. You could make the argument that, in an age of social media and carpet-bomb-style media campaigns, when the membrane

between us and the stars of our favorite movies is as thin as an iPhone screen, "likability" is a more valuable commodity than ever. In E-Score polls, the two phrases most associated with Pratt are "approachable" and "down to earth." It seems safe to say that no one would have described, say, Humphrey Bogart with either of those terms 75 years ago. Back then, movie stars depended on the illusion of mystique: the impression that they occupied a slightly more rarefied realm than our own. It's hard to imagine even Jimmy Stewart ever being described primarily as "approachable." Then again, he never had an Instagram account.

Pratt has one, of course, @prattprattpratt, where he posts things like his school



photo from when he was 13 years old. (Adorable!) He also has a Twitter account with a bio that reads, "Laughing with you, not at you." (Likable!) And unlike other celebrities, he does not use Twitter to rail against NSA overreach or endorse Trump for president. Instead, he retweets photos of little kids dressed up like him in *Jurassic World* for Halloween. (Down to earth!) Recently, he hung out with real-life BFFs Amy Schumer, Jennifer Lawrence, and Aziz Ansari—basically, a Mount Rushmore of internet likability—then posted all about it online. This is the key to Pratt's likability, which is, in turn, the key to his appeal: He'd be your coolest friend if you actually knew him, which you almost feel like you do. His storied transformation from doughy Everyman to sculpted superhero is relatable, or at least aspirational, to doughy Everypeople everywhere. "The two

biggest things for him," says E-Poll CEO Gerry Philpott, "are that guys see him as someone they'd like to have a beer with, and women see him as that guy who's attractive and a little bit dangerous but still a good catch. It's really rare to have people whose appeal crosses over like that."

BUT WHY DO WE CARE so much if a star seems like someone we'd want to hang out with? It's likely owed, in part, to the fact that we spend so much more time with them now. No longer is it enough to simply hold our gaze for the two-hour duration of a movie. There are endless trailers, and leaked footage, and Comic Con panels, and talk-show appearances, in the months running up to a film's release. All of which amounts to dozens of hours' worth of free advertising—so you better have a likable pitch-person to front your campaign.

Another oft-remarked aspect of the rise of the franchise blockbusters is that they seem to be actorproof. No longer is the formula "Get me Tom Cruise as a bartender"; now it's "Get me whoever can plausibly and pleasingly fill out Thor's costume." Yet the right actor—likable, relatable—is more crucial than ever, as our tour guide/surrogate/stand-in through a three-hour onslaught of \$300 million CGI explosions. *Guardians of the Galaxy* may be the most potent recent argument for this: A tentpole movie built around an unfamiliar comic property, it benefited mightily from Pratt's cockeyed smile, beckoning us inside the tent.

"Younger stars tend to have lower awareness scores," says Philpott. "But people who know who Chris Pratt is tend to like him a lot." So a newly minted star like Pratt offers better value in many ways than a marquee name. The longer you've been in the public eye, the more time you've had to compromise, or complicate, our adoration. Tom Cruise's awareness score is 79 percent, but his current appeal rating is only 41 percent. One of the two words most commonly associated with him is "creepy." (The other is "handsome.")

It's true that movie stars are no longer franchises, not in the way they once were; franchises are the new stars. But these franchises still need stars in the way that battleships still need captains. And if that captain is someone just likable enough, just accessible enough, just relatable enough that we can almost imagine ourselves in his or her place, all the better. (After all, who among us isn't just a few sit-ups away from becoming Chris Pratt? Well, all of us, actually.) To be valuable in 2015, keep that Instagram account updated and that Twitter timeline upbeat. And name a baby penguin if you can. ■

**"ONE OF THE
GREATEST
MUSICALS
IN HISTORY."**

—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Fiddler on the Roof



DANNY BURSTEIN AND JESSICA HECHT IN FIDDLER ON THE ROOF BOOK BY JOSEPH STEIN MUSIC BY JERRY BOCK LYRICS BY SHELDON HARNICK
SET DESIGN MICHAEL YEARGAN COSTUME DESIGN CATHERINE ZUBER LIGHTING DESIGN DONALD HOLDER SOUND DESIGN SCOTT LEHRER
CASTING TELSEY + CO./ABBIE BRADY-DALTON, CSA MUSIC DIRECTOR TED SPERLING
CHOREOGRAPHER HOFESH SHECHTER INSPIRED BY THE WORK OF JEROME ROBBINS DIRECTOR BARTLETT SHER

THE TRADITION RETURNS!

BROADWAY PREVIEWS BEGIN FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20

TELECHARGE.COM 212-239-6200 BROADWAY THEATRE, 1681 BROADWAY · *FiddlerMusical.com*

IT'S ALL
CONNECTED

"The first musical lesson I had was the keyboard," Tharp says, "so the feel of music was programmed into my hands. I also played viola, which means the rhythm of the bow, the pull of the muscles of the back, is something I feel. Movement produces all the other art forms."



Twyla in Motion

A grande dame of dance delivers 50 years' worth of insight.

TWYLA THARP DANCE is at the David H. Koch Theater November 17 through 22.

AT 74, CHOREOGRAPHER Twyla Tharp is overdue for a breather: She's created more than 160 works for classical ballet companies; her own modern troupe, Twyla Tharp Dance; and Broadway. But for her group's golden anniversary, the dance icon is touring with two major new pieces: *Preludes and Fugues*, set to pieces from Bach, and *Yowzie*, propelled by a jazz score. Here, Tharp explains how her artistic past has informed her still very active present. REBECCA MILZOFF

AN ART
FOR EVERYONE

Growing up in Indiana, Tharp worked, and learned, at her parents' drive-in movie theater. "[The actors'] movements were designed for a wide public base, and I've always understood that to be a possibility. **What I do should communicate something to everybody.** I'm the old-fashioned showman."



FEELING
IS KNOWING

To help achieve that inclusiveness, Tharp's movements are often grounded in pedestrian gestures.

“Folks can connect with simple actions: running, walking, skipping, hopping.

They know what that feels like.”

STEPS ALONE
AREN'T STYLE

Despite her ideas about what audiences respond to, **Tharp dismisses any notion of having a distinct style.**

“If I knew what that was, I would avoid it,” she says. Instead, her approach is “about reconfirmation and reanalyzing whether something is truly necessary” in a given dance.

EXPERIENCE
COMPLICATES
THINGS

“My first piece had very little movement; that's all I believed I knew. I've changed, but it's not made it any easier, because **the more tools you have, the more you want to use them.**”

Some Reviews of Some Opening Lines of Some

1 From
Katherine
Carlyle
By Rupert
Thomson

I was made in a small square dish. on a plate, the vestiges of sleep still with a spoonful of Alpo or some other patented vitaminized kibble. **4** From
The Mare
By Mary
Gaitskill

5 From
The Clasp
By Sloane
Crosley

That I always woke up: pressed against and her turned away. She holding in her breasts, wrapped around each At first they watched the rain watched it come inside the tent. **6** From
Fates and
Furies
By Lauren
Groff

curtain's sudden sweeping. **7** From
Letters
to Vera
By Vladimir
Nabokov

THE REVIEWS

1. Katherine Carlyle

The narrator is an IVF baby, and this is a good example of an attack sentence that immediately puts a novel's preoccupations on the table. The key

words are "made," because it's not "born" or "conceived," and "square," because squares are unnatural.

2.
The Big Green Tent
A modest beginning

for an epic Russian novel, but it wins by turning sleep into something with vestiges that cling.

3.
This Old Man:
All in Pieces
We don't learn very

much from this rather lovely sentence, but it's nice to be reminded that a patent-holder makes a buck whenever a dog takes a bite.

4. The Mare

This is Gaitskill doing the voice of an 11-year-old girl and entirely succeeding in rendering the voice both convincingly

childlike and truly gorgeous.

5.
The Clasp
Built on euphonious repetition, this sentence is much sturdier

Recent Books

By CHRISTIAN LORENTZEN

2 From The Big Green Tent By Ludmila Ulitskaya Tamara sat before a runny omelet clinging to her. **3** From This Old Man: All in Pieces By Roger Angell Dogs start the day canned meat on top of a heap of day I woke up from a dream the way my mom's back, my face against her Dante and he holding her, his head other like they're falling down a hole. from inside the tent and then they A thick drizzle from the sky, like a hide it: I'm so unused to being—to it, that in the very first minutes joke, a masquerade trick. **8** From New York: Capital of the 20th Century By Kenneth Goldsmith Chapter idolized it all out of proportion.

than the tent within it.

6. **Fates and Furies**

One thinks, usually, of drizzle being the opposite of thick, and of being lazy and gentle rather than

sudden and sweeping. Still, an admirable deployment of the gerund.

7.

Letters to Vera

Call me sentimental, but I find Nabokov's

first words on paper to his wife absolutely endearing. Then there's the retrospective pleasure of learning that the one who would become the master trickster thought

tricks were always being played on him.

8.

New York: Capital of the 20th Century

Goldsmith is a conceptual poet

who does uncreative writing—massive blocks of found text placed in massive quotes—and his new book is billed as his version of Benjamin's *Arcades Project*, with New York standing in

for Paris in a collage of other people's words. I can't decide whether kicking it off with the opening lines of *Manhattan* is a crowd-pleaser or all too familiar.

Looks Like Mr. Show. Sounds Like Mr. Show. Isn't It Mr. Show?

w/ BOB & DAVID premieres November 13 on Netflix.

BOB ODENKIRK and David Cross's sketch show *Mr. Show With Bob and David*, which ran on HBO from 1995 to 1998, quickly became a cult favorite, inspiring a generation of alternative comedians. Now, 17 years later, Odenkirk and Cross, who both went on to other, bigger TV shows—*Breaking Bad* and *Arrested Development*, respectively—have returned to sketch in the new Netflix series *W/ Bob & David*. Much of the fundamentals are the same as before—Odenkirk, Cross, and a writing staff of *Mr. Show* veterans created a surreal half-hour that mixes live and taped pieces. But, as the stars explain, there are a handful of reasons why the new *Bob & David* is different from the old *Bob and David*. Sort of. JESSE DAVID FOX



1. The TV World Has Changed

ODENKIRK: The last episode [of *W/ Bob & David*] ends with an eight-minute sketch that's kind of quiet. We're not trying too hard to make an episode that has this forward movement. We don't feel like we have to do that because of where we are, which is Netflix. The way you watch TV on Netflix—you don't have this sense of impending commercial break. You don't have this [learned] sense of this pacing that was set by commercial TV, which is still informing shows, even on HBO. We're following the idea wherever it feels like going. Even *Mr. Show*—the commercial breaks were a natural thing in our heads. We don't have to do that anymore.

height restrictions on it.

ODENKIRK: I'm OT-5 now, did you hear? **CROSS:** Oh, that's fantastic. But outside of becoming deeply religious, I certainly know I've watched Bob mellow considerably. He has a family now. **ODENKIRK:** As pot became more and more legal, I became more and more mellow. You can figure that math out.



3. Audiences Are Smarter Now

ODENKIRK: I don't think we need to hand-hold as much. In fact, I'm sure of it. One of the reasons we are happy to have mostly done away with the [between-sketch] "linking" passages that we had in the old show is because people see a lot of comedy and they don't have an issue with understanding the basic premises of a sketch.

wanted to work together, we'd have to be in the same room and that, just right there, was a real stumbling block for me.

David ... I don't want to say *stinks*. His body secretes oils. **CROSS:** I drink a lot of tinctures and oils. You see, my wife is from Southern California. **ODENKIRK:** Now we both don't have to be in the same room to write. It really works for me in the modern world with blogs, tweets, telegrams, and you get to use that good telegraph-speak:

DAVID—HAVE IDEA FOR SKETCH—CALL SOON—VERY FUNNY. **CROSS:** That's how Bob's always talked. If you have dinner with him and go, "Hey, man, how was your day?" he'd say "DAY GOOD—PASS SALT."



5. About That Title

CROSS: For legal purposes, we don't own the right to the name *Mr. Show*. But *Mr. Show* was always the abbreviated version; it was called *Mr. Show With Bob and David*, so we thought it would be clever and still feel different to call it *W/ Bob & David*. We first wanted to call it *Entourage* but ran into trouble with that.



2. They've Changed, Too

ODENKIRK: We've given up, obviously. In a lot of wonderful ways. **CROSS:** I became a priest of the high faith, which had



4. The Writing Process Is Easier These Days

ODENKIRK: Years ago, when we

25 Great Songs About Phone Drama That Aren't Adele's "Hello" or Drake's "Hotline Bling"

"Beechwood 4-5789,"
the Marvelettes (1962)

"634-5789 (Soulsville, U.S.A.),"
Wilson Pickett (1966)

"Party Line,"
the Kinks (1966)

"Telephone Line,"
Electric Light Orchestra (1976)

"Hanging on the Telephone,"
the Nerves (1976)

"Love on the Telephone,"
Foreigner (1979)

"Call Me,"
Blondie (1980)

"867-5309/Jenny,"
Tommy Tutone (1981)

"Mr. Telephone Man,"
New Edition (1984)

"I Just Called to Say I Love You,"
Stevie Wonder (1984)

"Answering Machine,"
the Replacements (1984)

"Lost Your Number,"
Nu Shooz (1986)

"Talk Dirty to Me,"
Poison (1986)

"The Telephone Call,"
Kraftwerk (1987)

"Star 69,"
R.E.M. (1994)

"The Call,"
Backstreet Boys (2000)

"Hung Up,"
Madonna (2005)

"Beep,"
Count & Sinden Feat. Kid Sister (2008)

"Video Phone,"
Beyoncé Feat. Lady Gaga (2009)

"Text Me,"
R. Kelly (2009)

"Telephone,"
Lady Gaga Feat. Beyoncé (2009)

"Call Me Maybe,"
Carly Rae Jepsen (2011)

"Payphone,"
Maroon 5 Feat. Wiz Khalifa (2012)

"Car Phone!"
Julian Smith (2014)

"Text Me in the Morning,"
Neon Trees (2014)



The Masterwork the Whitney Rejected

By JERRY SALTZ

Charles Ray's HUCK AND JIM at the Art Institute of Chicago.

For all its promise, the new Whitney will be marked by an original sin. After boldly commissioning Charles Ray to design a sculpture to be permanently installed outside the museum, the Whitney blinked and declined Ray's proposal. But the work, now exhibited in Chicago, is a masterpiece; it embodies so much of America that had it been placed in front of this museum, at this time, it might have been a second Statue of Liberty. ¶ The figures loom at about one-and-a-half times natural size, and as realistic as they are, they feel abstracted. Yet they're locked in orbit. A man towers over us at about nine feet, not a colossus but something of an augur, peering into a distance over our heads. He extends a hand over the bending figure of the boy who is looking into his own open hand; he's lost, too, absorbed in something. ¶ I can't recall a contemporary artist better electrifying a work of art with its title. The sculpture is called *Huck and Jim*. But this is not Huck's story any longer. It is Jim's. Or whatever version of Jim's story could be truly authored by a white sculptor. Jim is the lodestar of this work. Huck is looking for adventure, but Jim is running for his life. As James Baldwin wrote, "It is the innocence which constitutes the crime." And I haven't even mentioned the sexual tension of the work, which depicts both of them nude.

The CULTURE PAGES

CRITICS

David Edelstein on *The Danish Girl* and *Carol* ...
 Lindsay Zoladz on Grimes's *Art Angels* ... Jesse Green on *A View From the Bridge*.



Eddie Redmayne and
Alicia Vikander.

MOVIES / DAVID EDELSTEIN

Gilded Lili

Tom Hooper's *The Danish Girl* conventionalizes the story of a transgender pioneer.



THE KINDEST THING to be said about the high-toned transgender weeper *The Danish Girl* is that by the time it ends it can serve as a decent liberal corrective to a century of reactionary demon-possession movies. Eddie Redmayne plays Einar Wegener, an acclaimed Copenhagen painter circa 1926 who discovers—after slipping into stockings and a dress to pose for his painter wife, Gerda (Alicia Vikander), when her model is late—that there's someone else inside him and her name is Lili. In the standard horror formulation, Lili's threat to swallow Einar from the inside would need to be thwarted by the Church and/or the power of love, or else the LiliMonster would triumph and return in seven sequels. In *The Danish Girl*, Gerda is certainly devastated by the loss of her husband and,

at her most vulnerable, begs Lili for access to Einar. But it is finally Einar who needs to be exorcised, surgically, on the grounds that God (or Whomever) cocked the whole gender thing up.

Although *The Danish Girl* is based on a novel by David Ebershoff, Lili Elbe (she took her last name from the river) did exist, and her story is so astonishing that I can't believe I'd never heard it until now. It's too bad that my introduction had to come through the lens of director Tom Hooper, an Oscar-certified genius at teasing out the banal from the exceptional. Because both Einar and Gerda are painters, Hooper has opted for a painterly, chiaroscuro style, the backdrops dappled, the faces kissed by white light from on high. What Hooper can't manage is to put us inside his characters' heads—where we should be in a story that makes every surface suspect.

The screenwriter, Lucinda Coxon, approaches Lili's life from a gender-psychology perspective, setting up the idea that, as Gerda tells a squirmy male subject, "it is difficult for a man to submit to a woman's gaze." Once in a dress and wig, Lili slowly begins to enjoy surrendering to the male gaze—to the point where she has no further desire to paint, her principal work being the realization of her true self. Gerda undergoes a change as well. An unsuccessful portrait painter, she begins to find in Lili a tantalizing subject—a sort of Impressionist's *Mona Lisa*.

But here's where Hooper and Coxon conventionalize the story. There's nothing in Vikander's Gerda to suggest why Lili liberates her as an artist, especially when she's weeping so hard over Einar's departure. The novel's Gerda—reconceived by Ebershoff to be less conventionally feminine and called Greta—begs Einar to bring back Lili, not vice versa, and there's a wonderful twist: The petite, finely turned Lili proves more attractive to men than the taller Greta. Hooper, whose sensibilities seem Victorian, keeps Lili's sexual longing for men discreetly offscreen, and a potentially romantic

relationship with a magnetized suitor (Matthias Schoenaerts) comes off as a throwaway. The script is full of signposts, but Hooper shows no interest in testing the idea that Einar and Lili are mutually exclusive—that one must die for the other to live—or having a little fun with the notion that if clothes maketh the man, they induceth the woman. He does best with the more obvious scenes, with the parade of doctors who want to irradiate, drill holes in, or lock up their riven patient.

Vikander has gotten some extraordinary reviews, probably because she has to carry all her scenes with Redmayne to give them a dramatic motor. It's not entirely the actor's fault. The Lili of *The Danish Girl* is passive, quivery-moist, and inward-gazing, as if womanliness for her meant having no agency. There's no sign in this fragile martyr of the Lili Elbe who returned to Denmark after a sojourn in Paris and surgery in Dresden and gave interviews to any journalist who'd listen, and who used her little time left to collaborate on a memoir about her external transformation. A master of spiritual kitsch, Hooper is less drawn to her transformation than to her transfiguration.

IN THE FIRST SCENE of Todd Haynes's romantic lesbian drama *Carol*, there's a moment that seemed so floridly sentimental I couldn't keep myself from laughing out loud. (See Frank Rich's story, page 22.) The scene actually comes late in the story (most of the film is a flashback) and shows the two main characters in a fancy restaurant. The older, wealthy Carol Aird (Cate Blanchett) stares urgently into the eyes of Therese Belivet (Rooney Mara), who gazes back sorrowfully. Interrupted by a male acquaintance of Therese, Carol rises to leave and, as she does, lets her hand linger a moment on Therese's arm. What made me laugh was how Rooney looked down at the hand on her arm in a way that seemed slower than a Kabuki actor, her eyes widening as if her soul were struggling to explode from her head. The longing...the longing...Probably the highest compliment I can pay *Carol* is that an hour and a half later, when we return to that scene and the moment is repeated, I didn't laugh. The entire movie has unfolded in a trance, so that Carol's touch and Therese's reaction seem genuinely momentous.

Carol is based on a novel called *The Price of Salt* by Patricia Highsmith, who—being well closeted—first published it under a pseudonym. The book isn't as flowing or earnest as the film, but it's surprisingly upbeat, written while she was working in the toy section of a department store, where she caught sight of a fur-

coated middle-aged woman who fired her imagination—well before the homophobic world helped to turn Highsmith into a cynical old meanie. Haynes and the playwright Phyllis Nagy have conceived *Carol* in the same ultradeliberate, sumptuous Technicolor style of Haynes's *Far From Heaven*, which was a sort of living museum exhibit to the romantic melodramas of Douglas Sirk. If anything, the emotions of *Carol* are more compressed, distilled into small gestures, furtive looks, the play of light over fabrics, the cooling and heating frequencies of color.

Haynes has calibrated the film so precisely to Blanchett's talents that he couldn't have rendered her better with animation. The key to her performance is its play of heavy and quick, regal and furtive. The heaviness is in her features—in her full lips; spectacularly high, rounded cheekbones; and her languid, feline eyes, all of which make her look as expensive as her furs, cars, and New Jersey mansion. Against this: the tiny, involuntary glances toward Therese—a snap of longing and snap back to composure, sometimes so fast you'd need to slow it down to see it fully, like the move of a Venus fly trap. It's very artificial, but Blanchett is an artificial actress, brilliantly calibrating her effects. Both she and Haynes make me think of soulful animatronics.

Mara goes the opposite way, transforming herself into a gamine and making herself so receptive to Blanchett that the aforesaid snaps hit her like blows. She's so mesmerized that she could be doing a mirror-exercise; her eyes move in sync with Blanchett's gestures. Her Therese is a dazed bystander to the battles between Carol and her seething, abandoned husband (Kyle Chandler), who's ready to bring out the big guns to keep Carol from their child; and she can only stare, open-mouthed in confusion, at Carol's sympathetic ex-lover (Sarah Paulson, likably down-to-earth amid the histrionics). This might be the Love That Dares Not Speak Its Name, but it plays a mean charades.

I know many people who marvel at Haynes's deconstructionist tendencies and many others who think that he deconstructs his stories because he doesn't know how to construct them. Obling those overripe colors while listening to Carter Burwell's ersatz-Philip Glass stylings, I found myself agreeing completely with the naysayers while still giving a slight edge to Haynes's adherents. He is a sensuous pointy-head. Groping through the accumulated bric-a-brac of cinema's signs and signifiers toward the light, he proves in *Carol* that deconstruction can be gloriously romantic. ■

POP / LINDSAY ZOLADZ

Follow-up Punch

Grimes's terrific second album is looking for a fight.



AT THE END OF 2012, the year that her hypnotic breakout album, *Visions*, was released, the Canadian electropop musician Grimes, whose real name is Claire Boucher, gave an interview to the music critic Jessica Hopper. "I was interested in the Japanese archetype of a female protagonist who is very small and very cute and very physically powerful," Boucher said, explaining the aesthetic that inspired her eminently gif-able videos for "Genesis" and "Oblivion." "You don't see that archetype in America." Earlier in the interview, Boucher had been asked to comment on the most controversial item for sale at her merch table, "pussy rings"—self-designed sets of plastic brass knuckles shaped like vaginas. She was dismayed about the supposed controversy and the fact that people still found this sort of imagery taboo, but she also seemed amused by unapologetic femininity's surprisingly aggressive power to offend. "If you punched someone with the ring on," she said mischievously, "it would leave a clitoris-shaped imprint on their face."

Grimes's wonderful new album, *Art Angels*, is nothing short of a pussy-ring punch to the jaw. It is at once her most sugary record and her most menacing—a piece of Bazooka Joe paired not with a comic strip but with a switchblade. Its most brazen embraces of pure pop pleasure and, heaven forbid, "girliness" are somehow its most defiant moments. I can only describe standout stadium bangers "Kill V. Maim" and "Venus Fly" (which features Janelle Monáe) as "bizarro-world feminist Jock Jams" and have already updated their iTunes genre tags accordingly. *Art Angels*'s moments of lush softness, though, feel just as bold because they put Boucher's voice and vision into crisper-than-ever focus. On *Visions*, she had a tendency to hide behind gauzy production and unintelligible lyrics, but with *Art Angels*, it seems she's ready for confrontation and provocation. When I saw her play a party at the Guggenheim in the beginning of November, the small changes she'd made to her old live arrangements were telling of

Through the microcosm of a woman's "doll house" marriage, both Bergman and Ibsen pose crucial questions about the role of gender in modern society.

NOV. 14 - DEC. 12

INGMAR BERGMAN'S

NORA

DIRECTED BY
AUSTIN PENDLETON

Adapted from Henrik Ibsen's
"A DOLL'S HOUSE"

with
Larry Bull
Andrea Cirie
Todd Gearhart
Jean Lichtig
George Morfogen

CHERRY LANE THEATRE
CherryLaneTheatre.org or
Ovationtix: 866-811-4111
38 Commerce St. • NYC

her evolution. Notes that she'd once sung in a lilting, stratospheric falsetto had transformed into piercing and sometimes even guttural screams.

Boucher is a veteran of Montreal's underground scene (her first release was 2010's murky-pretty lo-fi release *Geidi Primes*, named after a planet in *Dune*), but she's just as much a child of the Internet—which is to say a resident of everywhere. Grimes's music has become such perennial think-piece fodder because of how conveniently it embodies nearly all the major changes that the digital age has wrought on the industry: Her avant-pop sound captures the dissolving boundaries between the underground and the mainstream; her genre and cultural omnivorousness speak to her generation's ability to access nearly every piece of music ever recorded anywhere in the world; her storied creation myth of recording *Visions* alone on GarageBand affirms the idea that in 2015, any awkward kid with a laptop can become the next hot producer or pop star. But in the nearly four years since *Visions*, Boucher has come to find that there's a dark side to being a post-Internet concern. Everything you do happens in a fishbowl—including recording the much-anticipated follow-up to an album you made in comfortable anonymity. Fans who clocked her every move via her frequently updated Tumblr seemed to be watching Boucher flit to and fro, from country to city, seeking inspiration that seemed to be evading her no matter where she went. She secluded herself in the woods of Squamish, British Columbia; she signed with Jay Z's management company Roc Nation and moved to L.A. And yet, still, there was no record. As the months and then years ticked by, there seemed to be more and more reason to think *Visions* was a happy accident, a visitation from some sort of muse that might never come her way again.

Art Angels is, without a doubt, a record with something to prove—that's the reason it took so long to make. Though she could have worked with any number of producers and gotten just about anybody to play on it, Boucher produced it all herself and played every instrument on the damn thing (which meant that she spent some of those three and a half years teaching herself how to play the ukulele and violin). Depending on how you look at it, this painstaking independence is either admirable or excessive, but it's hard to deny that one of the great joys of *Art Angels* is hearing Boucher (who self-recorded the scrappy *Geidi Primes*) come into her own as a producer. She blends her disparate influences seamlessly. The gorgeous "Easily" asks us to imagine a world in which Skrillex had produced Donna Lewis's

"I Love You Always Forever" (which is a *jam*, never forget); the ecstatic "Artangels" totally nails the bubblegum-new-jack-swing vibe that Jack Antonoff swung for and missed on Taylor Swift's slightly too studied "I Wish You Would." Working as her own producer has given the naturally shy Boucher a kind of split personality that she says has been liberating for her as a performer, allowing her "Grimes" persona to become something larger than life and superhuman. "It's like I'm Phil Spector," she said in a recent interview. "And then there's Grimes, which is the girl group."

But *Art Angels* takes more contemporary cues than, say, the alien-Shirelles vibe of a *Visions* song like "Oblivion." There's a Max Martin-like sheen to the great first single, "Flesh Without Blood," which sounds like "Since U Been Gone" had it been recorded by the Cocteau Twins. "Kill V. Maim" has a zombie-cheerleader thing going on that's reminiscent of Sleigh Bells, but its sharply ironic lyrics elevate it to an interesting meditation on the rigidity of gender norms ("I'm only a man, I do what I can," Boucher sings in a kawaii helium voice that soon morphs into a low growl.) The most surprising song on the record, though, has got to be the twangy earworm "California," whose lyrics on paper read like the musings of Boucher's former tourmate Lana Del Rey ("California/You only like me when you think I'm looking sad") but actually kind of sounds like—of all things—a pitch-shifted, post-EDM homage to Madonna's "Don't Tell Me." I wish there were a few more songs with hooks this direct, particularly in place of the meandering "Belly of the Beat" and "World Princess Part II," the only two songs that sound like they could have been filler on *Visions*. These are small concerns, though; *Art Angels* is the perfect album for Grimes to

ART ANGELS
GRIMES. 4AD.

Grimes



make at this daunting, impossible-to-please-everybody junction in her career. It's weird enough to satisfy her longtime fans but polished enough to showcase her growing ambition. If this is the record that does make her a pop star, whatever the hell that even means in 2015, the world will be coming to her on her turf, not the other way around.

Immersing yourself in *Art Angels* is like being inside a vibrantly hued video game—a joyride down Rainbow Road. But for every moment that Boucher lets us into her world, there's another when she's receding from view, lost in a private reverie, humming to amuse nobody but herself. And thank God, because this is the strange charm I was scared her music might lose as it sought and found a larger audience. "If you're looking for a dream girl," she sings with a hard-won assertiveness on the final track, "I'll never be your dream girl." Grimes still makes superhero music for introverts, fight songs for people who did not realize they were strong until the perfect song came along and told them so. ■

THEATER / JESSE GREEN

Minimal Miller

Ivo van Hove's severe *A View From the Bridge* allows his actors to find the play's inner toughness.

 CRITICS, IF NOT theatergoers, often bemoan the tide of revivals flooding Broadway each fall. This season, the ratio of old plays to new is about two to one. But why should revivals be considered a curse? *Hamlet* has not cloyed in its 400 years on the boards, nor has *American Buffalo* in 40. And it's not as if the second coming of, say, *Sylvia* were blocking the arrival of some new masterpiece; producers who smell money are usually agnostic as to provenance. The only really relevant questions to ask when a play keeps returning are what made it so important in the first place and what the new production offers. Oh, and one more: Do the answers to those first two questions align?

They don't, quite, in the stirring and muscular Young Vic revival of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*, now at the

WHEN YOU CAN'T BE AT HOME,
STAY AT OURS.



THE PHILLIPS CLUB

When you need a home away from home, The Phillips Club welcomes guests for short-term and extended stays of a night, week, month or more. Guests enjoy stylish residences, full kitchens, entertainment centers, 24-hour concierge, private doorman and preferred access to Equinox Sports Club NY fitness and spa facilities. It's all located in the heart of the city, just steps from Lincoln Center and the best Manhattan has to offer.

NEW YORK
155 WEST 66TH STREET
888 294 7166 • WWW.PHILLIPSCLU.COM



DELEGATES DINING ROOM
AT THE UNITED NATIONS

Private Events, Weddings,
Corporate Receptions
and Catered Affairs
212.963.7029

International
Prix Fixe Lunch Buffet
Open to the Public Weekdays
917.367.3314

historic, iconic, international masterpiece
delegatesdiningroom-un.com



From left, Phoebe Fox, Russell Tovey, Nicola Walker, and Mark Strong in *A View From the Bridge*.

Lyceum. Which is not to say that Ivo van Hove's application of avant-garde froufrou damages, or even obscures, the original. It is still, quite legibly, a story about the nature of justice in a society gradually ceding the primacy of clan to that of law. Eddie Carbone, a Brooklyn longshoreman only dimly acquainted with his unconscious, has an incestuous fixation on his wife's orphan niece, Catherine, whom the couple has raised since early childhood. Now a ripe young woman, Catherine unwittingly sets the scene for tragedy by falling in love with one of the two Italian brothers the Carbones are hiding illegally in their apartment. The romance between Catherine and the debonair Rodolfo inflames Eddie, delaminating his social exterior and propelling him into the kind of perfidy and rage that might have been *de rigueur* in the house of Atreus but that modern society, more just than pure, can no longer tolerate. No wonder the narrator of the play, Alfieri, who tries to prevent the tragedy but like a Greek chorus cannot, is a lawyer.

This is the fourth Broadway production of *A View From the Bridge* since it premiered, as a one-act verse drama, in 1955. That version flopped. (Brooks Atkinson found it underwritten and overambitious, saying that Miller was "straining for all the altitudes he can reach, and he is an uncommonly tall man.") But a revision for London the following year, in which the chastened playwright filled out the story, expanded it to two acts, and recast the poetry as prose, has in the last several decades accrued the reputation of a masterpiece. I certainly find it so. In its relocating of classic drama to working-class Red Hook, it both elevates the conflicts of modern people and brings the themes of

Greek tragedy down to earth. Even de- versed, the language is astonishingly pungent, not only with its Brooklyn patois ("So what kinda work did yiz do?") but also in its metaphoric vigor ("He's a rat! He belongs in the sewer! He bites people when they sleep!"). More so even than in *Death of a Salesman*, the action is tightly focused, so precipitous that it sometimes seems you're on an elevator whose cables have been cut. And for all its philosophical heft, the play renders its climactic moments—including the chair trick that ends Act One—in brilliantly theatrical terms.

Van Hove's production drops the intermission and runs about two hours. All of the usual demarcations of action and space have been stripped away. Jan Versweyveld's set consists mostly of an empty white square in the middle of the stage with a Plexiglas ledge at its perimeter. From the orchestra section of the Lyceum, it looks like a Tiffany's vitrine. (Banks of onstage seating, for \$135, rise to the left and right as well.) The lack of clutter is certainly chic, but without the furniture and props Miller specified, some points are unclear. Would someone new to the play understand, without the whiskey bottles liberated as a Christmas "gift" from a ship in port, that during the fateful confrontation between Eddie, Rodolfo, and Catherine, Eddie is drunk? Without a knife, do we even really know who dies at the end? Clearly, van Hove is less interested in these specifics than in the larger themes they were designed to express. To render that largeness, he borrows grandeur wherever he can—most notably from the Fauré *Requiem*, which accompanies part of the

action. (The ominously buzzy sound design is by Tom Gibbons.) And he makes sure, with a final coup de théâtre, that even if we don't know what became of the principals, we will never forget it.

It may be a clue to van Hove's agenda that, at the same time as he concentrates the intensity of the play, he minimizes its specific contours. The costumes by An D'Huys are deliberately neutral and out of period. (Catherine's skirt, which Eddie says is too short, really is; it would have been all but unwearable in the 1950s.) Nor is this production's Eddie by any means the "husky, slightly overweight" longshoreman Miller described; the men's bodies, which we see for some reason in a shower scene, and elsewhere, are those of gym-honed contemporary actors. It must also be deliberate that the actors use a variety of non-Brooklyn, non-Italian accents that obscure the locale as surely as their bare feet somehow obscure the era. The cutting and combining of several smaller roles (neighbors, co-workers) similarly serve to isolate the characters that remain, turning them into no-context icons. What van Hove is offering, quite brilliantly, is a timeless agon, performed as a ritual by actors whose own humanity is at least as important as that of the characters Miller actually wrote. Or rewrote; Miller's revisions show him pushing *A View From the Bridge* toward individual drama, whereas van Hove's push the other way.

What makes this slight misfit of play and production finally unimportant is that the actors are so devastatingly good. Their habit of fealty to character as defined by dialogue survives the director's effacements. Mark Strong may be styled to look like a neutral Everyman of the past or future, but, in his bearing and cadence and anguish and baf- flement, he is only Red Hook's Eddie Carbone, in full tragic tilt. Phoebe Fox makes Catherine's transition from baby doll to furi- ous womanhood thrillingly transparent, just

A VIEW FROM THE
BRIDGE
BY ARTHUR MILLER.
DIRECTED BY IVO VAN
HOVE. LYCEUM
THEATRE. THROUGH
FEBRUARY 21.

as Nicola Walker, as Eddie's wife, Beatrice, shows how every hopeful choice she and Eddie have made now closes in on her like a trap. (For once, Beatrice and Catherine actu- ally look like aunt and niece.) The Italian brothers, Marco (Michael Zegen) and Rodolfo (Russell Tovey), are both excellent in difficult roles, and Michael Gould makes of Alfieri the perfectly regret- ful guide. Some of the credit for the cast's superb work obviously belongs to van Hove; he knew he needed actors who could stand up to his powerful, showy interventions. It's a fair trade; those interventions probably made this revival viable. Still, one looks on them, and on van Hove's upcoming Broad- way production of *The Crucible* with, as Alfieri says, "a certain alarm." ■

PARTY LINES

Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

GUGGENHEIM INTERNATIONAL GALA, MADE POSSIBLE BY DIOR
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM. NOVEMBER 4 AND 5.

"I gave Anna Wintour a sweatshirt, and she very politely replied that she doesn't wear sweatshirts. She held it up for one second, and then I'm pretty sure it evaporated into the ether."

—Eva Chen



Two Party Guests Ponder a Third ...

"Guys, they're playing 'Wannabe,' and Victoria Beckham is here."



Rowan
Blanchard

"Okay, but do you think that on the inside she feels weird?"



Tavi
Gevinson

"Part of me actually just thinks she loves it."



2015 GLAMOUR WOMEN OF THE YEAR AWARDS
CARNEGIE HALL AND THE RAINBOW ROOM. NOVEMBER 9.

TANGENT

"I would absolutely not have dinner with Donald Trump under any circumstances. Suppose I made him up in a novel. They would kill me. They would say I was anti-man."

—Gloria Steinem

AMFAR'S INSPIRATION GALA LOS ANGELES
MILK STUDIOS, HOLLYWOOD. OCTOBER 29.

"There are worse things than to be compared to Matt Bomer."

—Cheyenne Jackson, on how all the men on American Horror Story: Hotel look alike



LIBRARY LIONS GALA
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. NOVEMBER 2.



PHOTOGRAPHS: GETTY IMAGES (CROSLY, JAMISON, KNAUSGÅRD, RUSHDIE, STEINEM, WOLFE)

For full listings of movies, theater, music, restaurants, and much more, see nymag.com/agenda.



The CULTURE PAGES

To Do



Twenty-five
things to see,
hear, watch,
and read.

NOVEMBER 18–DECEMBER 2

POP

1. Listen to Ellie Goulding's Delirium

Heady stuff.

Interscope/Cherrytree.

British singer Ellie Goulding has one of the most distinctive voices around, as husky as it is ethereal, a cross between Rod Stewart and Tinkerbell. Her new album of sleek, soulful pop is sure to make her a household name Stateside. **LINDSAY ZOLADZ**

MOVIES

2. See Legend

Double trouble.

In theaters.

One of the world's best and least-intelligible film actors, Tom Hardy, gets to yowl and mumble back and forth at himself as the notorious twin English gangsters Ronnie and Reggie Kray in *Legend*. The Yank Brian Helgeland's (*Mystic River*, *Payback*) depiction of the pair in their mod 1960s London prime is fairly rollicking and very bloody. **DAVID EDELSTEIN**

ART

3. See Matthew Weinstein's E Lobro

One fabulous fish.

Jacob Lewis Gallery, through December 12.

Weinstein, the underground love of numerous artists, has unveiled a new video of a sexy tangerine koi swimming through digitized miasmas of opalescent space, ever winding at us like some otherworldly deity. Accompanying paintings give us ravishing starbursts that seem to emanate from the artist's own subterranean consciousness. **JERRY SALTZ**

DANCE

4. See Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater

Meaning behind the movement.

New York City Center, December 2 through January 3.

Since taking over as artistic director in 2011, Robert Battle, an insightful choreographer, hasn't premiered a work of his own; that changes this season with his powerful new *Awakening*, plus the company debut of *No Longer Silent*, driven by Erwin Schulhoff's dynamic score and darkened by the composer's life story (he was murdered under the Nazis). **REBECCA MILZOFF**

THEATER

5. See Eduardo Hernandez in On Your Feet!

Shake your body.

Marquis Theatre.

There's usually something terrifying about child performers, but 9-year-old *America's Got Talent* semifinalist Eduardo Hernandez is so adorable you hardly notice. Among other feats of larceny, he steals "Conga"—the Act One finale of the new Gloria Estefan bio-musical—with his astonishing footwork and goofy excitement. **JESSE GREEN**

BOOKS

6. Read Kevin Barry's Beatlebone

Fantastical and fantastic.

Doubleday.

Barry's first novel, *City of Bohane*, was a dystopia starring homicidal hipsters; his second, a literary fan-fiction fantasia, is even riskier. Two years be-

fore his death, John Lennon faces down writer's block and middle age by journeying to his own private island. Talking seals and giant eggs make appearances; primal-scream sessions spin out of control; the specters of his mother and mortality loom. A gloriously weird addition to the Beatlemania canon. **BORIS KACHKA**

NEW MUSIC/DANCE

7. See Concentric Paths

With the composer at the piano and podium.

New York City Center, November 20 through 22.

No matter how wild, complex, and colorful the music of Thomas Adès gets, it always whirls around a powerful spine of rhythm, which makes it magnetic for choreographers. At the White Light Festival, four will field dozens of dancers in a program that ranges from chamber music to the huge orchestral piece *Polaris*. **JUSTIN DAVIDSON**

TV

8. Watch Shining a Light

Putting the news center stage.

A&E, FYI, History, H2, Lifetime, and LMN, November 20 at 8 p.m.

This multi-network simulcast—a response to the racially inflected violence in Charleston, Ferguson, and Baltimore—is the most ambitious socially themed TV concert in a long time, featuring duets by performers of different ethnicities expressing musically the idea of dialogue about the country's primal wound. The lineup includes Tori Kelly, John Legend, Miguel, Pink, Jill Scott, Ed Sheeran, Sia, Bruce Springsteen, Sting, and Pharrell Williams. **MATT ZOLLER SEITZ**

POP

9. See The Weeknd

Worth it.

Barclays Center, November 18 and 19.

The lasciviously romantic crooner Abel Tesfaye is having a huge year: His infectious "Can't Feel My Face" dominated radio all summer, and "The Hills," his sonically decadent ode to the drunken booty call, is currently enjoying a long reign atop the *Billboard* "Hot 100." His latest album showcases a newfound ambition and vision, and his current live show is likely to do the same. **L.Z.**

ART

10. See Isamu Noguchi

Zen garden.

Brooklyn Botanic Garden, through December 13.

Eighteen stone and metal sculptures from the Noguchi Museum's permanent collection made a rare trip outside this fall; see them in the still-verdant setting they energize before they disappear with the last of the leaves.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

11. Hear Takács Quartet

Giving voice to something new.

Zankel Hall, November 19.

The string quartet is one of those antique genres that keep refusing to become obsolete, which is why you'll find a new piece by Timo Andres sandwiched between the Haydn and Dvorák on this program. That might seem intimidating company for a

30-year-old Brooklynite, but living composers are used to keeping company with the dead. J.D.

MOVIES

12. See James White

With a breakthrough performance.

In theaters.

Girls co-star Christopher Abbott gives a revelatory performance in Josh Mond's elliptical drama about a young man drifting through life. With a handheld camera seemingly fixed on him at all times, the actor has to convey his character's despair through the minutest of gestures. Meanwhile, Cynthia Nixon shines as his terminally ill mother.

BILGE EBIRI



WHAT TO SEE: New Off Broadway Musicals

Jesse Green's guide to the welcome bountiful up and running over the next several weeks.

SHOW	SEE IT AT ...	ABOUT
Invisible Thread	Second Stage Theatre; through December 27	New York angst among 20 something volunteers in Uganda. Diane Paulus (<i>Pippin</i>) directs.
Gigantic	Acorn Theatre; November 11–December 20	Love and self acceptance (and dance numbers!) at a summer camp for overweight teens.
New York Animals	Bedlam Theatre; November 14–December 20	Burt Bacharach is back, with Steven Sater's lyrics, in a tapestry of metropolitan life.
Lazarus	New York Theatre Workshop; November 18–January 17	Michael C. Hall plays David Bowie's role from <i>The Man Who Fell to Earth</i> , with music by Bowie himself.
These Paper Bullets!	Atlantic Theater Company; November 20–January 10	The Mods meet <i>Much Ado</i> via Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong.

POP

13. Listen to Childbirth's Women's Rights

Nu-riot grrrls.

Suicide Squeeze Records and iTunes.

Mixing feminism, punk, and some of the funniest lyrics around, this Seattle supergroup plays infectiously head-bopping songs on their second album, tracks that last three minutes max but are stuck in your head for days.

THEATER

14. See Melissa Errico

The sound of silence.

Joe's Pub, November 18 and 19.

What happens to a singer when she has no voice? That's the setup of Melissa Errico's new cabaret show, based on her 100 silent days after a burst blood vessel in her vocal cords forced her to quit a production of *Passion* in 2013. She recovered, and



"...without question serves some of the freshest fish in town and cooked to perfection..." - NY Magazine

AVRA
ESTIATORIO

Greek Mediterranean Seafood
141 East 48th Street (btwn. Lexington & Third) 212.759.8550
www.avramy.com

ADVERTISEMENT

ACTIVATE YOUR FREE iPad® ACCESS

IT'S INCLUDED WITH YOUR SUBSCRIPTION.



Download now
on the Apple App Store



GET PAST ISSUES

Each issue is optimized for iPad® and provides access to your digital archive.



GET WEB CONTENT

Updated daily from nymag.com, the Cut, Vulture, Daily Intelligencer, Science of Us, and Grub Street.

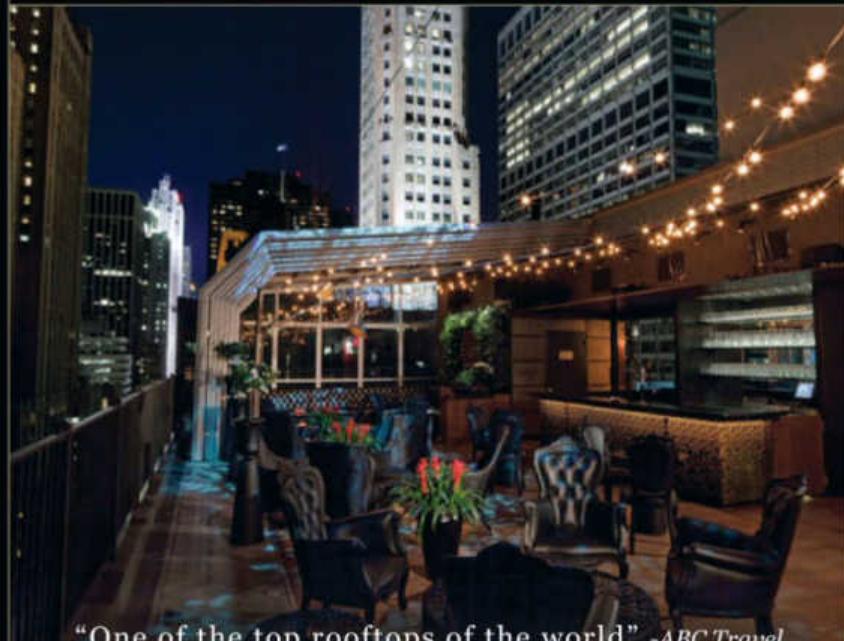


GET EXCLUSIVES

Enjoy customized interactive features, bonus videos, photos, and excerpts.

UPSTAIRS

at The Kimberly Hotel



"One of the top rooftops of the world" -ABC Travel



UPSTAIRS AT THE KIMBERLY HOTEL

145 E 50th Street NY, NY 10022

FOR RESERVATIONS
call 212-888-1220

TO BOOK YOUR SPECIAL EVENT
call 212-702-1685

UPSTAIRSNYC.COM



Toll-Free Helpline For Parents

1-855-DRUGFREE

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

A	M	O	I	S	H	I	P	S	A	D	A	M	H	E	M	I
B	A	R	R	E	H	E	A	T	L	I	D	O	A	V	I	D
B	A	C	O	N	B	U	R	G	E	R	B	R	W	N	R	I
A	M	A	N	D	A	D	O	T	E	T	R	E	A	D	L	E
M	O	R	N	T	A	R	P	T	E	R	I	C				
S	T	R	A	W	B	E	R	R	Y	M	I	L	N	O	S	E
T	H	E	N	A	R	E	A	C	A	N	D	Y	A	P	P	L
A	R	T	D	O	D	S	O	N	O	R	A	Y	U	L	E	
L	A	O	S	O	S	I	A	N	E	X	U	L	T	N	A	P
A	C	R	O	S	E	U	R	O	I	R	U	I	N			
G	E	T	U	P	L	A	M	B	C	U	R	R	C	O	U	N
E	N	D	O	R	A	G	T	E	A	S	E	T	H	O	S	E
G	O	E	R	A	G	R	E	E	S	L	E	R	P	T	A	
G	R	E	E	N	B	E	A	N	S	T	A	E	R	I	O	T
S	A	P	P	Y	B	R	O	C	C	O	L	I	S	P	E	A
L	A	B	S	Y	L	A	E	S	A	U	N	S	E	C		
A	B	D	I	C	A	T	E	S	R	T	A	O	T	O	I	I
B	L	A	C	K	B	A	S	S	K	A	I	S	E	R	O	L
L	O	A	L	P	O	E	T	A	I	L	A	D	E	N		
E	W	E	S	R	E	N	T	T	E	S	T	Y				

Sing the Silence—with a script by *New Yorker* writer Adam Gopnik—is the happy outcome. J.G.

MOVIES

15. See Orson Welles's *The Deep*

Recovered.

MoMA, November 22.

MoMA's film-preservation festival, "To Save and Protect," always offers hard-to-find gems, but this latest iteration includes an amazing find: a work print of one of Welles's unfinished, never-before-seen features, a sea thriller starring Jeanne Moreau, Laurence Harvey, and the director himself. B.E.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

16. Hear The Berliner Philharmoniker

Sound and fury.

Carnegie Hall, November 17 through 21.

Beethoven never goes missing for long in New York's concert life; even Beethoven festivals recur so regularly that they undermine the composer's visceral rattle and cerebral extremes. But when Simon Rattle and the Berlin Philharmonic perform all nine symphonies in five nights, there's a good chance some earth will be shattered. J.D.

TV

17. Watch It's Your 50th Christmas, Charlie Brown!

You're still a good man.

ABC, November 30 at 9 p.m.

"It's not a bad little tree. All it needs is a little love." Charlie Brown's sentiment doubled as a statement of affection for *A Charlie Brown Christmas*, a rather threadbare animated special that became a classic thanks to Charles Schulz's characters, Bill Melendez's direction, and Vince Guaraldi's wistful score. Kristen Bell hosts this celebration of the Schulz spirit, with live performances of music from the soundtrack. M.Z.S.

BOOKS

18. Read The Big Green Tent

Ludmila Ulitskaya, found in translation.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

One of Russia's most-read (and increasingly denounced) novelists writes page-turners that just happen to be monumentally important. Her focus here, as usual, is on the past, but the parallel between the post-Stalinism under which her three intellectual characters suffer and the Putinism of today is hard to miss. Like that other plot-forward dissident Boris Pasternak, Ulitskaya puts characters first and politics second. B.K.

POP

19. See Erykah Badu

One great cover, plenty more originals.

Kings Theatre, December 2.

Already, many artists have covered Drake's ubiquitous "Hotline Bling," but Erykah Badu's version trumps them all. Maybe she'll play it when she comes to Brooklyn, but the velvet-voiced singer's

back catalogue is so stacked she certainly doesn't need Drizzy's help to put on a great show. L.Z.

ART

20. See Mary Simpson's Off Hours

She moves in mysterious ways.

Rachel Uffner Gallery, through December 20.

Mary Simpson's coded poetic art transcends genres while luring us into a beautiful, meditative new world. The many mediums she works in are on mesmerizing display in this show: a video of close-ups of Jasper Johns's private garden; on another screen, a man's hands tuning a piano; and sensuous abstract paintings that undulate between careful processes of cutting and soft brushwork, miasmatic staining and other mysterious procedures. J.S.

THEATER

21. See Once Upon a Mattress

In love with a girl named Fred.

Abrons Arts Center, November 23 through January 3.

The 1959 musical-comedy spoof of "The Princess and the Pea," with a classic score by Mary Rodgers and Marshall Barer, gets a welcome revival from the Transport Group. In a double casting coup, Jackie Hoffman stars as Princess Winnifred the Woebegone and John Epperson (a.k.a. Lypsinka) as daunting Queen Aggravain. J.G.

POP

22. Listen to EL VY's Return to the Moon

Dude duo.

4AD.

The just-released debut from EL VY, the partnership between Matt Berninger (the National) and Brent Knopf (Menomena and Ramona Falls), is total chaos—in ways both bad and good. Though it bops a little inconsistently from moody lounge rock to quirky electronic ditties, Berninger's signature self-deprecation remains a constant high point.

So, Danielle Brooks, what cultural thing are you most into right now?



"I just binged *Getting On*'s first and second seasons. It's so funny, and the writing is great; I feel like the whole cast should have gotten Emmy nominations. The first two episodes—all the old people were dying and it was so sad, but it's so satisfying at the same time. And I love the work that Niecy Nash did; you get to see such a transformation from when she was on *Reno 911!*"

NEW MUSIC

23. Hear Pierre Boulez

At 90.

National Sawdust, November 21.

The modernist guru has had a long-enough career that some of his works now seem to spring from a distant era—which means it's time for the young to rediscover them. The International Contemporary Ensemble rolls out "Le Marteau Sans Maître" (from 1955) alongside mid-century classics by Stockhausen and Nono. J.D.

MOVIES

24. See Doc NYC

Going out with a bang.

Through November 19; see docnyc.net for venues.

Scores of goodies here in the final days, among them *Lucha Mexico*, a headlong dive into the world of masked superheroes and villains (i.e., Mexican wrestling!); and *Once and for All*, about the 1995 Beijing conference where Hillary Clinton gave a historic address on women's rights (she'll be in attendance at the screening, too).

THEATER

25. See Half of First Daughter Suite

Before its term is up.

Public Theater, through November 22.

The four sections of Michael John LaChiusa's musical about the lives of presidents' daughters are, in order, smart, laborious, awful, and sublime. Stay for the sublime Bush installment, with astonishing performances by Rachel Bay Jones, Theresa McCarthy, and, as an implacable, heart-breaking Barbara, Mary Testa. J.G.



Is your young adult still struggling with learning problems? We can help.

Exploring and Expanding Programs for Young Adults (18-21 years) with Learning Differences

 Winston **Transitions**

240 Madison Avenue, 14th floor, New York, NY 10016
www.winstonprep.edu | facebook.com/winstonpreschool | @WPTransitions

Biography of a Face



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

a good feeling about this one”—and instructed him to get on the first plane the next morning.

Hardison had been summoned to New York before. Once, a Hispanic man had a face for him. The hair was dark, the skin a deep tan. Rodriguez, a Cuban-American, was against giving him a face with a different ethnicity, but Hardison didn’t care. At the last minute, the donor’s family withdrew consent. Next he was offered the face of a woman; floating testosterone would produce a beard on her face. But this, Hardison couldn’t take. Now, finally, the results on the latest candidate were in: Rodebaugh was a match.

Two days after he was declared brain-dead, at 7:30 a.m. on August 14, the surgery began. Rodriguez started on Rodebaugh, carefully dissecting the half-inch-thick scalp away from the skull. He worked from the back toward the ears, then the nose, which he sawed off. The trick was to cut away the tissue while preserving nerves, muscles, and the carotid arteries and the internal jugular veins—the “big pipes.” The most delicate task was the eyelids. Rodriguez had endlessly practiced this part of the operation in his mind. He worked from inside, cutting the white stringy muscles from the bony sockets. It took twelve hours to completely remove Rodebaugh’s face.

In a second operating room, another surgical team had been removing Hardison’s face, depositing it in bags marked MEDICAL WASTE. “Now there is no semblance of normal,” said Rodriguez. “We’re looking at raw features.” The only hint of a human was the blue of Hardison’s irises. *This thing has to work*, Rodriguez told himself.

Rodriguez laid Rodebaugh’s face over Hardison’s head. He “snap fit” the tips of the cheekbones and chin, and the nose with screws and metal plates, securing the face in position. He attached two whitish cables of sensory nerves to Hardison’s lips, which perform the face’s most complicated movements. Other nerves would regenerate, creating pathways to the new face. Eventually, hopefully, Hardison would have sensation. Scar tissue would bind pinkish strands of muscles to the remnant muscles of Rodebaugh’s face and eventually power his smile, his cheeks, the wrinkling of his forehead.

All was going according to plan until Rodriguez attempted to sew Rodebaugh’s internal jugular vein to Hardison’s. There was a size mismatch: Hardison’s jugular was bigger. A suture failed and Hardison lost a couple pints of blood in a couple minutes. Rodriguez clamped the external carotid, stopping blood flow to the entire face, and changed his approach. Instead of joining the jugulars end to end, he cut a hole in the side of one, allowing him to control the size of the opening, and sewed the other to it. After 30 minutes, he unclamped the carotid and let blood flow through the face. The pale cheeks turned pink. He pricked Hardison’s lips with a pin. They bled, a relief.

It was Hardison’s face now, though it seemed to have a will of its own. The face started to swell. It was expected, but still striking. In a few minutes, the face was 50 percent larger than it had been. “It looked like a boxer’s face at the end of 15 rounds,” said Rodriguez.

Twenty-six hours after it started, the operation was over. Technically, the surgery was a triumph. Still, Rodriguez didn’t yet know if the transplant would take. “I’m 100 percent convinced it will work. It *has* to work. But you never know if it’s going to work.” Three days later, the swelling had diminished a bit. “I can see some movement of his eyelids,” Rodriguez recalled. It was the sign he was waiting for.

HARDISON

WHEN I VISITED Hardison in the hospital two months after the operation, what was most startling about his appearance was his youth. His burned face had been scarred and hairless, his nose a stub; he looked 70. With his new face, he appeared to be in his mid-20s, Rodebaugh’s age, and, coincidentally, Hardison’s age at the time of his injury. The face was still swollen and round, and without expression since he couldn’t yet move his mouth or cheeks. It was impossible to read his mood. To me, he looked vaguely unhappy. He drummed his fingers and tapped his ear, which wasn’t quite working yet. His tongue still wasn’t moving much—the dissection of blood vessels in his neck had impaired its function—and his voice was garbled, seeming to come from deep inside him, as if he were performing an act of ventriloquism. Hardison was impatient. Would he be able to talk again? Rodriguez assured him his progress was ahead of schedule. “Smile,” he said, and Hardison mustered the hint of a smile. Rodriguez hoped for more. “Smile,” he repeated. “I did,” said Hardison.

Hardison will be on immunosuppressant drugs for the rest of his life. Even with that precaution, Rodriguez said, “there will be a

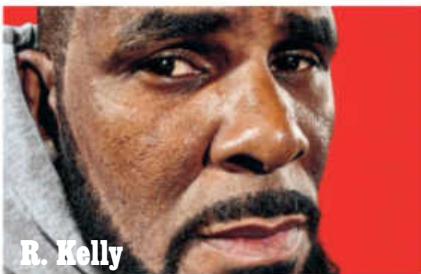
rejection—not if but when.” Rodriguez estimates that between three and five of the now 30 patients who have received facial transplants have died after rejection. When it happens to Hardison, doctors will treat it with massive amounts of immunosuppressants and steroids and hope for the best. In the meantime, Hardison still has considerable pain through his cheeks and forehead and always will. Doctors carefully titrate his Oxycodone, concerned about his past addiction. “I can live with the pain,” Hardison assured me.

The next step in Hardison’s recovery was to reintroduce himself to his five kids, his mother, sister, brother, and Chrissi. It was the kids he worried about most. Nine weeks after the operation, on October 8, they walked tentatively into his hospital room. Hardison bounded toward them with a surprisingly quick step. His face was slowly healing, but the rest of him was fit, almost athletic. Hardison hugged each one fiercely, grabbed tissues to wipe the tears that seeped out from under his new eyelids.

The youngest especially, the 10- and 11-year-old boys, put on brave faces. “No matter how big of a medical miracle it may be, that doesn’t make it comfortable for his kids,” said Chrissi. “It’s still having to adjust to someone else’s face on his body.” After all, a face is more than a face. It’s an identity, a signal to the world of who a person is. By four months of age, infants’ brains recognize faces at nearly an adult level—especially the faces that belong to their parents. The younger boys touched his hair, now a half-inch long. One of the boys joked that he’d buy his dad earrings for his pierced ears. “Hell, no,” said Hardison. It was reassuring to hear his response, so typical of their dad. Still, they wanted to recognize him, to *know* him. “When I see his face, I want to memorize it, so the next time I see him, I know it’s my dad,” said one son.

Hardison had long ago abstracted his sense of who he was from how he looked. The burn face had been a mask too. For him, this mask was better. One day, he walked to Macy’s a few blocks from the hospital, and no one stared and no one pointed, he told Rodriguez in tears.

Rodebaugh’s mother said she wanted to see her son’s face on its new body, as if perhaps she might get one more glimpse of her son. But her son’s face was long gone. I showed Saskia a photo of Hardison, and she couldn’t recognize the face of the man who had loved her. The face had taken the shape of Hardison’s bone structure. Hardison wasn’t interested in talking about Rodebaugh. Not yet. As far as he was concerned, the face belonged to him, as if he’d been born with it. It had his hair color and skin tone. “It’s mine,” he said. ■



R. Kelly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

nated a 16-year-old. But none of them did so under the watchful eyes of the internet and social media. Led Zeppelin's Jimmy Page never had to discuss having a 14-year-old girlfriend during his band's bacchanalian heyday. Kelly, the scope of whose alleged behavior is far beyond that of the aforementioned musicians, had an #askRKelly Twitter Q&A in 2013 that quickly turned disastrous. (Sample question: "On a scale of 1 to 10, how old is your girlfriend?") His reckoning keeps on rolling but at seemingly no tangible harm to his career.

As best I can tell, many of R. Kelly's fans don't care about his alleged past, insofar as they're even aware of it. And even if they do have some ambivalence, they can stream "Ignition (Remix)" on, say, Spotify, and enjoy Kelly's music without worrying about putting much money in his pocket. So what, then, is someone like DeRogatis looking for? How should we hear R. Kelly? "People need to be aware of, given the subject matter of his art, what he is really about," DeRogatis says. "You can despise the individual and appreciate the art, fine, but you need to be aware that you're making a conscious decision to overlook some very, very bad behavior. You're either ignorant of what he's been charged of, or you've thought it through and said, 'That all matters less to me than his cool grooves.' What I want is for people to at least think about it."

Kelly isn't overly concerned with what people think. "You never know who they gonna get next," he says nonchalantly when I ask if he feels hounded by the press. "I haven't heard anything negative about me in I don't know how damn long." His assistant, who's fallen asleep on the couch, jerks awake and asks permission to go for a smoke, clutching the duffel bag as he gets up. Kelly makes him relight his cigar first and says, "I choose my circle and keep all the squares out." I ask if he thinks the media misrepresents him, and he gives a typically oblique answer. "If I take a Tylenol right now in your face, and you don't know what it is, you might start wondering, am I popping pills? Next I'll be hearing, 'I saw him popping pills, he on that shit, girl!'" Throughout our conversation, the multiple

phones Kelly keeps in the pocket of his hoodie vibrate every few minutes. "Who the fuck," he mutters incredulously during one FaceTime call with a woman, "goes to bed wearing makeup?" When his assistant returns, trailed by a bodyguard carrying platters of shrimp, Kelly immediately digs in. It's good, but not as good as his favorite. "The McRib," he says dreamily. "I have people tell me when McDonald's is offering its limited-time-only menu so I can get one." Moved by his reminiscence, he starts humming "Mac Tonight," a jingle set to the tune of "Mack the Knife" from a late-'80s McDonald's commercial. "Shit," he says, "I should remix that." Before he can, he pivots to address a frequent criticism. "People say my lyrics are offensive," he says. "If that's offensive, then movies about babies getting snatched up and people getting shot in the head should be called offensive. It's all entertainment." He turns to the engineer and says, "Play 'Sex Time.'"

Kelly swears that he's not intentionally tweaking listeners by releasing music that evokes his alleged real-life deviance. He's just giving people what they want. Or, as he puts it, "When someone orders a sausage-and-cheese pizza, you don't give them pepperoni. When their mouths are fixed for some R. Kelly, they want the freaky stuff."

F. Scott Fitzgerald famously said that the test of a first-rate intelligence is the ability to hold two opposed ideas in mind at once. That, for example, a horrible person might make a wonderful song. That John Lennon, who expressed regret for being "a hitter" in his early relationships, can also be responsible for a song as beautiful as "If I Fell," or that whatever Michael Jackson did or did not do with underage boys doesn't turn "Human Nature" into a lie. Songs are better than people. And R. Kelly, in a weird way, through his sex obsession, makes that truth most obvious. The fact that his career hasn't cratered, despite all the damning allegations, makes it clear that when people are listening to music, they're not thinking about how powerful men often take terrible advantage of less powerful women. Or about how those men are surrounded by enablers for as long as they remain bankable. Or how the media is not responsive enough when troubling things happen to young black women. Or how legal settlements and NDAs are effective tools for suppressing damaging information. Or that part of the fun for some listeners is in how far a singer might be willing to go, lawyers and good taste be damned. Or how looking for rectitude from coddled celebrities is like looking for rainbows under rocks. Or how at the other end of our quotidian consumer pleasures is often another human

being's pain. So the answer to the question "How do you listen to songs by a singer who may be a bad person?" is devastatingly simple and sad. You just do.

THE NEXT TIME I speak to R. Kelly is a week or so after the *Buffet* listening session. I call a recording studio in California at seven in the morning West Coast time. A publicist puts him on the phone.

Do you have a sexual attraction to underage girls? I ask.

"That's a rumor that comes from the Earth, like all rumors," he says, sounding almost bored.

So it's not true?

"No. It's not true. I love women, period. If I wasn't a celebrity, people wouldn't be saying these things about me."

How do you explain people close to you saying that you have a problem?

"I don't know those people you're talking about."

I clarify: his brother, his ex-publicist, his former friend and longtime personal assistant.

"All those people have been fired by me. If you're going to ask me these questions, you have to make sense out of it. It wasn't until after they got fired that they said these things. Go figure. I got one life, and I don't want to spend it talking about negativity. I've moved on. Maybe you haven't."

It's not crazy to think that where there's smoke there's fire.

"Let's correct that," he says. "Smoke can be anything. I've seen smoke and then I looked and there was no fire."

And what about all the settlements? All the rumors?

"I understand the game," Kelly says. "Get as much dirt as you can on somebody, get it all together, and make it real juicy so we can sell some papers. I understand the job you guys have to do."

How do you explain the tape that Jim DeRogatis got?

"I don't have no recollection of none of that. My lawyers handled that, what, eight, nine years ago?"

Do you have a sexual compulsion or problem that you need help with?

"I only have a problem with haters. Other than that, I'm doing well. I feel better than ever with my album *The Buffet*."

In your career, you've often sung about forgiveness. What do you need to be forgiven for?

"I go to church. I ask for forgiveness. Don't make a big deal out of R. Kelly saying it in a song. I believe in God. I fear God. I don't want to go to hell."

Do you think you might?

"Young fella," he says, "absolutely." ■

Holiday Hotspots

It's the most wonderful time of the year to host a fabulously memorable party. No matter what you're celebrating this season, these hotspots will elevate your soiree to new heights.



Bowl Everyone Over

BOWL MOR

Times Square / Chelsea Piers / Long Island / White Plains | 212-680-0012 | bowlmor.com

WHETHER IT'S AN office holiday party, a birthday celebration, team building, or a fundraiser, **Bowlmor Lanes** will roll out the most striking event of the season. Treat your guests to an innovative, nightclub-inspired take on bowling, and enjoy the world-class service provided by experienced event professionals both before and during your party. Stunningly designed spaces, state-of-the-art sound systems, gourmet catering, and signature cocktails combine to make your gathering truly memorable. With four convenient

locations in the New York area—Times Square, Chelsea Piers, Long Island, and White Plains—Bowlmor will help guests lose themselves in the moment and surrender to fun.

Plan the ultimate electro-chic event at Bowlmor Times Square, which can comfortably handle up to 1,300 guests in its 90,000-square-foot space including a new interactive arcade with the latest games as well as The Luna Lounge, a private event space with a stage, DJ booth, dance floor, and bar. At the 50,000-square-foot Chelsea Piers location,

enjoy New York City's only laser tag arena, try your hand at the ropes course, and reserve an exclusive eight-lane private bowling suite with dedicated bar. Bowlmor Long Island can accommodate up to 580 in its 40,000 square feet of space with a massive arcade and two private bowling suites. The new Bowlmor White Plains provides 60,000 square feet of space on three levels including 56 lanes, 50 interactive arcade games, a DJ booth, and fireplaces. Delight your guests in a captivating atmosphere this holiday season.

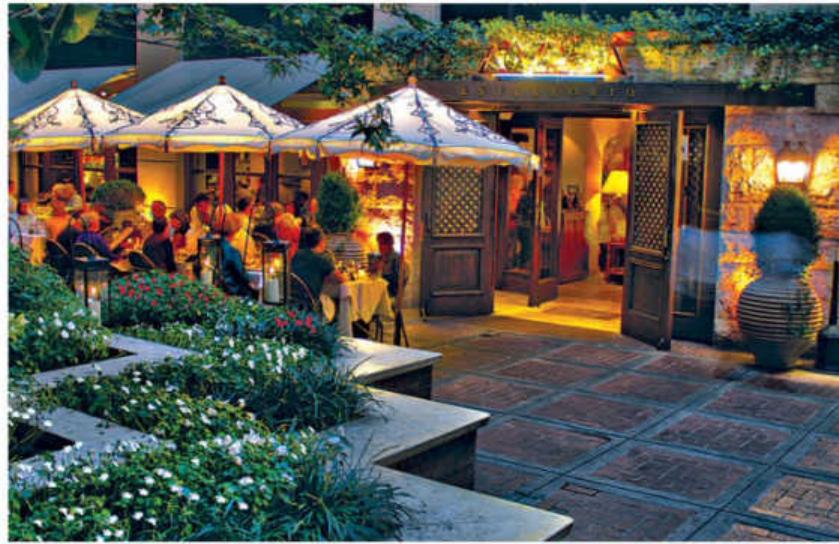
This section's online directory can be found at nymag.com/holidayhotspots

Party Like a Diplomat

DELEGATES DINING ROOM AT THE UNITED NATIONS

405 E. 42nd St. | 212-963-7029
delegatesdiningroom-un.com

WALK IN THE footsteps of world leaders and take in spectacular panoramic views from the **Delegates Dining Room at the U.N.** Truly one of the city's best kept secrets, the venue is matchless in its iconic style and stature for an event of historic proportions. Located on the fourth floor of United Nations Headquarters, the Delegates Dining Room boasts one of the largest outdoor terraces in New York City. In addition to the main event space, smaller rooms for more intimate gatherings feature the same stunning river and East Side views. Host a standout celebration this season with an expert staff accustomed to catering to royalty and top government officials.



Discover Greek Chic

AVRA ESTIATORIO

141 E. 48th St. (btwn. Third and Lexington Aves.)
 212-759-8550 | avrany.com

REVEL IN AN incredible seafood restaurant that feels plucked right from the Greek isles. On a quiet side street in Midtown, **Avra Estiatorio** has the feel of a chic Mediterranean villa, with its limestone accents and exposed wood beams. Inside the airy interiors, the open kitchen and magnificent display of newly hauled fish capture the authentic Greek experience.

The restaurant sources its regional

specialties, such as barbounia, lithrini, and fagri, from exclusive importers who deliver fresh from the sea. For true Greek-style dining, begin your meal by pairing a glass of wine from the extensive list of international and Greek selections with grilled octopus, saganaki, or giant king prawns. On weekends, get into a blissful state of mind with brunch from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. and live jazz on Sundays from noon until 4 p.m.

Enjoy a View from the Top

UPSTAIRS AT THE KIMBERLY

145 E. 50th St.
 (btwn. Third and Lexington Aves.)
 212-888-1220
upstairsnyc.com

YOU DON'T HAVE TO wait for warm weather to enjoy breathtaking rooftop views. The retractable glass roof makes **Upstairs at The Kimberly** a cozy spot no matter what the season with panoramic views of Midtown, the East River, and the Chrysler Building. The heated floor, fireplace, and heat lamps will keep your guests warm as you enjoy savory dishes and specialty cocktails under the stars. Living walls of ivy on bronze panels, vintage theatrical



lights, and strings of Edison bulbs floating overhead are a fresh spin on old Hollywood glamour.

Enjoy signature dishes such as Truffled Mac-n-Cheese, Spiced Duck Cigars, Baby Lamb Lollipops with Ratatouille, and Mini Kobe Sliders. In addition to delectable bites, your guests will be smitten with the bar's

sumptuous cocktails, such as The Chrysler, an unbelievably seductive libation made with the finest honey, fresh lemon and lime, and topped with champagne.

Upstairs at the Kimberly is the perfect setting for any holiday event, and tickets are also on sale for the spectacular New Year's Eve celebration.

NEW YORK



PROMOTIONS. EVENTS.
FOOD. SHOPPING.
ENTERTAINMENT. ART.

EVENT

It's Not the Platform. It's the Art Form: New York Television Festival, New York & Vulture

This past October, the 11th annual New York Television Festival celebrated television creativity with *New York* magazine and *Vulture* as official media sponsors for the third year in a row. More than 15,000 attendees—from TV fanatics and creative artists to network heads and agency executives—descended upon the week-long event for a multitude of high-profile programs: red-carpet world premieres, panel discussions, independent pilot competitions, industry meet-and-greets, and much more.

▶ nytvf.com



❶ Catherine O'Hara attends the sneak peek of the second season of Pop's *Schitt's Creek*

❷ The cast of TruTV's upcoming original series *Those Who Can't*

❸ Screening and talkback for WGN America series *Manhattan*. (Left to right) Festival Founder Terence Gray, *Manhattan* stars Mamie Gummer, Ashley Zukerman, Rachel Brosnahan, John Benjamin Hickey, Katja Herbers, and series Creator/Writer/Executive Producer Sam Shaw on the carpet at the SVA Theatre

❹ *Vulture*'s Margaret Lyons moderates NYTVF's Creative Keynote with female show runners and executive producers of Starz's *Power*, FX's *Louie*, CBS's *Madam Secretary*, and HBO's *VEEP*

❺ CNN's Brian Stelter, Morgan Spurlock, Lisa Ling, Bill Weir, and Kamau Bell discuss the opportunities and challenges in making high-quality docuseries for the network

❻ Evan Shapiro, EVP of NBCU Digital Enterprises, discussing comedy subscription VOD channel Seeso



Follow [@NYFYI](#) on Twitter for exclusive reports from NYC and beyond—curated by the Creative Services team at *New York* magazine and our brand partners.

triple-threat.

1



2



3



969 Third Avenue @ 58th Street | 4th Floor | NYC | 212.753.2039

314 North Crescent Heights Blvd. @ Beverly Blvd. | LA | 323.655.0115

300 Kansas Street | Suite 105 | 16th Street Entrance | SF | 415.872.9350

resourcefurniture.com

RESOURCE FURNITURE



SPACE. REINVENTED.[®]

New York | Los Angeles | San Francisco | Toronto | Vancouver | Calgary | Montreal | Mexico City

Live the dream.

NO FEE MANHATTAN APARTMENT RENTALS
in New York's best neighborhoods.



Upper East Side

Upper West Side

Clinton

Murray Hill



Gramercy Park

Union Square

East Village

For over 30 years, Bettina Equities has been helping New Yorkers live well in the world's greatest city. With over 40 properties and more than 2,000 units throughout Manhattan, we help people find apartments they love, in the neighborhoods they prefer.

BETTINA
EQUITIES

227 East 85th Street, New York, NY 10028
212-744-3330 • BettinaEquities.com



EXCLUSIVE ISLAND. EXQUISITE RETREAT.

Lavish 6,000sq/ft hideaway on the coveted Manitou Island just 1hr west of NYC. Accessible via private bridge, this enchanting lakefront Tudor hosts 6 bedrooms, 6.5 baths, cathedral ceilings, artisan fireplaces and striking wood details throughout.

www.20IslandTrail.com

Price \$4,500,000

ADVERTISEMENT

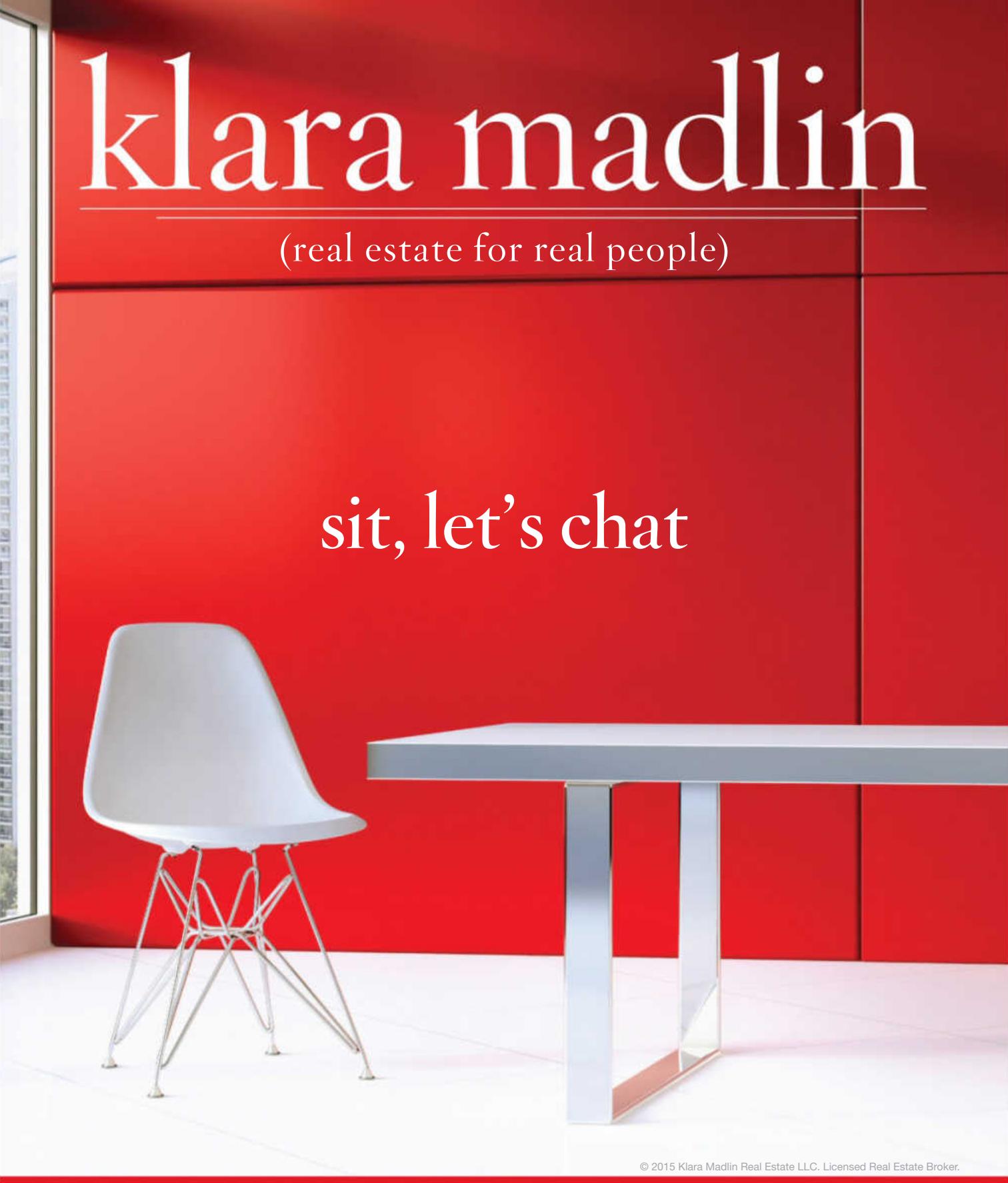
**REAL
ESTATE**

For space reservations, contact
Kathleen Gladstone at 212.508.0806
or email kathleen.gladstone@nymag.com

klara madlin

(real estate for real people)

sit, let's chat



© 2015 Klara Madlin Real Estate LLC. Licensed Real Estate Broker.

Thinking of selling, buying, or renting? Talk to us.
212.580.3180 or klaramadlin.com



Complimentary Consultation | transformhome.com | 800.450.1455

Made in NY | Serving the Tri-State Area | Hardware by: **HAFELE**

Closets | Home Offices | Wall Units | Wall Beds | Laundry Rooms

transFORM®
the art of custom storage

Garages | Sliding Doors 164

Interior Sliding Door Solutions



Room Dividers



Barn Doors



Closet Doors

Brooklyn Showroom

309 Atlantic Avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11201
(718) 222-3800

Manhattan Showroom

230 5th Avenue
New York, NY 10001
(212) 213-9350

nyslidingdoor.com

 **THE
SLIDING DOOR
COMPANY.**

The signature choice for today's interiors.

JENSEN-LEWIS



***Upgrade Your Home for the Holidays.
Best Prices of the Year!***

JENSEN-LEWIS.COM *Expert design services available.*

89 Seventh Ave (at 15th St) NYC 10011 • Mon - Sat 10:30-7, Sun 12:00-5:30 • 212-929-4880
969 Third Ave (at 58th St) NYC 10022 • Mon - Sat 10:30-7, Sun 12:00-5:30 • 212-434-0990

BDI

We are the largest distributor
of BDI in the East and
offer Quick Delivery.

COSTIKYAN

“SINCE 1886”

CARE & CLEANING OF FINE RUGS & CARPETS

1.800.247.RUGS
F: 718.726.1887

28-13 14th Street,
LIC, NY 11102

www.COSTIKYAN.com



GROHE

grande
central
Showrooms
of NY
Fine Decorative Plumbing Fixtures & Hardware

TO THE TRADE & HOMEOWNER | 914-968-9200 | 550 Saw Mill River Road | Yonkers, NY 10701
COME BROWSE OUR SHOWROOMS | 845-573-0080 | 575 Chestnut Ridge Road | Spring Valley, NY 10977
212-876-0100 | 1254 Park Avenue | New York, NY 10029

212-777-7984 | 19 Bond Street | New York, NY 10012
212-588-1997 | 141 E. 56th Street | New York, NY 10022
www.CentralPlumbingSpec.com

Reupholstery

on any type of furniture



• Custom Window Treatments
• Roman, Balloon and Blackout Shades
• Fabric/Plastic Slipcovers
• Refinishing, Reclining, Recaning
• Cleaning of Drapes and Carpets
Call for free shop-at-home
SPEEDY DECORATORS
(212) 431-1122 • (888) 290-1080
www.SPEEDYDECORATORS.com

ADVERTISEMENT

FOR YOUR HOME

For space reservations,
contact Cheryl Vawdrey at 212. 508.0721
or email cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com

ADVERTISEMENT

DESIGN DIRECTORY

For space reservations,
contact
Cheryl Vawdrey at 212. 508.0721
or email
cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com

LILLIAN AUGUST FURNISHINGS + DESIGN

SAMPLE SALE

IN OUR FLATIRON SHOWROOM

Truck loads of inventory! Every Sale day offers
new finds! Immediate Delivery Available!

RUGS
FURNITURE
ACCESSORIES

UP TO
70%
OFF

lillianaugust.com

12 W 20TH STREET, NEW YORK, NY 212.206.1883

MARKETPLACE SHOPPING GUIDE

ADVERTISEMENT

SHOPPING GUIDE

For space reservations,
contact Jesse Zannino at 212.508.0722
or email jesse.zannino@nymag.com

‘TIS THE SEASON
FOR SAVINGS!
BUY ONE, GET ONE 50% OFF

ON ALL MISS JESSIE'S PRODUCTS*
*EXCLUDING 2 OZ AND PACKETS, WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

NOV. 15TH, 2015 - DEC. 12TH, 2015

AVAILABLE AT



ADVERTISEMENT

NEW YORK Holiday Gifts!



Alto Steps ▶

A revolution in home decor! Alto Steps are hand made, modular rugs for stairs. All natural & sustainable lots of colors and designs. Visit our website to explore the possibilities including custom options.

lizaphillipsdesign.com



SWISS LUXURY ▶

- ROLEX
- CARTIER
- HUBLOT
- BREITLING
- NARDIN
- OMEGA
- BAUME
- PANERAI
- JAEGER
- CHOPARD

Swiss Watches **TAX FREE!**

www.swissluxury.com

305.428.2285



◀ The Hottest Gift For The Photo Fanatic On Your List!

Bevy makes it easy to access, share and store thousands of your family's photos securely. What better gift this holiday than a never-ending camera roll, or instant access to baby photos for grandma?

www.bevy.us • 844.588.2389



Make your memories move with personalized flipbooks! ▶

Capture your videos in a unique keepsake perfect for holiday cards and stocking stuffers, and show off those first steps or that first kiss!

www.flipclips.com

Get 25% off your order before Dec 5: Coupon Code: DEC2015

Waverly Custom Shades ▶

Bring the name brand trusted by millions into your home with inspired patterns and unique and stunning solid colors from Waverly's most popular home designer fabrics. Waverly Shades are custom made to your exact specifications.

www.StevesBlinds.com

800.653.5319



A Pill... For Younger Looking Skin ▶

LaBeauté Tablets visibly reduces fine lines and wrinkles - counteracting and possibly slowing down the "normal" aging process. 3-month regimen special trial offer for \$79.90.

www.scandinavianformulas.com

800.688.2276

MARKETPLACE BEAUTY SERVICES

For youthful and radiant skin, use...



Dremu Oil Serum

Ultimate Anti-aging Wonder Serum

100% pure triple refined Emu Oil Serum. Better than BOTOX!

An intensely hydrating delivery system that stimulates collagen production, diminishes and softens crows feet and wrinkles, without clogging pores. Nourishes and evens out skin tone, reduces discolorations, leaving your skin silky smooth, youthful and radiant. Heals sun damage, reduces scar tissue, improves Rosacea, Eczema and Psoriasis.

Use promo code: **NY45** for 20% OFF!
www.dremu.com or 800-542-0026

OPEN 7 DAYS

MARKETPLACE EXTRA! EXTRA!

PSYCHICS

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty
CCs. www.psychicread.com 215-482-6517

To Advertise in the EXTRA! EXTRA! Section

contact
Lauren Blatter at 212-508-0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

MARKETPLACE FOR YOUR HOME

APPLIANCES

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer.
718-338-3500 / 774-0198 Expert advice.

To Advertise in FOR YOUR HOME

contact Cheryl Vawdrey at
212-508-0721
or email cheryl.vawdrey@nymag.com

DENTAL SPECIALIST

LaminateDoc.com

Have a specialist
fix your smile!



HEALTH & BEAUTY

Stacey—Body Rejuvenation.
303 E. 71st St. 212-517-7330

Spa For Men Shave, Massage, Waxing.
516-935-1259 2 Jerusalem Ave Iralda

Spa 31 Body treatment. Wax/Shave
35 W. 31 St. 212-239-3800 Pat 10am-12am

To Advertise in the
HEALTH & FITNESS Section
contact Lauren Blatter at
212-508-0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

MARKETPLACE STRICTLY PERSONALS

Single And Successful? Let's Talk Man To Man About The Ultimate Woman

If you're a super successful, single guy without a breathtaking woman in your life then we need to talk, man to man. We're Model Quality Introductions, the nation's only male-owned introduction agency. We get what guys want. In fact, the only thing more impressive than our female clients is our results.

We invite you to go online right now and view MQI's stunning ladies. Then call or email us to arrange a private consultation. We'll discuss what you're looking for in the perfect partner, and then we'll introduce you to HER!



VIEW OUR SINGLES AT:
www.MODELQUALITYINTRODUCTIONS.COM

**MODEL QUALITY
INTRODUCTIONS™**
MALE OWNED. NOBODY GETS WOMEN LIKE WE DO.
(917) 734-4764

NEW YORK | ATLANTA | TAMPA | ORLANDO | BOCA RATON | CHICAGO | HOUSTON
DALLAS | PHOENIX | SAN FRANCISCO | LA JOLLA | IRVINE | BEVERLY HILLS

ADVERTISEMENT

STRICTLY PERSONALS

For space reservations, contact Jesse Zannino at 212.508.0722
or email jesse.zannino@nymag.com

MARKETPLACE HEALTH & FITNESS

HEALTH & BEAUTY

HEALTH & BEAUTY

Wellness 54
Open 24 Hours
(After hrs call 917.809.0722)
BODY TREATMENT
FACIALS
WAX
SHAVING

212-580-0518
Luxury & Private
Sauna * Steam * Table Showers
www.wellness54.com
240 W. 54 St., 3rd Fl. (Blk. B'way & 8th Ave)

HEALTH SPA

East Spa 10am - 1am, Bodywork,
Couples Room **212-832-3333**
216 E49th St. L&HL, Inc.

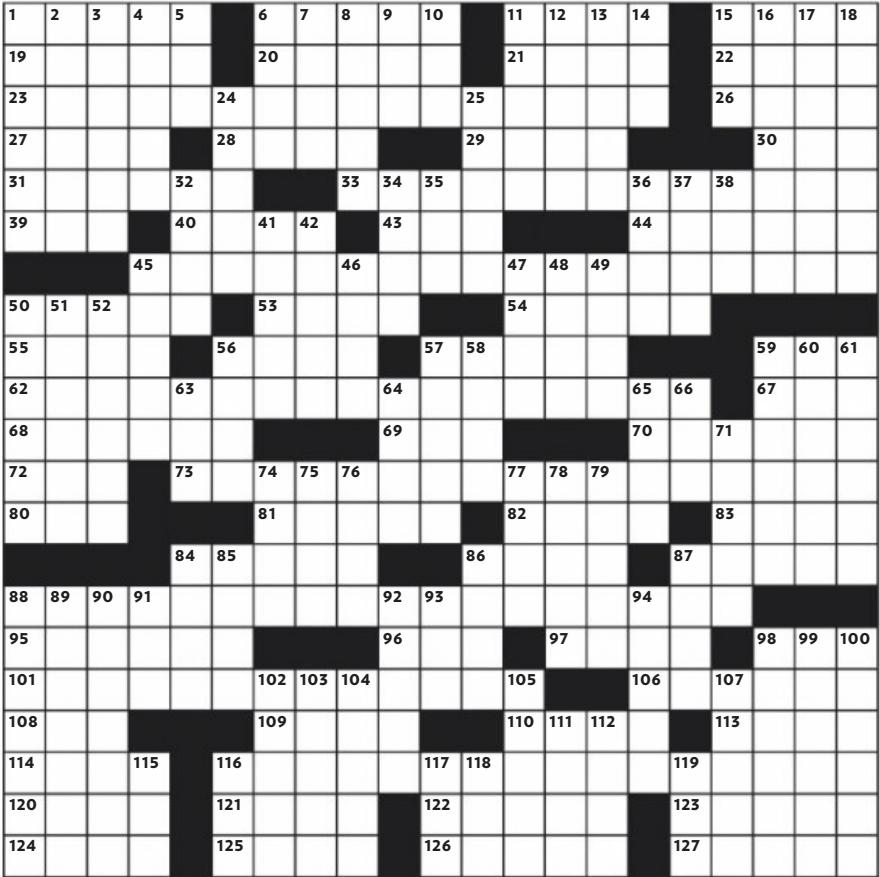
To Advertise in the
HEALTH & FITNESS Section
contact
Lauren Blatter at 212-508-0571
or email lauren.blatter@nymag.com

LICENSED MASSAGE THERAPY

Massage, Colonic Therapy, HiEnema
176 W. 94 12th Fl. 212.222.4868 235 E.51st St.
3rd Fl. **212.751.2319**. CCs 7 Days 11-8pm

Comic Con

New York *Crossword by Cathy Allis*



Across

- 1 Root-beer brand
- 6 Summits
- 11 Symbols of Egyptian royalty
- 15 Maharan'i's wrap
- 19 Slobs' diggs
- 20 Avian perch
- 21 Bygone Persian title
- 22 Footnote ditto, briefly
- 23 Culinary fare that leaves one at sea?
- 26 Old King Cole request
- 27 Draft status
- 28 Part of kWh
- 29 Diverse: prefix
- 30 Pasture
- 31 Skin pic
- 33 Place where the nuns are windbags?
- 39 Wily
- 40 Bric-a-—
- 43 Ashen
- 44 Mortgage holder, e.g.
- 45 Parents who give mixed messages?
- 50 Fireplace, to Burns
- 53 Recipe amts.
- 54 Sweetheart of 98-Down
- 55 The Big Easy: abbr.
- 56 Frost or Pound

57 Cot alternative
 59 Collar maker?
 62 What one might eat on a
 really long airport layover?
 67 "Yo, Nero!"
 68 Nueva York, por ejemplo
 69 "Kapow!"
 70 Basic juicing tool
 72 Grammy winner ___ Lo
 Green
 73 Potential winners who are
 actually wimps?
 80 NFL stats
 81 Stadium levels
 82 Actress Charlotte et al.
 83 Numskull
 84 Singer Cleo or Frankie
 86 "___ Misbehavin'"
 87 Quark-antiquark particle
 88 What snobs might be listed
 in, on a roster?
 95 Chooses
 96 Prefix meaning green
 97 Comes out with
 98 Maven
 101 Sign above the counter of a
 green grocer?
 106 Body of water surrounding
 Venice, e.g.
 108 Make an effort

Down

09 Margarine, quaintly
 10 Fashion finish?
 13 Numbered musical work
 14 Some European deer
 16 Very hard place to visit in the
 Mediterranean?
 20 "Out of Africa" author Dinesen
 21 Forked over
 22 Ready in the keg
 23 To date
 24 Mrs. Dithers in "Blondie"
 25 Keats creations
 26 "Seinfeld" character
 ___ Kramer
 27 Plants used for thatching

Down

1 Kin of cravats
 2 Unkeyed, musically
 3 Minutes in a soccer game
 4 Trim, as meat
 5 Sch. with a Spokane campus
 6 Oratorio solo
 7 Geezer
 8 Shevat or Sha'ban, e.g.
 9 PC bailout key
 10 Apt name for a cook?
 11 Very, to Verdi
 12 Bake, as eggs
 13 Freak out from fear

78 iPods after Minis
 79 Colorful aquarium fish
 84 Jared of "Dallas Buyers Club"
 85 Org.
 86 Erelong
 87 Small plateau
 88 Suffix with ego
 89 Fragrant, dark sherry
 90 It starts with a dropped ball?
 91 LXX x X
 92 Type of cattle and scones
 93 Here, to Henri
 94 "Lay Lady Lay" singer
 98 Foe of Bluto
 99 Sent via a specified path
 100 Initial occurrences
 102 "Such a pity!"
 103 "Dallas" matriarch
 104 Takes "People" in
 105 Boxfuls at showers
 107 Yellow-flowered prickly
 shrub
 111 Con job
 112 "___ the mornin'!"
 115 Jamaican music genre
 116 NYSE debut
 117 Specs-wearing Disney
 dwarf
 118 Beatle bride of 1969
 119 Tesla product



Sales & Brokerage, Inc.

Exceptional Brokerage Services
Impeccable Reputation

An **akam**® Living Services Company

Putting You First Since 1983.

Contact us today to learn the value of your home.

212.271.0284 • info@akam.com

akamsales.com



PERSONALIZED SERVICE • INDUSTRY EXPERTISE • STRATEGIC PLANNING • INVESTMENT GUIDANCE

THE APPROVAL MATRIX

Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

HIGH BROW



The Mizzou mess.



Financial Times, Bloomberg TV, CNBC censor \$170 million naked Modigliani. But not because the price was **obscene**.



The Mormon church moves toward excluding the **children** of gay couples.



Our digital oligarchs: Amazon and Google (er, Alphabet) **suck up** half the spoils from the \$300 billion internet economy.



Maybe Shia LaBeouf's #AllMyMovies marathon was really about what it's like to live **only on popcorn**.

Anonymous Change.org petition asked that the **T** be taken out of LGBT ...



According to *Variety*, Fox initially didn't want Jon Singleton to direct *Empire* episodes because he **hadn't** done TV before.



Seattle theater critic offered his plus-ones for sale in the **M4W** portion of Craigslist.



Rachel Rose's **trippy** *Everything and More* video at the Whitney: NASA meets ketamine!



The **old-school-by-young-people** smarty-pants arts journal *Even's* second issue.

Henry IV, set inside a women's prison, at St. Ann's Warehouse. Makes sense, given that "There live not three **good men unhang**ed in England."



Henry IV, set inside a women's prison, at St. Ann's Warehouse. Makes sense, given that "There live not three **good men unhang**ed in England."

With the release of *Supplication: Selected Poems*, and his journals, the late poet John Wieners **gets his due**.



The restrained **japery** of Francesco Vezzoli and David Hallberg's Renaissance dance at St. Bart's church as part of Performa.

Mary Gaitskill's *The Mare*: Kinky sex has nothing on the **class divide**.



Dada Woof Papa Hot, Peter Parnell's play about white, privileged, **gay NYC dads** at LCT.



Jordanian director Naji Abu Nowar's desert coming-of-age thriller *Theeb* at times plays like a **corrective** to *Lawrence of Arabia*.



Deborah Kass's reversible **OY/YO** sculpture lands in Brooklyn Bridge Park.

BRILLIANT

DESPICABLE



The George Will-Bill O'Reilly **Fox** feud.



Overcaffeinated, overhyped Christian Starbucks conspiracies.

On neverlikeditanyway.com, you can buy someone's old **wedding dress**.



Gothamist reels in a hoax: that "**three-eyed**" catfish caught in the Gowanus.



The clip-in **man bun**.



Self-hate-watching *The Bedford Stop*.



Indonesia might use **crocodiles** to guard drug prisoners because they can't be bribed.

There are more exclusive apartment listings priced over \$15,000 a month than there are exclusive listings priced below \$2,000 in Manhattan. Is there a Craigslist for **millionaire roommates**?



New study shows that all grilled meat increases chances of kidney cancer. So Dad was trying to **kill the whole family** every Fourth of July.



Vivica Fox implies her ex 50 Cent is maybe a little bit **gay** on Andy Cohen's show ...



Leafs by Snoop, **Dogg's** personally branded line of cannabis products. We're wondering what Lamar Odom might have up his sleeve.



The delightful **cat** taxonomy *All Black Cats Are Not Alike*.



... Unrelated: 50 Cent explained on Brit TV that the bullet fragment in his tongue is "good for **oral sex**."

The Lowline Lab, on Essex Street, shows how one day we might **raise food underground**.



The **angelic** Jeff Buckley posthumous covers album, *You and I*.



Le1f's rubbery **"trap banger"** single, "Umami/Water."



There are two *Jurassic World* sequels coming (it was **bred** with trilogy DNA all along, it turns out).

Wendy Williams is renewed till 2022 (And yes, Donald Trump, that's a **wig**.)



Steem: caffeinated peanut butter. Pair it with alcoholic jelly, and you have a Four Loko in **PBNJ** form.

LOW BROW



Financial Times, Bloomberg TV, CNBC censor \$170 million naked Modigliani. But not because the price was **obscene**.



Maybe Shia LaBeouf's #AllMyMovies marathon was really about what it's like to live **only on popcorn**.



Rachel Rose's **trippy** *Everything and More* video at the Whitney: NASA meets ketamine!



The **old-school-by-young-people** smarty-pants arts journal *Even's* second issue.

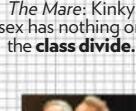
Henry IV, set inside a women's prison, at St. Ann's Warehouse. Makes sense, given that "There live not three **good men unhang**ed in England."



Henry IV, set inside a women's prison, at St. Ann's Warehouse. Makes sense, given that "There live not three **good men unhang**ed in England."



The restrained **japery** of Francesco Vezzoli and David Hallberg's Renaissance dance at St. Bart's church as part of Performa.



Dada Woof Papa Hot, Peter Parnell's play about white, privileged, **gay NYC dads** at LCT.



Jordanian director Naji Abu Nowar's desert coming-of-age thriller *Theeb* at times plays like a **corrective** to *Lawrence of Arabia*.



Grimes's new single "Kill V. Maim," the latest best **dance-around-in-your-underwear** song.



Wendy Williams is renewed till 2022 (And yes, Donald Trump, that's a **wig**.)



Steem: caffeinated peanut butter. Pair it with alcoholic jelly, and you have a Four Loko in **PBNJ** form.

“How many times have critics begged for new musicals that tell untold stories and bring new voices to the medium? ALLEGIANCE does that.”

-Jesse Green

NEW YORK,



PHOTO: CREDIT: Matthew Murphy

Tony Award® winner
“LEA SALONGA
is EXQUISITE.”

Hollywood
REPORTER

“**GEORGE TAKEI**
performs with enormous
HEART and HUMOR.”

VARIETY

“POWERFUL!
It deserves to be seen.”

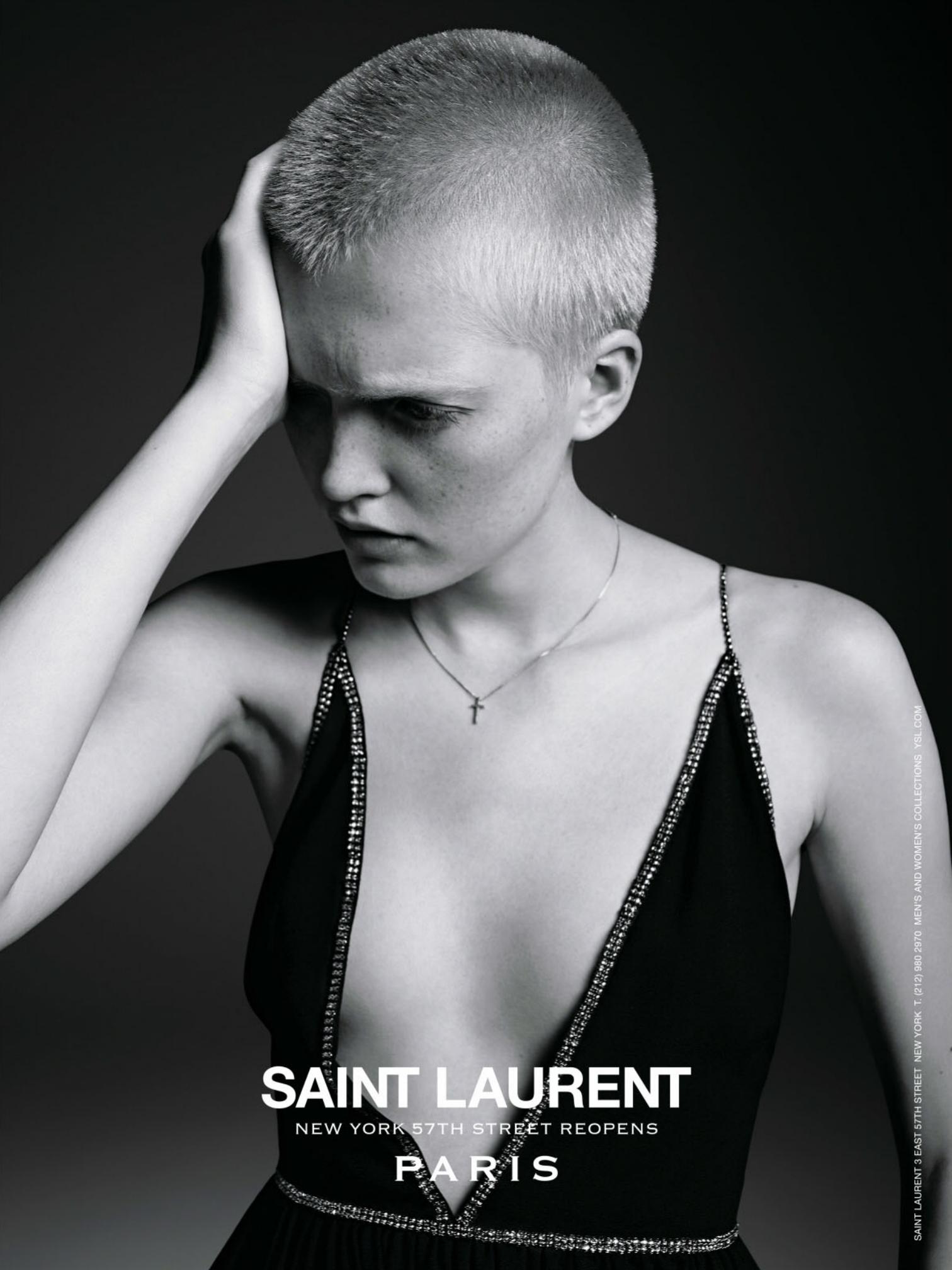
Entertainment

“Attention must be paid.
SEE IT and CHEER!”

-Rex Reed
NEW YORK OBSERVER

“**AMBITIOUS, MOVING,**
SURPRISING!”

Newsday



SAINT LAURENT

NEW YORK 57TH STREET REOPENS

PARIS